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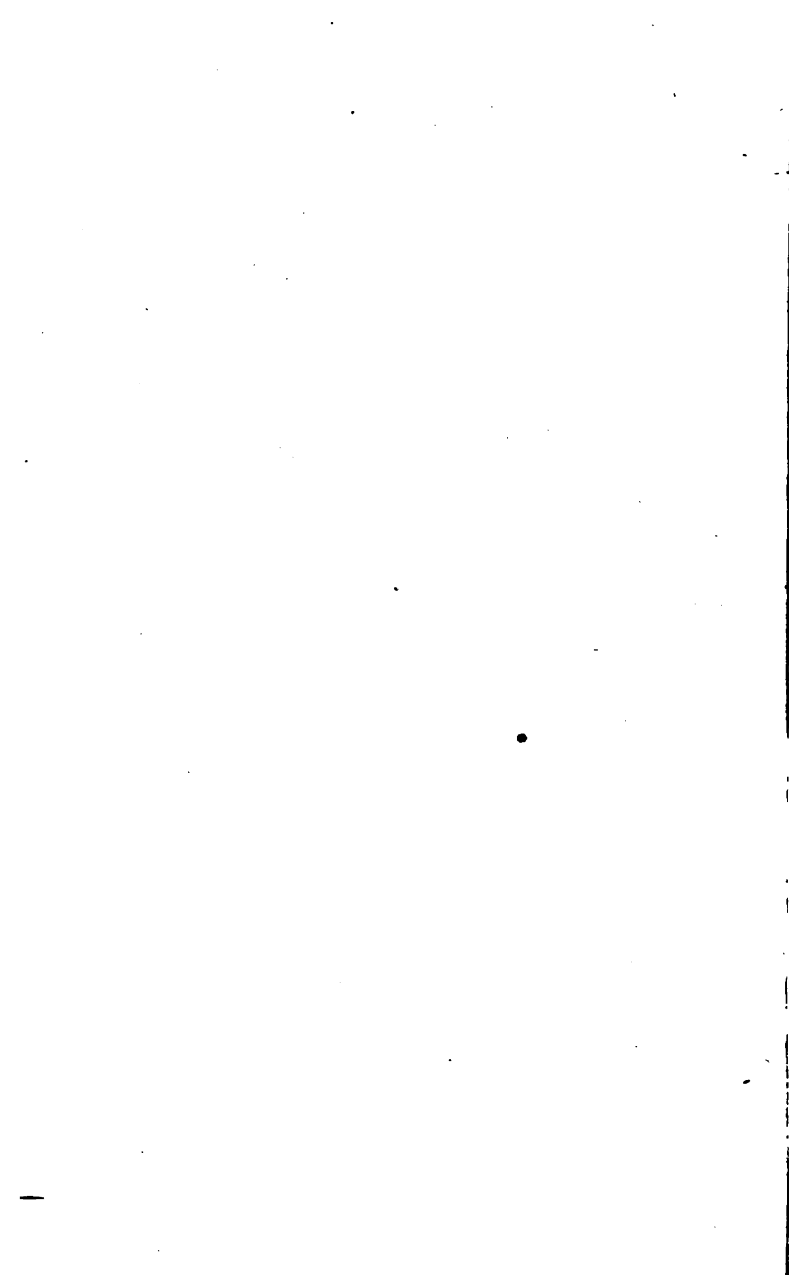
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

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*Lytton, Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of*

# GLENAVERIL;

OR,

## THE METAMORPHOSES.

BY THE

EARL OF LYTTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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## III.

In whose reports thou hadst so oft admired  
The floods of eloquence that nightly flow  
Thro' Parliament in torrents never tired,  
And laws, unanswerable speeches show  
To be by all so urgently required,  
That thou didst innocently wonder how  
The world, before it ever heard about them,  
Had managed to exist at all without them—

## IV,

That combination of benevolence  
And wisdom, for life's guidance thro' the maze  
Of human error, whose unfailing sense  
Of public welfare justified the ways  
(Such as they were) of men to Providence—  
That manna in the desert of thy days,  
That feeder of a faith forever vernal,  
That harbinger of joy—thy favourite journal,

## V.

Thy favouring fondness ill returned ! Beneath  
Its unsuspected talk did treason dwell,  
Like a sharp dagger in a silken sheath ;  
And the false friend that seemed incapable  
Of ever so abusing thy good faith  
As to occasion thee, whate'er befell,  
The least emotion, by one felon blow  
Most treacherously wrought thine overthrow !

## .VI.

Struck foully at the heart, and on the head,  
Thee from thine easy leathern old arm-chair  
The traitor tumbled, flung thee on thy bed  
Prostrate and powerless, and then left thee there  
Gnawed to the marrow by an ague bred  
From the fell wound its malice dealt thee, where  
This paragraph thro' thy torn brain and heart  
Went burningly, like an envenomed dart :—

## VII.

*' We learn from Chamouni with deep regret  
' The fearful death of a young English peer,  
' Whose fate a host of mourners will beget.  
' The victim, Lord Glenaveril, was, we hear  
' Just twenty-three ; and all that's known as yet  
' Of the disaster indicates, we fear,  
' That an imprudence was, to some extent,  
' The cause of this deplorable event.*

## .VIII.

*' His lordship, disregarding the advice  
' Of both his guides, who urged the risk he ran,  
' Had climbed, it seems, a dangerous precipice  
' Without assistance, in his zeal to scan  
' The whole circumference of the Sea of Ice ;  
' But the unfortunate young nobleman,  
' When trying to descend, was dashed to death  
' Against the edge of a moraine beneath.*

## . IX.

- ' *A warning this catastrophe should be*
- ' *To inexperienced Alpine travellers.*
- ' *The titles of Glenaveril and Lea*
- ' *The untimely death of the deceased transfers*
- ' *To a collateral of remote degree,*
- ' *With the estates attached. Report avers*
- ' *That a young Heidelberg Licentiate,*
- ' *Emanuel Müller, shared the dreadful fate*

## . X.

- ' *Of the lamented nobleman. P. S.*
- ' *Further particulars which come to hand*
- ' *This moment only, as we go to press,*
- ' *About the accident in Switzerland,*
- ' *Affirm that in complete unconsciousness*
- ' *Young Müller lives yet ; but we understand*
- ' *He cannot long survive (it is believed)*
- ' *The fatal injuries he has received.'*

## . XI.

When this grim paragraph the old man read  
 With consternation, it was not until  
 The ghastly news on which it commented  
 Was some weeks old. From an insidious chill,  
 That with rheumatic fever to his bed  
 Till then had bound him, he was suffering still.  
 'Pack up my things!' to Agatha anon  
 He shouted, 'and make haste! I must begone!'

## XII.

But the next moment, tottering, on the floor  
With a faint groan he fell. Long while he lay  
Clawed by the shrivelling fever's clutch once more :  
When he was half recovered, Agatha  
Brought him his letters : there was one that bore  
The seal and signature of Matthew Grey,  
Reporting his dismissal by the new  
Earl of Glenaveril. So all was true ;

## XIII.

Ivor was dead ; and silence, bleak and bare  
As death, revealed Emanuel's fate to him.  
Both hope and memory thus together were  
Ingulfed in one abyss that to the brim  
Was filled with desolation and despair !  
Of what is man's soul made that grief so grim,  
And pain so keen it can support, yet be  
So at the mercy of all misery ?

## XIV.

Edelrath would not, without proof, put faith  
In his own sorrow. It sufficed him not  
To know that Reason, on the side of Death,  
Commended resignation to his lot,  
Which was the lot of all who dwell beneath  
The curse of life, dying piecemeal in what  
Life cherishes, to lose it soon or late.  
He craved worse evidence of his worst fate ;

## .XV.

So, with the fever clinging to him still,  
He set forth on his way to Chamouni;  
Where, of the death of Lord Glenaveril  
And of Emanuel's disappearance, he,  
Having learned those details which left him ill  
Instructed, and worse helped, was forced to be  
Contented with the incomplete success  
Of getting—not Herr Eckermann's address,

## .XVI.

But the Swiss Vetturino's, who alone  
Could tell him whither he had driven away  
That still-mysterious merchant. Whereupon  
The Vetturino's house without delay  
He sought, and found there that the man was gone,  
On an engagement got the previous day,  
A party of French travellers to take  
Through Martigny to the Maggiore lake.

## .XVII.

The Vetturino's son, who knew no more,  
Furnished him chaise and horses to pursue  
The southward-faring pilgrims; but, before  
His zigzag course was done, he missed the clue;  
For these fatigues, confronted at threescore,  
In feeble health, so shattered him anew  
That, reaching Sesto, there, in grievous case,  
He lost all consciousness of time and place.



## XVIII.

A wretched wanderer in an unknown land :  
Not only from his home, but from his mind,  
A wretched wanderer; he! How long, alone,  
Exploring the hag-haunted caverns blind  
Of fever, and its scorching deserts, on  
From pain to pain, he lingered thus, confined  
To a small chamber, and a narrow bed,  
Yet roaming worlds of torment in his head,

## .XIX.

Edelrath knew not. But, when, thanks at last  
To the skilled nursing of a sisterhood  
Of neighbouring nuns, his fever from him passed,  
Around him all was, like himself, renewed  
And altered. For, with steps that travelled fast,  
The Southern Spring that alpine neighbourhood  
Had reached; and April, with a face as bland  
And bright as May's, was lord of all the land.

## . XX.

From Sesto, then, having been dosed and bled,  
And blistered, he resumed the broken quest,  
And reached Baveno less alive than dead :  
There, finding all night long no moment's rest  
From thought and grief, he left a sleepless bed  
At early dawn; and, with a soul possessed  
By a monotonous disquietude,  
Along the lake his aimless path pursued.

## XXI.

Morn's youngest Hour upon her own glad face,  
Mirrored in beaming dimples by that lake,  
Gazed, giving smile for smile ; in azure space  
The lark sang loud ; from many a glossy brake  
Warm myrtle buds gleamed white ; a tenderer grace,  
A deeper tone, the hills began to take  
From happy influences hovering  
About the cradle of the new-born Spring ;

## XXII.

By those sweet influences Edelrath  
Was vaguely touched ; his unobservant eye  
Scared not an Oread from her azure bath ;  
But Presences of blissful augury,  
Hovering, breathed about the old man's path  
A sense of youth ; and, without knowing why,  
To him it seemed that his Glenaveril  
And his Emanuel must be living still.

## XXIII.

Unconsciously he coasted, as he went,  
A little rivulet that wound about  
Where thick above its stony channel bent  
Large flowering weeds ; it shook them with a shout  
Of elfin laughter, as it leapt, unpent  
By stalks or stones, and, bustling in and out,  
Hurried to reach the lake with garrulous stories  
Of snowy hills, and golden alpine glories ;

## XXIV.

Downward the way was of the rivulet,  
As Edelrath's was upward ; but they kept  
Together from the moment that they met,  
And side by side one wanderer slowly stepped  
As fast the other ran. Thro' thickets wet  
With fragrant dews, where in the long grass slept  
Light scents his footstep scattered as he passed,  
Roaming, he reached an open mound at last ;

## XXV.

It was the smooth knee of a mountain lawn ;  
Behind it hung a copse of chestnut wood ;  
Deep in a dimple of the hill withdrawn,  
The white walls of a rose-girt villa stood,  
Fronting the lake, and gleaming to the dawn.  
Here, for the first time, in less mournful mood,  
Edelrath paused, and from this open mound  
Gazed on the scene before him and around ;

## XXVI.

The broad lake lay beneath him blue and bright,  
The apocalyptic sapphire's nameless hue,  
Divinely coloured by ethereal light ;  
And, basking dreamlike on its bosom blue,  
The Borromean islets with their white .  
Clusters of terraces, dark-plumed by yew  
And cypress spires, their myrtle-girt alcoves,  
And grottoes glimmering among citron groves ;

## XXVII.

Clear from the chestnut copse there came a song,  
The song of peasants at some light task singing  
Together in the sweet Italian tongue ;  
And, from a mountain campanile swinging,  
A bell note chimed. Here Nature seemed so young,  
So fresh, yet with such classic memories clinging  
To every sound and every sight, that all  
Was like a sweet Virgilian Pastoral.

## XXVIII.

The wanderer fell into a reverie,  
Which was not sad ; for, in the dream he dreamed,  
The past of his own life had ceased to be  
A thing remembered ; the World's Past, which .  
teemed  
With tears forgot, engulfed it as a sea  
Ingulfs a rill ; and phantom ages streamed  
In misty pomp, and movement undefined,  
Athwart the impassive mirror of his mind :

## XXIX.

So to the edge of noon unreckoned came  
His dreamful hours ; and there, the impersonal spell  
Was broken by the sound of his own name  
Called, gladly by a voice that he knew well.  
His life leapt up within him, like a flame  
That on a beacon springs aloft to tell  
Good tidings from afar. With a faint cry,  
Trembling, he turned. The rest was ecstasy ;

## XXX.

For Ivor's arms were round him, Ivor's breast  
Beating against his own, so strong, so fast,  
So loud, and with such jubilant unrest!

'Thee, thee, my child!' the old man sobbed, 'at  
last!

'At last, thank God!' His tears said all the rest.

'My friend! my father! tell me why thou hast  
'Lingered so long, and left unanswered still  
'All my poor letters?' cried Glenaveril.

## XXXI.

'And when I had such need of thee! such need!

'Good heavens! so much to ask thee, and to tell,  
'And not know where to find thee! O, indeed,

'These days of doubt were scarce endurable,  
'Whilst still thy silent absence took no heed

'Of their unanswered cries! But all is well

'Now thou art here at last, where day by day

'Thou hast been wanted more than words can say!'

## XXXII.

Edelrath had, without transition, got

From grief to joy. Happiness is the smile  
Of Egotism; and the Fates allot

To it the power even Virtue to beguile  
So well that with its will she struggles not.

It lasts a moment only; but meanwhile  
Over that little moment, as it flits,  
The despot's rule no rival claim permits;

## XXXIII.

And it is ever its first sovereign act

To banish each remembrance, doubt, or fear  
That threatens its dominion to distract.

Glenaveril lived : Glenaveril was here :  
And there was no room left beside this fact

For any other : confirmation clear  
It gave the faith which had so long denied  
Glenaveril's death : what mattered all beside ?

## XXXIV.

Living, from him Glenaveril had gone :

Living, to him Glenaveril came back :  
These certainties, uniting, became one,

Solid and perfect without flaw or crack :  
And if, 'twixt now and then, things had been done

And suffered, they had left behind no track  
That to remembrance more substantial seemed  
Than what remains of dreams that have been dreamed.

## XXXV.

Nevertheless, even reality

Is but a dream ; and, when out of what is  
We waken up to what is not, good-bye

To those five fools, the senses ! So was this  
Brief moment of delight without alloy

A dream, tho' a reality, of bliss ;  
And Edelrath, as from it he awaked,  
Fell into a great faintness, tottered, quaked,

## XXXVI.

And would have fallen, but that Ivor's arm  
Sustained him. Brief was that awakening,  
Brief as had been the momentary charm  
Of the dream's self, whose loss left everything  
Thrown into vague confusion and alarm.  
About Glenaveril's presence on faint wing  
Hovered Emanuel's absence. 'Ah,' he said  
With a bewildered look, 'Who, then, is dead?'

## XXXVII.

No need had Ivor to translate the pain  
Which his own countenance expressed so well.  
'Tis he, then!' murmured Edetrath again  
Faintly, 'Emanuel! my Emanuel!'  
8 'Alas,' said Ivor, 'then I wrote in vain!  
'My letters reached thee not? and all's to tell  
'Which I thought told! Follow me, Edetrath,  
'Tis but a step, and easy is the path;

## XXXVIII.

'Beyond the chestnuts, underneath the wall  
'Of yonder villa, there's a quiet seat  
'Where we may sit till I have told thee all.  
'Come! for, O friend, of thine assistance great  
'And sore my need is!' With mechanical  
Submission Edetrath to that retreat  
Let Ivor lead him, and along the way  
Nothing to one another did they say;

## XXXIX.

When they were seated, Ivor told the tale  
Of all that, since their parting, had occurred ;  
Edelrath's face grew paler, and more pale,  
But not a tear escaped him, nor a word.  
What could he say? Words were of no avail,  
Nor tears. When all at last was said and heard,  
Still he sat silent, and made no reply.  
Glenaveril broke the silence with a sigh ;

## XL.

And, drawing tenderly the old man's hand  
Into his own, he murmured, ' Ah, too late,  
( ' Too late, and all too well ! ) I understand  
' How wise thy warning, not to deviate  
' A hair's breadth from the truth ! We may command  
' The first step, but the next belongs to Fate.  
' Yet this time, Edelrath, both he and I  
' Were honest in our little comedy ;

## XLI.

' We acted it together in good faith,  
' And with good reason, tho' Fate turned it all,  
' By my dear only brother's dreadful death,  
' To a catastrophe so tragical !  
' As for myself, long had I held my breath  
' In fear lest from my lips should ever fall  
' Some idle word, by prudence unapproved,  
' To pain the proud heart of the man I loved ;



## XLII.

‘Nature had given to Emanuel  
‘A spirit statelier than mine, whilst me  
‘Fortune had placed upon a pinnacle  
‘That made me seem above him. I and he,  
‘Who loved each other more than words can tell,  
‘(God knows I loved him more than all save thee!)  
‘Were thus unable to clasp hands, except  
‘Across a barrier never overstepped;

## XLIII.

‘Tho’ built by circumstance, that barrier  
‘Was not so permanently built, I knew,  
‘That circumstance, which changes oftener  
‘Than sentiment, was powerless to undo  
‘What it had done. ’Tis easy to transfer  
‘The gifts of fortune, and, indeed, how few  
‘Can keep them! ’Twas not circumstance, but pride,  
‘That stood between us—not upon my side!

## XLIV.

‘That pride was natural. I understood,  
‘I honoured it, but trembled all the more  
‘Lest by some casual word or attitude  
‘Even I might wound it unawares. I bore  
‘A title, which Emanuel lacked; it would,  
‘I knew, just suit him till our tour was o’er,  
‘And so I lent it to him, as I’d lend  
‘My horse to any badly-mounted friend;

## XLV.

‘ But there were other reasons. I felt sure,  
‘ And still feel sure, that it was good to make  
‘ This trial of the only chance to cure  
‘ Emanuel’s moral ailment. For his sake  
‘ I urged it. Strange disgust of his obscure  
‘ Lineage and lot with a continual ache  
‘ Was gnawing at his heart. In that condition  
‘ The one thing needed was a changed position ;

## XLVI.

‘ Finding himself in an entirely new  
‘ Relation to the world, he would have seen  
‘ The same things from a different point of view,  
‘ And have despised that barrier between  
‘ His pride and his affection, when he knew  
‘ How blindly the whole force of it had been  
‘ Based on a misconception of the worth  
‘ Of the most vulgar prejudice on earth.

## XLVII.

‘ Hadst thou but seen with what a natural grace  
‘ He bore his borrowed title, and how well  
‘ It sat upon him ! Then, in the next place,  
‘ This pact between me and Emanuel  
‘ Was made before, in quite another case,  
‘ Thy disapproval so severely fell  
‘ On our exchange of names, and we were both  
‘ Pledged to fulfil it by a solemn oath ;

## XLVIII.

‘Nevertheless, I own that thy reproof  
‘About that letter to Cordelia  
‘Which thou thyself didst burn, for the behoof  
‘Of all concerned, before we went away,  
‘Would have induced me still to keep aloof  
‘From this poor masquerade (altho’ the play  
‘Seemed innocent enough) if only he  
‘Had been disposed to let the matter be ;

## XLIX.

‘But, with a bitter jest, when we set out  
‘From Heidelberg, he claimed the most exact  
‘Fulfilment of it. It was all, no doubt,  
‘Fatality, from first to last, that pact !  
‘And now a miracle has come about,  
‘For, though incredible, ’tis still a fact,  
‘That letter, which thou didst so justly blame—  
‘My letter, written in Emanuel’s name—

## L.

‘That letter, thou didst burn before mine eyes—  
‘Cordelia has received it !’ To his feet  
Edelrath sprang in vehement surprise.  
‘How dost thou know that ?’ he exclaimed : and,  
sweet  
As sunbeams flashing over April skies,  
The light in Ivor’s face, as from the seat  
He pointed, with a soft mysterious air,  
Towards the villa, whispering ‘She is there !’

## LI.

The old man sank upon the bench again  
Without a sound, and sat confounded quite  
By those three words ; while in ecstatic strain,  
Not noticing the miserable plight  
Which his poor friend was powerless to explain,  
Ivor went on. ‘Yes, she is there ! Love’s might  
‘Works miracles ; and, call it dream, romance,  
‘I care not, it hath conquered circumstance !

## LII.

‘O Edelrath, my friend, my father, heart  
‘To heart, one thought was able to unite  
‘Two lives an ocean could not keep apart,  
‘And she is come ! is here ! and O delight,  
‘She loves me ! loves me ! Ah, thou well may’st start,  
‘For I am blest beyond belief ! in spite  
‘Of Fortune’s fiat, and Fate’s bitterest  
‘Bereavement, I am blest, supremely blest !

## LIII.

‘Blest more than I deserve ! yet none the less  
‘Punished, and punished more than I can bear,  
‘By the conditions of a happiness  
‘That’s a remorse which nothing can repair !  
‘This love of hers, what right have I to press  
‘Its solace to my heart ? What power to tear  
‘My heart away from it ? In Heaven I dwell  
‘Pursued forever by the pangs of Hell !

## LIV.

‘ Ah, couldst thou guess what an accursèd maze  
‘ Of irremediable mystery  
‘ Is all around me ! Right, or left, all ways,  
‘ Along which every footstep seems a lie,  
‘ Turn where I will, still open to my gaze  
‘ No issue from the labyrinth where I  
‘ Find in each gossamer thread an iron fetter  
‘ That chains me, fast as truth, to that false letter !

## LV.

‘ I am become the guilty-innocent  
‘ Guardian of what, tho’ misassigned to me,  
‘ Can never be another’s. He, she meant  
‘ The blest possessor of that gift to be,  
‘ Would have rejected it. Blind instrument  
‘ Of Fate, from this dilemma nought can free  
‘ My fettered anguish. To destroy her faith  
‘ Were to destroy her life. Truth would be death.

## LVI.

‘ *Her* death ! And I must either lie or kill !  
‘ And I must be, in either case, accurst !  
‘ Do murder, or else go on lying still ?  
‘ O can there be a worse beyond this worst ?’  
Edelrath gazed upon Glenaveril,  
Feeling as if his swollen heart must burst  
With what was in it, and said mournfully  
‘ Child, if there’s anyone to blame, ’tis I.’

## LVII.

‘Thou?’ cried Glenaveril, in amazement. ‘Yes,’

He sighed, ‘my fault it is, and mine alone,

‘That letter has arrived at its address.

‘Listen!’ And he explained the error known  
Too late to be repaired. As his distress

Augmented, Ivor’s vanished; in a tone  
Of infinite relief, he cried, elate,

‘Ah, ’twas predestined! ’Tis the will of Fate.

## LVIII.

‘Thou seest that nothing could have altered it,

‘And nought can now undo what has been done!

‘I understand, and to Fate’s will submit;

‘Clearly she said to me, “Of two things, one

“I give thee: both together were unfit:

“Thine may be either by itself alone;

“Love, or a name: the name is for the dead,

“The love, for life: choose!” That is what Fate said,

## LIX.

‘And made my choice is! Say not I deceive.

‘Faith from its object separate who can!

‘Who can believe in God yet not believe?

‘Never did God say to the Mussulman,

“Jehovah is My Name!” From dawn to eve

‘All Islam, ever since its faith began,

‘Calling on Allah, worships God, the same

‘As we who call Him by another name;

## LX.

- ‘And be the worship to Jehovah given,  
‘Or given to Allah, not on any one  
‘Of all the names men’s worship wafts to Heaven,  
‘But on the men themselves, and them alone,  
‘Hindu, Jew, Christian, Mussulman, or even  
‘The savage who, poor soul, adores a stone  
‘Rather than not adore at all, be sure  
‘Faith’s truth depends. I know that mine is pure !

## LXI.

- ‘Cordelia loves me. If Emanuel still  
‘The name whereby she loves me chance to be,  
‘’Tis mine—more mine than is Glenaveril !  
‘And I will own no other. Love to me  
‘This name hath given. When by the gardener’s skill  
‘A peach is grafted on an almond-tree,  
‘Men call that tree a peach-tree ; branch and root,  
‘’Tis named and known henceforward by its fruit ;

## LXII.

- ‘So with my name and love ! Heaven hath ordained  
‘That, by a miracle, earth’s fairest flower  
‘Henceforth by my life’s stem shall be sustained,  
‘With my love’s essence filled from hour to hour,  
‘On my heart’s substance grafted and engrained,  
‘And to disjoin it, death alone hath power !  
‘If the world’s herbal is deranged thereby,  
‘That is the world’s affair. Who cares ? not I !’

## LXIII.

More frightened by Glenaveril's vehemence  
Than by his reasoning influenced (and afraid  
That he might only render more intense  
The undesired impression he had made,  
If he opposed the disputable sense  
Of all that Ivor in his joy had said)  
Edelrath sought by indirect reflections  
To insinuate suggestions and objections ;

## LXIV.

'Twould not be easy to keep unsuspected  
For long, he said, the strange equivocation  
Which accident had until now protected ;  
And then he dwelt upon the wealth and station,  
Glenaveril needs must lose if he rejected  
His name and title ; with an admiration  
Meant to discourage what it seemed to prize,  
He urged the grandeur of the sacrifice ;

## LXV.

But 'Sacrifice !' cried Ivor, fierce almost,  
'And canst thou speak of sacrifice to me,  
'Who am the cause of all that she hath lost ?  
'Think ! at a word from one who loved her, she  
( 'In faith sublime that worth the price it cost,  
'The love, which he professed for her would be)  
'Stripped herself of the millions she possessed !  
'Vast wealth was hers ; and all, at love's behest,



## LXVI.

‘She sacrificed—for what? To satisfy  
‘Another’s whim! And I, the plunderer  
‘Of her whole fortune, must forsooth deny  
‘To Duty what she grudged not to confer  
‘On Love, without a murmur! Heavens! that I,  
‘For whom earth holds nought to compare with her,  
‘Should stake her love, her faith, her life itself,  
‘Against a miserable heap of pelf!

## LXVII.

‘No! by the grave of my dead mother, no!  
‘No, by all human truth! Whate’er I be,  
‘I am, thank God, incapable I know  
‘Of such unutterable villany!  
‘And as for this unhappy secret, O  
‘To whom can it be known but thee and me?  
‘Is not the grave forever closed on it?  
‘Dumb are the shut jaws of the charnel pit!

## LXVIII.

‘In the next place, consider’ . . . ‘Hush! no more!’  
Said Edelrath. ‘Thou hast not understood.  
‘I needed not to be convinced before,  
‘Nor need I fresh conviction now, how good  
‘And true, is Ivor’s heart; but mine is sore  
‘And troubled; such an unknown multitude  
‘Of thronging thoughts, so dim and thick with doubt,  
‘O’ercome me! Give me time to think them out.

## LXIX.

‘Surely nought presses. Saidst thou she is there?

‘Well, let me see her, Ivor! I believe

‘Thou canst not doubt my succour in whate’er

‘May best my dear boy’s happiness achieve.

‘Lead me to her on whom thou dost declare

‘That happiness depends. I shall perceive

‘Better, when I too know her as thou dost,

‘What may be best for both of you, I trust.’

## LXX.

‘O, as to that, I can already tell

‘That thou, when thou hast known her as I do,

‘Wilt call me, as she does, Emanuel!’

Said Ivor, smiling. And between the two,  
With thoughts evasive of each article

That it contained, and pledges but half true,  
This armistice was signed, as others are  
When peace is all that has been gained by war.

## LXXI.

When Edelrath, with Ivor, passed the gate

Into the garden of the house close by,

He saw approaching him, with looks elate,

A girl whose form, in its simplicity

Of beauty, justified at any rate

The young man’s passion to the old man’s eye.

She held out both her hands; and with a glowing  
Enchanting smile her face was overflowing,

## LXXII.

As 'Welcome,' she exclaimed, 'long-awaited friend !  
'Too late it is to make acquaintance now,  
'Let us begin, then, where we needs must end  
'Sooner or later, for full well I know  
'Friends we must be, nor is time left to spend  
'On being less.' She said this with a low  
Sweet laugh, and looks, words, tones, and gestures, all  
Were gracefully and nobly natural.

## LXXIII.

The poor Professor's attitude just then  
Was more embarrassed, and less frank, no doubt ;  
His hand he had lifted to his hat ; but, when  
He saw those two white hands to his stretched out,  
He gave up that politeness, changed again  
His posture, and began to set about  
Pulling his gloves off, with a desperate jerk ;  
This was, however, tediously tough work,

## LXXIV.

And unsuccessful ; overcome thereby,  
He failed in the attempt to formulate  
Some sort of civil suitable reply ;  
And, in this singularly awkward state  
Of mind and body, 'twas in vain to try  
A fourth form of politeness. But the great  
Cause of the trouble that perplexed and harassed him,  
Was in his eyes, whose conduct much embarrassed him.

## LXXV.

Those eyes kept gazing on the young girl's face,  
As hers on his. There was in her regard  
No shyness and no coquetry—no trace  
Of anything affected, forced, or hard,  
Or vulgarly familiar. In like case

What should a man's arms do? they are debarred  
From seeing and from hearing what goes on;  
Their part therein is a forgotten one;

## LXXVI.

And, at the last, impatient of suppressed  
Activity in such a crisis, they  
(By sudden curiosity possessed)

Invariably fly open; in this way  
They leave imprudently exposed the breast  
Which they are there to guard as best they may;  
Then, suddenly, they both become aware  
Of something that has slid between them there;

## LXXVII.

And, in surprise returning to their post,  
They find already occupied the place  
They left defenceless, for a minute at most;  
Too late their captive do they then enlance;  
The heart they should have guarded hath been lost  
And this is how it happens, folks embrace,  
And happens too, that thus embracing, they  
Their hearts wide open to each other lay.

## LXXVIII.

This must, at least, suffice for the excuse  
Of Father Edelnath, to whom so quick  
It happened, that he had no time to choose  
What he should do, or not do, nor to pick  
The expressions it were best for him to use ;  
Those which came first in Feeling's throng, that  
thick  
And throbbing, rushed like spirits from their spheres,  
He took without a choice, and they were tears ;

## LXXIX.

So fast he fell a-weeping like a child.  
' Ah, this is well, and as I knew 'twould be !'  
Cordelia murmured, lifting eyes that smiled  
Thro' sunny dews ; for still the first was she  
To speak. And Edelnath, scarce reconciled  
To his own boldness, stammered, ' Pardon me !'  
For all, when placed in such a situation,  
Seek to explain what least needs explanation ;

## LXXX.

' Pardon me,' he continued, ' Mademoiselle !'  
' No, not the *Mademoiselle*, not that !' replied  
Cordelia. ' That is unforgivable.  
' I am your daughter, and—ah see,' she cried,  
' Here comes my Guardian ! He, I know full well,  
' Is come to capture you, for he has spied  
' Your presence, and since he expected you  
Long since, he will not loose you soon, I know."

## LXXXI.

Then, turning to Herr Eckermann, whose tread  
Now sounded briskly on the gravel path,  
And whose broad countenance gleamed moist and red,  
As if emerging from a vapour bath,  
'Our friend, thou seest, is come at last,' she said.  
'And I present to thee Herr Edelrath.  
'Take care of him!' The ex-merchant was 'enchanted  
'To meet *et cætera*.' He puffed, and panted,

## LXXXII.

'Your chamber, Herr Professor, has long been  
'Prepared for your arrival, and—Dear me,  
'Here comes my wife!' (Frau Eckermann between  
Her two girls joined the group). 'My dear,' said he,  
'Our much esteemed and honoured friend—I mean  
'The Herr Professor Edelrath,—is free,  
'I trust, to make with us a lengthened stay.  
'You cannot be in haste to go away?'

## LXXXIII.

He added, turning quickly to his guest;  
And then, without awaiting a reply,  
'No, no, you have no cause, Sir, to be pressed,  
'You are not married, have no family.  
'Freedom of movement is a bachelor's best  
'Of compensations. In the lottery  
'Of marriage, Sir, it is not every one  
'That draws out the *gros lot*, as I have done!'

## LXXXIV.

And, as he guided Edelrath away  
Pantingly down the cypress alley, thro'  
The garden, to the rose-girt loggia,  
' Ah,' he continued, ' if you only knew  
' How great a blessing to me, every day,  
' That wife of mine is ! After twenty-two  
' Years of it, I affirm that a good wife  
' Is all pure profit to a man's whole life ;

## LXXXV.

' And look you, Sir, with women it is not  
' As with all other kinds of merchandise ;  
' With them, there is no profit to be got  
' From doing business in large quantities ;  
' They are indeed worth little in the lot.  
' But pick and choose, and if you get a prize  
' Make much of it, say I ! And, Sir, I guess  
' That there's a management in happiness ;

## LXXXVI.

' Happy and honest, if a man would be,  
' His dealings let him strictly regulate  
' With his own heart and conscience, just as he  
' From time to time would overhaul the state  
' Of his transactions in gamboge, or tea,  
' Or coffee ; keep his balance-sheet quite straight,  
' Know what he owes, and what he has to get ;  
' Sure that his credit still exceeds his debt.

## LXXXVII.

‘As for myself, if in life’s balance-sheet  
‘My happiness stands wholly to the good,  
‘I owe that to two persons. I repeat,  
‘My wife’s an angel! this is understood;  
‘But, next to her, I owe it (as ’tis meet  
‘That you should know) to the solicitude  
‘Of the dear father of Cordelia.  
‘Ah, what a man! A genuine man, I say!

## LXXXVIII.

‘Had you but known him as I knew, and know!  
‘No matter! Of all this we’ll talk anon;  
‘We’ve time enough; you must be weary now;  
‘You look so. Well, our little walk is done,  
‘And yonder window that we stand below,  
‘There is your chamber! It looks out upon  
‘The lake, you see. A fine view, and fresh air!  
‘This way! Allow me to conduct you there.’

## LXXXIX.

‘Most willingly!’ with a contented smile,  
Said Edelrath. ‘At least, on one condition;  
‘That you, good Sir, will honour me meanwhile  
‘With mine host’s company, and his permission  
‘To think that I its walls shall not defile,  
‘If in that room a place I requisition  
‘For this old friend.’ And, without more ado,  
Forth from his pocket a long pipe he drew.



## XC.

‘With all my heart!’ exclaimed Herr Eckermann.  
‘What! ’tis the good old porcelain pipe? The true,  
‘The genuine, German! Ah, my friend, I can  
‘Regale you with tobacco such as you  
‘Might seek in vain from Beersheba to Dan,  
‘Pure Porto Rico! I’m a smoker too,  
‘And know what’s what. A fig for your cigars!  
‘Wait till you’ve tested my tobacco-jars!’

## XCI.

So saying, in the brimful jollity  
Of a hard worker who has earned repose,  
Enjoys it thoroughly, and loves to see  
His own good humour fully shared by those  
Around him, wheresoever he may be,  
With a contented snorting of the nose  
And twinkling of the eye, the good man led  
His guest upstairs. ‘Ah, here we are!’ he said,

## XCII.

And open wide he flung the chamber door.  
The tired guest hailed that chamber’s welcome  
sight,  
As a spent swimmer hails the sheltering shore.  
The walls, the chairs, the sofas, all were white  
And amber, as the amber-spiked white core  
Of a cool lily. In a soothed delight  
Edelrath sank upon a sofa there,  
And Eckermann beside it drew his chair.



## CANTO II.

JOHN STEEL.

## I.

THE character of Jonathan Eckermann,  
(Whom all his friends, and many friends had he  
In many countries, called Herr Jonathan)  
Was, like his fortune, in no small degree  
A happy product of American  
Shrewdness, combined with German honesty,  
And something else, which in a special sense  
Was all his own—a brisk benevolence.

## II.

For Edelrath, who now began to feel  
By no means indisposed to break his fast,  
Frau Eckermann, with hospitable zeal,  
Already had prepared a light repast;  
And when due honour to this welcome meal  
His guest had done, and guest and host at last  
Had lighted each his pipe, Herr Jonathan  
Thus with Herr Edelrath his talk began.

## III.

- ‘Believe me, Herr Professor, when I say  
‘That I have long desired this interview.  
‘We to each other, Sir, have much to say,  
‘Much that concerns us both, about these two  
‘Children of ours—children in every way,  
‘Children in years, and (between me and you)  
‘In innocence almost incredible.  
‘And first of all, now, there’s Emanuel,

## IV.

- ‘What’s to become of him? The youngster has  
‘Nor kith, nor kin, you see, nor staff nor scrip;  
‘The late catastrophe that put, alas,  
‘So sad an end to his relationship  
‘With that young English nobleman, who was  
‘Beloved by both of you, has helped to strip  
‘All his life’s props from it. So you and I  
‘To prop it now by other means must try.

## V.

- ‘I say, Sir, you and I, because, no doubt,  
‘The loss of your almost-adopted son  
‘Must deepen your solicitude about  
‘All of him that is left to you in one  
‘Who was his more than second self, without  
‘Speaking, moreover, of the brave deed done  
‘By poor Emanuel, when that fatal day  
‘Snatched, with his friend’s life, half his own away.

## VI.

‘No more of that! It is a long-felt need  
‘That I relieve in opening my whole mind  
‘To one whose wit and judgment far exceed  
‘My narrow common sense. You are inclined,  
‘Your face assures me, to give friendly heed  
‘To what I have to say, and I shall find  
‘In you a wise confederate I know—  
‘But if I speak too freely, tell me so!’

## VII.

Edelrath grasped, in prompt and warm reply,  
The hand held out to him. ‘Dear Sir,’ he said,  
‘Your frankness but anticipates what I  
‘Would else have asked. But do not deem me led  
‘By merely idle curiosity  
‘In first soliciting, at least, some shred  
‘Of information about all that passed  
‘Before you met’—he paused, with eyes downcast,

## VIII.

And faltered, checked by his disinclination  
To make himself a partner in the plan  
He disapproved, of that impersonation  
Which every moment more and more began  
To embarrass him throughout this conversation.  
But unsuspectingly, Herr Jonathan  
Went on. ‘You mean,’ he said, ‘before we met  
‘Emanuel?’ ‘Yes, yes! ere I forget,’

## IX.

Said Edelnath, 'allow me to explain  
    'That I am here to-day by accident.  
'Tis true I sought Emanuel,' (he was fain  
    To energize this statement, for it meant  
No more than the strict truth) 'but all in vain!  
    'The letters which, I since have heard, were sent  
'To Heidelberg had reached me not, and by  
'The merest chance it was I met'—'Ay, ay,

## X.

'A providential chance it was, no doubt!'  
    Said Eckermann, 'he told me that just now.  
'Ever since he, poor boy, could get about—  
    '(For I must tell you, if you do not know,  
'He has been desperately ill—without  
    'Cordelia'said, which saved him, Heaven knows how,  
'He must have died)—but ever since the day  
'He without crutches could make any way,

## XI.

'Emanuel has been wandering everywhere  
    'Around this neighbourhood in search of you,  
'Now wild with hope, now wilder with despair;  
    'His letters must have missed you—that he knew;  
'Still, he felt sure that he should find you there  
    'Sooner or later. And most strangely, too,  
'Has his conviction now been justified.  
'Tis Providence, not Chance, that was your guide!'

## XII.

‘You see,’ said Edelrath, ‘what interest deep  
‘I needs must feel in all that you alone  
‘Can tell me. In suspense no longer keep  
‘So good a listener. Speak to me as one  
‘Who knows no more than that there rests, to weep  
‘With him the loss of what from both is gone,  
‘One only now of the two dear young hearts  
‘That halved his own, for theirs were equal parts.’

## XIII.

A gleam of lively satisfaction lit  
The eyes of Eckermann. The chance to vent  
His heart of what had long been bursting it  
With big discourse, for lack of listeners pent,  
Kindled within his garrulous soul a fit  
Of that self-laudatory sentiment  
Which doubtless filled with unacknowledged joy  
The pious hero of the Fall of Troy,

## XIV.

When his *infandum* (with feigned hesitation)  
*Regina jubes renovare* he  
Poured forth so glibly for the delectation  
Of Dido; tho’ the truth would seem to be  
That of that classical expostulation  
Eckermann’s knowledge equalled in degree  
The simulating hero’s want of will  
To talk so well of what he did so ill;

## XV.

But, for his audience, it must here be said  
The famous Founder of the Italian Race  
On that occasion was not comforted  
By the attention of a keener face  
Than his for whom this tale's unclassic thread  
Was spun, with neither dignity nor grace,  
By one whose triremes and exploits were known  
To the Exchange and Custom House alone.

## XVI.

'Well you must know, then,' said Herr Jonathan,  
( 'Twas by this formula that his narration  
The worthy merchant artlessly began )  
'The reason of that intimate relation  
'You find between Cordelia and a man  
'Who, like myself, is not by education  
'Or character what you'd expect to see  
'The Guardian, Sir, of such a girl as she;

## XVII.

'But, Sir, her father's oldest clerk was I ;  
'The oldest and most trusted of them all.  
'And what a man was he ! Were I to try  
'To give you an idea, however small,  
'Of his stupendous enterprises, why  
'I should be months about it, and still fall  
'Short of the mark. All difficulties were  
'Trifles to him ; he played with them, I swear,

## XVIII.

‘As jugglers play with cup and ball. Altho’  
‘I do not mean that Johann Stahl was ever  
‘A gambler, or a speculator. No,  
‘I mean that without visible endeavour  
‘He did what nobody but he could do,  
‘Invariably succeeding in whatever  
‘He undertook. The envious used to say  
‘(Envy can always explain worth away)

## XIX.

“‘Twas all his luck.” His luck! I’ll tell you what,  
‘His luck, Sir, was *himself*! ‘Twas intellect,  
‘Genius, and courage. Not a doubt of that!  
‘Everywhere, folks see only the effect;  
‘The cause of it they never will be at  
‘The trouble to discover. They detect  
‘A little earth-mound somewhere; that’s the whole  
‘Of what they see; and they exclaim, “A mole!”

## XX.

‘A mole? Good Lord! that’s not so very hard  
‘To find out, is it? Yet, in spite of this,  
‘The mole’s not there; the mole is many a yard  
‘Away; not one of them knows where he is.  
‘To right? to left? in front? behind? The sward  
‘Shows nothing but that little mound of his,  
‘To make which what long tunnels have there been,  
‘What burrowings incessant and unseen!



## XXI.

‘And so it is with those, Sir, who in trade  
‘Or commerce, or industrial affairs,  
‘Have by their genius and their patience made  
‘Colossal fortunes. Palaces are theirs,  
‘They never dance in : tables richly laid  
‘For feasts, the man who gives them seldom shares.  
‘If you would find these fortune-makers, go,  
‘Seek them where they are working. Ah, but no !

## XXII.

‘None ever seeks them where they may be found :  
‘All see their work’s result : the world says, “Pray,  
‘“Whose is that fine estate ?” and I’ll be bound  
‘Some Puss-in-Boots is always by to say,  
‘Purring for pride, with scrapes and bows profound,  
‘(Such is those creatures’ customary way !)  
‘“That is my master’s, the most noble lord  
‘“Marquess of Carabas, upon my word !”

## XXIII.

‘Ay ! the possessor of such palaces  
‘And parks is always, as I chance to know,  
‘A little of a marquess. But it is  
‘Not near enough to be a little, no,  
‘Nor yet a deal, of all the marquesses  
‘That ever were, to do what these men do—  
‘The great commercial Carabases, they  
‘Who thro’ Trade’s Fairyland, have won their way !

## XXIV.

‘No, Sir! Such men must have an iron will,  
‘And heads and hands of iron. And that’s not  
‘Enough, even then. ’Tis necessary still,  
‘That all this iron should be heated hot  
‘To a white heat, and hissing plunged, until  
‘Its strength has to the finest temper got,  
‘In ice-cold water. Iron by degrees  
‘Thus turns to steel—then, call it how you please!

## XXV.

‘Cordelia’s father such a man I call.  
‘A man of steel, but steel of temper rare!  
‘His German name was little, if at all,  
‘Known in America : men everywhere  
‘Called him John Steel, and, Sir, we never shall  
‘See such a man again! Beyond compare  
‘The greatest, noblest, man I ever knew,  
‘As strong as steel, as polished, and as true!

## XXVI.

‘Nothing cared he for profit or for gain.  
‘The invention, the discovery, the plan,  
‘The projects vast of his creative brain,  
‘These were what wholly occupied the man.  
‘At work you should have seen him! and again  
‘You should have seen him in repose! I can  
‘No more tell when I most admired John Steel,  
‘Than you could tell—the price of cochineal!

## XXVII.

- ‘In all he was, and did, he seemed to tower  
‘Immeasurably above other men :  
‘His huge activity, his giant power  
‘Of work, his sovereign hand and searching ken,  
‘These were apparent to the crowd of lower  
‘Existences, and weaker wills, that, when  
‘He chose it, his magnetic touch could stir  
‘With an imparted strength of character ;

## XXVIII.

- ‘But none could sound the depth of tenderness  
‘In that strong heart—how deeply it could feel  
‘For others, and how softly, none could guess,  
‘Who with his daughter had not seen John Steel.  
‘And to be sure, Cordelia is no less  
‘Above all women (ay, Sir, and a deal  
‘Above the best!) than, I affirm again,  
‘Cordelia’s father was above all men.

## XXIX.

- ‘Sir, you have seen her : have you ever seen  
‘Her equal among women? Every one  
‘Who meets her feels in presence of a Queen,  
‘And what a Queen ! In all the world is none  
‘To be compared to her. Face, figure, mien,  
‘Voice, manners, every gesture, every tone,  
‘And above all, heart, character, and mind,  
‘In all, she is the flower of womankind !

## XXX.

- ‘ And just to think, Sir, that this queenly creature  
‘ Should be the child of a mere working-man  
‘ And a mere working-woman ! Truly, Nature  
‘ Is full of mysteries ! None greater than  
‘ Those children in whose every trait and feature  
‘ She wins a race their parents never ran,  
‘ And crowns a dynasty of which, gaze round her  
‘ Where’er you will, you cannot find the founder !

## XXXI.

- ‘ Cordelia, Sir, is not a work of art,  
‘ Nor is she Nature’s common growth. In all  
‘ She is supreme : from all she stands apart :  
‘ Nothing is studied, nothing casual,  
‘ About her : as her face is, so her heart :  
‘ Both have a charm that’s purely natural,  
‘ Yet most uncommon : it is not acquired,  
‘ Nor is it copied : it appears inspired.

## XXXII.

- ‘ I’ve watched her from her cradle. She has grown,  
‘ But has not changed. Before her birth, before  
‘ Her father’s marriage, before Steel was known  
‘ By that surpassing opulence, he bore  
‘ As a born king the burden of a crown  
‘ That’s light to him, I was, I may say, more  
‘ Than his mere confidential clerk. And so  
‘ The story of Cordelia’s birth I know.

## XXXIII.

‘I knew her mother—rest her soul with God !  
‘And where else should that gentle spirit be ?  
‘This earth no meeker creature ever trod,  
‘Tho’ as for brains, not much of those had she !  
‘Her life seemed one mute waiting on the nod  
‘Of her protector. You must know that he  
‘Had from her parents rescued her, they say,  
‘Body and soul ; and, heavens, what parents they ! •

## XXXIV.

‘We will not speak of them. When this occurred  
‘She was a child. She could not read, or write,  
‘Or even count her fingers. In a word,  
‘She seemed to be almost, Sir, if not quite,  
‘An idiot. Poor young creature ! I have heard  
‘That a somnambulist is one whose sight  
‘And hearing, speech and motion, all fulfil  
‘The mandate of some other person’s will ;

## XXXV.

‘I never wished to see, nor ever saw,  
‘Any such thing. All cases, I confess,  
‘Of aberrations from the wholesome law  
‘Of human nature’s common course, distress  
‘My mind with feelings, not so much of awe,  
‘As of disgust at their unnaturalness ;  
‘And that is why I never without pain  
‘Can call to mind the image of poor Jane.

## XXXVI.

- ‘You would have said that all she did was done  
‘By an automaton; as if her mind  
‘Out of her body somewhere else had gone,  
‘While her mechanical life remained behind.  
‘Those with whom Steel had placed her (for alone  
‘She could not live with him, and they were kind)  
‘Averred that in her sleep the child became  
‘So altered, they scarce knew her for the same;

## XXXVII.

- ‘Soon as sleep closed her eyes (altho’ they were  
‘Beautiful eyes) her face, they said, would take  
‘In slumber a more animated air  
‘Than it retained while she was still awake,  
‘And her lips moved. The woman in whose care  
‘She lived, once having tried in vain to break  
‘The child’s unslumbrous sleep, began to feel  
‘Alarmed, and sent a message to John Steel;

## XXXVIII.

- ‘He came; they led him to her room; he stayed  
‘Beside her several hours; and what took place  
‘During that time I never knew. ’Twas said  
‘That in her sleep (and I’ve been told the case  
‘Tho’ rare is not unknown) this little maid,  
‘If questioned, would reply with a strange grace  
‘Of language, and a quite uncommon sense,  
‘Wholly beyond a child’s intelligence;

## XXXIX.

‘All that I know is, shortly after this  
‘(And, as you may suppose, to the no small  
‘Astonishment of his acquaintances)  
‘Jane Hope became Steel’s wife. But what I call  
‘The most surprising thing about it, is  
‘That she herself showed no surprise at all.  
‘She thro’ the marriage ceremony went  
‘As if quite unconcerned in that event;

## XL.

‘And from the look of her you would have said  
‘That into church the girl had strolled that day  
‘Only to see some other person wed.  
‘After her marriage, just in the same way,  
‘She led the life that she had always led :  
‘Her constant occupation (and they say  
‘That in such handiwork, at least, poor thing !  
‘She had no equal) was embroidering.

## XLI.

‘Steel treated her with a profound respect,  
‘Which never showed the slightest variation ;  
‘No sovereign of a court the most select  
‘Could be approached with more consideration,  
‘No mistress more unchided, more unchecked,  
‘No pontiff less exposed to disputation,  
‘Than John Steel’s wife. Yet in her silent cell  
‘Never did nun, more closely-cloistered, dwell ;

## XLII.

‘Nor could her spouse, if sick of household strife,  
‘Have oftener left her ; but she did not don  
‘Those airs resigned of a long-suffering wife,  
‘Some worthy women with less cause put on :  
‘She knew that his must be a busy life,  
‘And hers a life comparatively lone :  
‘Both seemed to find in each what each required :  
‘And nothing more by either was desired.

## XLIII.

‘Before Cordelia’s birth, her mother made  
‘A baby wardrobe for the unborn child ;  
‘Rare broidery of intricate braid  
‘On all the little frocks and caps she piled ;  
‘And, as she worked it, quietly she said,  
‘(And, as she said it, quietly she smiled)  
‘This broidery was with hieroglyphics sown,  
‘Concerning her child’s future and her own ;

## XLIV.

‘She said that, in the broidered emblems there,  
‘’Twas written (and it happened certainly  
‘Just as she said) the child she was to bear  
‘Would be a girl, and she herself would die  
‘When the child’s life was in its second year.  
‘With no disease, no struggle, scarce a sigh,  
‘In John Steel’s arms, she passed away from earth  
‘One year and nine months after the child’s birth.



## XLV.

‘Far oftener than to church he ever went,  
‘Henceforth his wont was at her grave to pray ;  
‘Each time, too, with a look of strange content  
‘And deep serenity, he came away,  
‘As from a shrine to which the sick are sent  
‘For cures miraculous. In fact, there lay  
‘In John Steel’s vigorous nature, after all,  
‘A something dreamy and fantastical ;

## XLVI.

‘That he was superstitious—well, that’s more-  
‘Than I should like to say. But I could see  
‘He had peculiar notions on the score  
‘Of certain influences—things that we  
‘Call supernatural,—tho’ he forebore  
‘From ever speaking of such things to me ;  
‘Indeed, he spoke of them, I think, to none,  
‘Unless it were Cordelia alone ;

## XLVII.

‘And it is my belief that even to her  
‘Her father was, and wisely, more or less  
‘Reserved on that side of his character ;  
‘Only, Cordelia has the power to guess  
‘And understand, miraculously, Sir,  
‘Whatever, in the innermost recess  
‘Of their own hearts, those round her think and feel ;  
‘And John Steel’s daughter knew by heart John Steel.

## XLVIII.

- ‘ From his ideas, and from his alone,  
    ‘ (For this, at least, could come from no one else)  
‘ Cordelia has inherited her own,  
    ‘ That ’tis her destiny and Emanuel’s  
‘ To realize the love which Fortune’s frown  
    ‘ And Fate’s accumulated obstacles  
‘ Forbade their parents, who conceived it first,  
‘ To cherish save in visions vainly nursed.

## XLIX.

- ‘ I might as well have tried, I must confess,  
    ‘ To open oyster-shells without a knife,  
‘ As, from my knowledge of them both, to guess  
    ‘ The part by Jane Hope played in John Steel’s life ;  
‘ But trust a woman for clear-sightedness  
    ‘ In all affairs of sentiment ! My wife  
‘ Explained it all to me ; for she, Sir, who  
‘ Knows how to put together two and two,

## L.

- ‘ Observed that in Jane Hope (that poor forlorn  
    ‘ Half-witted sufferer, as to me she seemed !)  
‘ John Steel imagined that a Seeress born  
    ‘ Was sent him ; all whose sayings he esteemed  
‘ As messages from Mary Haggerdorn ;  
    ‘ Poor Jane asserting that the dreams she dreamed  
‘ Maintained in close communion with each other  
‘ Cordelia’s father and Emanuel’s mother.

## LI.

- ‘In short, it was John Steel’s belief (strange fad  
‘In one so practical and sensible !)  
‘That this Jane Hope from Heaven a mission had  
‘To be his wife, and bear to him as well  
‘A girl, while Mary’s boy was yet a lad,  
‘So that Cordelia and Emanuel  
‘Should reunite the tie, which fate had torn,  
‘Between himself and Mary Haggerdorn.

## LII.

- ‘Her mission ended with her daughter’s birth.  
‘And then, without a pang of any kind,  
‘Jane Hope passed quietly away from earth.  
‘Is it not, Sir, astonishing to find  
‘Beliefs like this, which would provoke to mirth  
‘All men of even average strength of mind,  
‘In intellectual giants? Search the range  
‘Of your experience, and confess ’tis strange!’

## LIII.

- ‘Strange, yes,’ said Edelrath, ‘yet not so rare  
‘Are such reactions as they seem to you :  
‘Richelieu with kittens played, and the stars were  
‘By Wallenstein consulted : one or two  
‘Grains of his childhood every man, whate’er  
‘His character may be, keeps hid from view  
‘Safe at the core of it; and now and then  
‘The power of childhood they assert again :

## LIV.

‘Of this, indeed, those men the world calls great  
‘Furnish examples, which astonish us  
‘Because such incongruities create  
‘In characters that are conspicuous  
‘The most impressive contrasts. To your late  
‘Much-gifted friend, whose character was thus  
‘Distinctly marked, his boyhood’s love remained  
‘An Eden unforget and unregained ;

## LV.

‘And, like the Father of the Human Race,  
‘He lived between two curses, turned almost  
‘Into two blessings by the saving grace  
‘Of Custom, which defrays the daily cost  
‘Of human life,—the salt sweat of his face,  
‘And the still-sweet remembrance of his lost  
‘But unforgotten Paradise. These grand  
‘Self-contradictions I can understand ;

## LVI.

‘But what I do not understand so well  
‘Is that John Steel, who cherished, as you say,  
‘Important projects for Emanuel—  
‘A young man destined to become, some day,  
‘(If he believed that deathbed oracle)  
‘His daughter’s husband,—should have found no  
way  
‘To adopt, or by some other means to bring  
‘The boy beneath his own paternal wing.’

## LVII.

‘O, as to that,’ replied Herr Jonathan,  
‘It happens that I can enlighten you,  
‘And much more satisfactorily than  
‘About his other notions. For I too,  
‘Surprised that he should have laid down no plan  
‘In his own mind as proper to pursue  
‘About Emanuel, questioned him, and I  
‘Was forcibly impressed by his reply.

## LVIII.

“Such plans,” he said, “would be what he should  
call  
“Playing at Providence. Fate is not free  
“On one side or the other side to fall;  
“Sentiment stronger than all else must be,  
“If sentiment be anything at all.  
“Friend, I believe in miracles,” said he,  
“And I believe in chemistry as well;  
“I from the alembic crave no miracle,

## LIX.

“And Providence I ask not to prevent  
“The copper plates on any ship of mine  
“From being injured by the element  
“That oxidizes copper. If, in fine,  
“Emanuel can such a love content  
“As, finding me unworthy its divine  
“Accomplishment, the Heavenly Will, that made  
“My heart its birthplace, to my life forbade,

## LX.

- “ Then, just as sure as you and I now are  
“ Concerned about a youth we know not yet,  
“ Soon as Love lights the signal, from afar  
“ He will pursue it with a faith firm-set,  
“ As did the Magian kings the Bethlem star :  
“ If, on the other hand, his soul can get  
“ From such a love no guidance, my control  
“ Would but beguile him from his natural goal.

## LXI.

- “ As for the rest, I am not ignorant  
“ Of aught that I as yet require to know  
“ About Emanuel. For whate’er I want  
“ To learn about him I have means ; and so,  
“ Watchful, I wait the growth of this young plant.  
“ Where God hath planted it, there let it grow !  
“ All in good time. Well satisfied am I  
“ The boy is in safe hands, and by and by—”

## LXII.

- ‘ By and by, what—I never knew. For there,  
‘ John Steel invariably would turn away  
‘ With an abrupt and peremptory air,  
‘ That said, more plainly than all words could say,  
“ I mean to tell you nothing more. Forbear  
“ To ask me further.” But I think you may  
‘ Be certain (I, at least, have not a doubt)  
‘ That well John Steel knew what he was about.

## LXIII.

‘The affections of that man, Sir, were profound  
‘As his abilities were vast. The extent  
‘Of these in those its counterpart had found,  
‘Each furnishing the other’s measurement ;  
‘As if you, by the mountain’s height, could sound  
‘The valley’s depth. Upon mankind he spent  
‘The treasures of his genius, on his child  
‘The treasures of his golden heart were piled ;

## LXIV.

‘And only see what the results have been !  
‘There, the wide influence of a natural king,  
‘Here the sweet majesty of a natural queen !  
‘And how Cordelia has in everything  
‘Her father’s love requited ! Sir, between  
‘Ourselves, I think some strange foreshadowing  
‘Of such requital prompted him to say  
‘His daughter’s name should be Cordelia.

## LXV.

‘I’ve seen the piece from which he took that name ;  
‘And, when the old king, weeping over her,  
‘Upon the stage with his dead daughter came,  
‘(You’ll laugh at me when I confess it, Sir,  
‘But always it affects me just the same)  
‘I felt obliged to leave the theatre.  
‘I couldn’t stand it. John Steel’s happiness  
‘To me so well explained King Lear’s distress !’

## LXVL

Here, with a long-drawn breath, Herr Jonathan  
Puffed at his pipe ; but found that it was out,  
Just like this Canto. Grunting, he began  
To knock the ashes from it all about ;  
And while its emptied bowl that worthy man  
Replenished, Edelrath, who was no doubt  
By all he had been hearing deeply stirred,  
Mused with shut eyes, and uttered not a word.





## CANTO III.

## JOHN STEEL'S DAUGHTER.

## I.

‘Yes,’ resumed Eckermann, as soon as he  
His pipe had filled. ‘Cordelia to John Steel  
‘Was all a child can to a parent be :  
‘To think as *he* thought, as he felt to feel,  
‘An impulse so intuitive had she,  
‘That from her heart his own full heart’s appeal  
‘Got, by anticipation, even ere yet  
‘’Twas spoken, the response it craved to get.

## II.

‘For him, I often think when I recall  
‘The past, what consolation and delight  
‘It must have been to ease his soul of all  
‘Its inmost thoughts to one who, with the right  
‘To claim his trust, possessed such magical  
‘Endowment its outpourings to requite,  
‘By understanding them. His hopes betrayed,  
‘His faith unshaken,—all, her own she made !

## III.

- ‘ And ’tis thro’ having from her childhood known  
    ‘ The depth and grandeur of her father’s heart,  
‘ That into all the fibres of her own  
    ‘ The ideal of a love that stands apart  
‘ From every other with her growth has grown.  
    ‘ The common Cupid with his casual dart  
‘ Will never touch her. What she sees in love  
‘ Is life’s most sacred mission from above ;

## IV.

- ‘ A mission to which few are called perchance,  
    ‘ And fewer still are chosen, to effect  
‘ The revelation and deliverance  
    ‘ Of a sublime evangel, whose elect  
‘ Evangelists each worldly circumstance  
    ‘ That contradicts its truth must needs reject.  
‘ But there’s no use in my attempting, Sir,  
‘ To probe so singular a character ;

## V.

- ‘ How should I know what passes in the high  
    ‘ Ethereal regions of which souls like hers  
‘ Are the inhabitants? Such regions lie  
    ‘ Beyond my reach, where Earth with Heaven  
        confers !  
‘ Yet, tho’ I cannot comprehend them, I  
    ‘ The more revere those wondrous characters  
‘ Whose lives bestow on all the human race  
‘ A higher dignity, a grander grace ;

## VI.

‘And in that girl I humbly recognise  
‘One of those rare surpassing souls whose glow  
‘Gladdens the world with beautiful surprise,  
‘Like great creative poets. Well I know  
‘That I, with all my business faculties,  
‘Shrewdness and common sense, am far below  
‘Such spirits, and can never hope to be  
‘Their equal. So sublime they seem to me!’

## VII.

This language from the mouth of Eckermann,  
Who seemed, so far as his appearance went,  
The very last and most unlikely man  
To set such value upon sentiment,  
So startled Edelrath that he began  
To doubt his ears; and his surprise found vent  
In exclamations which elicited  
From his strange host fresh snorts. ‘Dear me,’ he  
said,

## VIII.

‘There’s nothing wonderful in what I say  
‘In this, Sir, as in everything, I go  
‘By my own common sense. America  
‘You never visited? Well, you must know  
‘That in the great wild West there, far away  
‘Where the immense primæval forests grow,  
‘Vast tracts of savage territory lie,  
‘Whose occupiers are queer company;

## IX.

- ‘As savage as the soil is, are the men !  
‘Rough customers—a most forbidding lot  
‘All of them, as the Devil said, Sir, when  
‘He saw the Ten Commandments ; yet there’s not  
‘A man among them but can now and then,  
‘If there’s occasion for it, from a sot  
‘And ruffian, change himself into a stoic,  
‘Intrepid, patient, sober, and heroic :

## X.

- ‘We call them pioneers : Civilisation  
‘Sends them to search thro’ regions that ignore her  
‘For treasures she ignores, and their vocation  
‘Is, at all costs, to clear her way before her.  
‘Full credit be to them, say I ! Privation  
‘And peril is the lot of each explorer,  
‘And doubtful his reward. The Heroes they  
‘Of Muscles, be their motives what they may !

## XI.

- ‘But there are other kinds of heroes, ay,  
‘And higher ones ! and when a man I see  
‘With lofty brow and penetrative eye,  
‘Whose genius opens out for you and me  
‘Regions remote, and rugged, that defy  
‘The mind’s invasion, with what needs must be  
‘Obscurities more formidable far  
‘Than those of our primæval forests are,

## XII.

‘I recognise with a profound respect  
‘The Pioneer of Thought, who clears the way  
‘Onward and upward for man’s intellect :  
‘These men I value most : the Heroes they  
‘Of Brains : and on mankind such men reflect  
‘More honour than mankind to them can pay.  
‘But, in the name of common sense, are we  
‘Nothing but brains and muscles? What would be

## XIII.

‘The athlete, better than a powerful beast,  
‘The *savant*, better than a thought-machine,  
‘But for the heart? the heart, that to the least  
‘Of its explorers opens what a mine  
‘Of mysteries, and provides, too, what a feast  
‘Of pleasures for its humblest owner! Mine  
‘Has been, upon the whole, a pleasant life :  
‘I have a happy home, a worthy wife,

## XIV.

‘Children I love, good health, good appetite,  
‘I eat well, sleep well, and am well-to-do :  
‘If in these blessings I had no delight,  
‘A brute I should be, and an idiot too :  
‘But how could I enjoy them, were I quite  
‘Without that faculty, which gives the hue  
‘And tone to all? For ’tis the heart alone  
‘That gives to all things else their hue and tone.

## XV.

‘ Well, but this happiness, which you may call  
‘ Humdrum without offence (for what am I?  
‘ A humdrum man!) has it exhausted all  
‘ The wonderful and precious things that lie  
‘ In Feeling’s treasure-house? Or can my small  
‘ Experience measure the immensity  
‘ Of those illimitable realms that rest  
‘ By me untraversed in the Heart’s Far West?

## XVI.

‘ No! there, my common sense convinces me,  
‘ Vast elevations more sublime than are  
‘ The Rocky Mountains, and wide tracts, must be,  
‘ Richer, more varied, and more fertile far,  
‘ Than any earthly soil that’s known to me;  
‘ There, doubtless, many an undiscovered star,  
‘ And many a region, none yet penetrates,  
‘ Feeling’s predestined pioneer awaits;

## XVII.

‘ Ah, what awaits in turn the pioneer?  
‘ Easy to guess! sufferings beyond the lot  
‘ Of other mortals, struggles more severe,  
‘ And victories by vaster efforts got!  
‘ How should one know such souls when they appear?  
‘ I know, and pity those that know them not!  
‘ As, by the brawny arm, or lofty brow,  
‘ Heroes of Muscles, or of Brains, we know,

## XVIII.

‘So may these Heroes of the Heart be known  
‘By other signs: I cannot name them all,  
‘Nor are they to be named, but felt alone;  
‘I feel them when I find them, and could fall  
‘Upon my knees before them. There is one  
‘Familiar name I know them by; I call  
‘That name Cordelia; and I’d follow her  
‘Blindfold across the world without demur!

## XIX.

‘Blindfold, without demur,—for if, some day,  
‘She showed me not, and helped me not to see,  
‘Something like Paradise Regained,—why, may  
‘The Old Gen—’ But there, whether it was that he  
Perceived that what he was about to say  
Would altogether more appropriate be  
To Paradise Lost, or whether it was merely  
That language failed to express his feelings clearly,

## XX.

The worthy Jonathan behind a vast  
And many-coloured pocket-handkerchief  
Hid all his face, and blew a nasal blast,  
Which seemed at once to give him much relief.  
This tribute paid to sentiment, at last  
With more composure he went on, ‘In brief  
‘Cordelia is Cordelia. I was still  
‘At Hamburg when her father died. His will,

## XXI.

- ‘ And mine, recalled me to his daughter’s side ;  
‘ And then it was that from her lips I learned  
‘ Her resolution forthwith to confide  
‘ To Mary Müller’s son what, I discerned  
(‘ From all her language on this point implied)  
‘ Were my lost friend’s last wishes. He had yearned,  
‘ I knew, for the arrival of that day  
‘ Which came at last just as he passed away ;

## XXII.

- ‘ The day, Sir, when Emanuel’s education  
‘ At Heidelberg was ended. Then it was  
‘ John Steel had meant to make the revelation  
‘ So long withheld. My poor friend’s death, alas,  
‘ Rendered impossible the slow gradation  
‘ Of steps by which it would have come to pass  
‘ Under his guiding hand, had he but lived  
‘ To carry out the project he contrived :

## XXIII.

- ‘ Cordelia’s frank, straightforward character  
‘ Spurned the precautions which to me seemed  
better  
‘ Than none at all, and which I urged on her  
‘ For prudence’ sake : nor could I even get her  
‘ The trial of Emanuel to defer  
‘ Till she at least knew more of him : her letter  
‘ Reached Europe, as she meant that it should do,  
‘ By the same boat that bore its writer too :



## XXIV.

"She might have written it from Hamburg, where  
    ' With us she then was staying : but I guess  
"She feared that, if Emanuel were aware  
    ' That he was within reach of her address,  
"That knowledge might precipitate the affair.  
    ' Her wish was that his answer, no, or yes,  
"To so deliberate an invocation  
"Should not be made without deliberation.

## XXV.

" "The experiment to which her hand she set  
    " "Was to decide her fate," she said, "and prove  
" "Whether two persons who had never met  
    " "Could love each other with an ardent love,  
" "Intenser than the senses can beget,  
    " "A rapt communion of two souls, above  
" "The need and aid of sight and touch, those springs  
" "Of passion that fan open Love's shut wings :

## XXVI.

" "She stood upon the shore of Life's great sea,  
    " "And saw Love walking on the waves," she said ;  
" "Love, with stretched hand, called to her, *Follow me!*  
    " "And follow him she would, nor fear to tread  
" "That unsubstantial path. Such faith had she  
    " "In the sublime sustaining Power that led !"  
" "But if," said I, "this singular faith of yours  
" "Unshared should be ?" She answered, "Faith  
    endures,

## XXVII.

- “Shared, or unshared. From Love, for Love, my heart  
“Religiously received a sacred treasure ;  
“My mandate is to find its counterpart,  
“And not to place it save where in full measure  
“Its like is found. Guideless I do not start  
“On this great errand, which vouchsafes no leisure  
“To palter with its purpose. If, however,  
“The message I am given to deliver

## XXVIII.

- “Is not received where ’tis addressed, be sure  
“My heart will keep what to my heart was given  
“In trust for Love, still safe, and whole, and pure,  
“Till Love recalls to its own source in Heaven  
“What earth rejected. Faith will still endure  
“Unshaken, though unshared. I shall have  
striven,  
“Faithful, as strove my father, to fulfil  
“Love’s purpose here ; and, like my father, still

## XXIX.

- “Must wait resigned till it is better known  
“Beyond.” “But, ah, the danger is,” said I,  
“Lest such a faith as yours be overthrown  
“Not by rejection, but by treachery !  
“What, if the heart to which you trust your own,  
“Should give you, in return for truth, a lie ?”  
“Scarce uttered was that warning, ere I would  
“Have instantly recalled it if I could ;

## XXX.

- ‘From head to foot Cordelia trembled. She  
‘Had turned death-white. Far braver than most  
men  
‘I knew she was, but never did I see,  
‘And may Heaven grant I never see again,  
‘Such terror in a woman’s face! I’m free  
‘To own that I could answer nothing, when  
‘She cried, “Hush! do not tempt me to believe  
‘“That this is possible! Can God deceive?”

## XXXI.

- ‘How could I answer that appeal, or make  
‘Objections to the faith that it implied?  
‘You might as well insist, for safety’s sake,  
‘On getting the Four Gospels certified  
‘Before a magistrate empowered to take  
‘Evidence upon oath. I simply tried  
‘To unsay what I had said, and could have bitten  
‘My tongue off. So the letter, Sir, was written;

## XXXII.

- ‘Written, and sent! And what that letter said  
‘I cannot say. To me she did not care  
‘To show it. Naturally! But I read  
‘(Read, and good heavens, Sir, how it made me  
stare!)
- ‘The answer it from him elicited:  
‘Stiff, as I read that answer, all my hair  
‘Stood with a horror I can still recall.  
‘Twenty lines, and a postscript—that was all!

## XXXIII.

‘The twenty lines, in twenty thousand ways,  
‘Said twenty thousand times the same word, “yes!”  
‘Love’s language may, as everybody says  
‘It is, be universal : but I guess  
‘As many dialects as the year has days,  
‘And more—as many as couples more or less  
‘In love, there be—that language must have got ;  
‘Each gibberish to those that speak it not !

## XXXIV.

‘This wonderful epistle, anyhow,  
‘Was not to my address ; and no offence  
‘Is to its writer meant when I avow  
‘That upon me its flowers of eloquence  
‘Made no impression. But I must bestow  
‘Full justice on his genius to condense  
‘*Multum in parvo*. For I’m bound to say  
‘His postscript fairly took my breath away.’

## XXXV.

As Eckermann this observation made,  
Edelrath heaved a sigh so audible  
That, startled by it, the good merchant said,  
‘What is the matter ? You appear unwell.  
‘And all this talk fatigues you, I’m afraid.  
‘I should have thought of that !’ Upon the bell  
He laid his hand. ‘At seven o’clock we dine.  
‘Meanwhile, a sandwich and a glass of wine !

## XXXVI.

- ‘Nay, do! A biscuit, then, at least, I trust?  
‘What, is it really, absolutely no?  
‘Well by a wave of the hand, Sir, you have just  
‘Declined a biscuit with no more ado  
‘Than that superb postscriptum (for I must  
‘Call it superb) declined—by one or two  
‘Strokes of the pen—and with as cool an air—  
‘The fortune of our greatest *millionnaire*!

## XXXVII.

- ‘Ah, yes, indeed!’ continued Eckermann  
Attracted by, and misinterpreting,  
The grief of Edelrath (who here began  
With a despairing groan his hands to wring)  
‘Tis, as you say, incredible! I can,  
‘No more than you, account for such a thing,  
‘Nor reconcile myself to it at all.  
‘I try to do so, but I never shall!

## XXXVIII.

- ‘And more than this! Refuse the wealth immense  
‘She offered him,—well, that might pass; but no,  
‘Nothing by halves the fine indifference  
‘Of our young prince, Sir, is content to do!  
‘And he invites Cordelia to dispense  
‘With her whole fortune, for her own self too,  
‘Just as he might have said, “My dear Miss Steel,  
‘“Let me relieve you of your shawl! you’ll feel

## XXXIX.

‘ “Better without it, ’tis so hot to-day !”  
‘ But what is harder still to be believed,  
‘ Is the delighted, the enraptured, way  
‘ In which Cordelia, for her part, received  
‘ This cool proposal. Nothing I could say  
‘ To change her mind, the least success achieved ;  
‘ She said that this was what most proved how well  
‘ Her rede was riddled by Emanuel.

## XL.

‘ You may conceive, Sir, my embarrassment.  
‘ My guardianship is purely nominal ;  
‘ This sacrifice of fortune to prevent,  
‘ Steel’s will had given me no power at all ;  
‘ And yet how could I cheerfully consent  
‘ To see the child I loved and cherished fall,  
‘ Thro’ a capricious boy’s infatuation,  
‘ From boundless wealth to absolute privation ?

## XLI.

‘ But ’tis impossible in every case  
‘ To struggle with the sort of women who  
‘ Never say “ must ” or “ shall,” Sir ! They replace  
‘ Commonplace self-assertions, such as “ do ”  
‘ And “ don’t,” by simply smiling in your face,  
‘ And seeming not to understand what you  
‘ Repeat with pains so idly spent about it,  
‘ That you yourself at last begin to doubt it ;

## XLII.

‘And forthwith that unconquerable smile  
‘Gets round you ; and, before you quite know how,  
‘You find yourself applauding what erewhile  
‘You disapproved. That was my case, I know ;  
‘And I passed over, in the usual style  
‘Of converts, with an irrepressible glow  
‘Of changed conviction, to the other side.  
‘You wonder ? Yes, but I was sorely tried,

## XLIII.

‘And there is one fact that contributed  
‘To my conversion more than all the rest ;  
‘To admit it with reluctance I was led,  
‘And to withstand it long I did my best ;  
‘But it is certain all Cordelia said,  
‘In furtherance of Emanuel’s request,  
‘Would by the father she so dearly loved  
‘(Strange as that fact may seem) have been approved.

## XLIV.

‘Yet what a bitter thing it was, to see  
‘That noble fortune all dispersed and gone !  
‘A fortune, Sir, that was indeed to me  
‘An endless joy and wonder ! Not alone  
‘Because I knew its vast extent to be  
‘Unequalled, but because there was not one  
‘Of its details I did not know by heart.  
‘That fortune was to me a work of art ;

## XLV.

‘A work of art and genius! I had watched  
‘The growth of it, and knew how it was made.  
‘As precious as the masterpiece unmatched  
‘Of some surpassing artist, lately dead,  
‘Is to the connoisseur who was attached  
‘To the dead master, and had often stayed  
‘Beside him while beneath his hand it grew,  
‘To me that fortune was. Its worth I knew ;

## XLVI.

‘And never, I assure you, did I pass  
‘A night as wretched as the night when I  
‘Completed what appeared to me, alas,  
‘Much like the first act of the tragedy  
‘To which Cordelia owes her name. It was  
‘With heavy heart, and eyes by no means dry,  
‘I handed her, for her self-spoliation,  
‘The deed I had devised of a donation,

## XLVII.

‘Of which—I shall have more to say anon!  
‘It was dispatched about six weeks ago  
‘To the United States ; and everyone  
‘Of its provisions will be soon, I know,  
‘In course of execution. When ’twas done,  
‘“And now,” said I, “what are you going to do  
‘“Without your fairy gold, my Fairy Queen?  
‘“One has to live, you know! at least I mean,



## XLVIII.

“Life being given, one must keep it going  
“Somehow or other.” “Certainly,” said she,  
“That’s all provided for.” And, with a knowing  
‘Curtsey and an arch smile, she handed me  
‘A little slip of printed paper, showing  
‘Where she had marked it. Sir, there seemed to be  
‘No end to the surprises, I may say,  
‘That I was doomed to undergo that day ;

## XLIX.

‘Her printed slip was an advertisement  
‘Which I myself had put into the press,  
‘Not long before this unforeseen event,  
‘Of my requirement of a governess  
‘Well recommended, and both competent  
‘And willing (for board, lodging, all but dress,  
‘Provided, and a hundred pounds a year)  
‘To teach my daughters—you have seen them here,

## L.

‘One eight, the other ten. “What! you, a Queen,  
“A Princess Born!” I cried. “Good heavens,  
reflect!  
“What are you doing? Do you really mean  
“To tell me you’ve the patience to correct  
“Themes, on the important difference between  
“Virtue and vice, by children I suspect  
“Of generally spelling with two p’s  
“The word papa?” “And why not, if you please?”

## LI.

- ‘ Replied Cordelia. “ Mind what you are at,  
“ Or I shall raise my terms, and ask you, Sir,  
“ Fifty pounds more *per annum*.” “ As to that,  
“ Five hundred, if you will,” I cried to her,  
“ A thousand ! anything ! no matter what ! ”  
“ Bah ! no false bargains ! As for character,  
“ No reference is needed,” she went on,  
“ And, for acquirements, I have every one

## LII.

- ‘ “ That this, your own advertisement demands ;  
“ The terms that here are specified apply  
“ To any governess who understands  
“ How to teach history, geography,  
“ French, English, music. Here, then, to your hands  
“ Is just the person you require, for I  
“ Can do all this. Painting and singing, too,  
“ I’m willing to teach gratis. What say *you* ? ”

## LIII.

- ‘ I could have gathered to my own that brave  
‘ And noble heart, to teach mine how to beat  
‘ More manfully ! But as she only gave  
‘ To my embrace (with such a smile ! so sweet,  
‘ And so bewitchingly half-arch, half-grave !)  
‘ Her dainty finger tips, a kiss discreet  
‘ I placed upon them ; and, well pleased to yield  
‘ All her conditions, thus the bargain sealed.

## LIV.

- ‘ But there was no occasion to install  
    ‘ That dear new governess in her command ;  
‘ She had so long been governing us all,  
    ‘ I might have capped the phrase by Talleyrand  
‘ For Louis the Eighteenth, on the recall  
    ‘ Of the French Bourbons, so adroitly planned ;  
‘ Nothing was changed here, all was as before ;  
‘ There was not even a governess the more !

## LV.

- ‘ A few days after this, I chanced to hear,  
    ‘ From persons there who correspond with me,  
‘ That our young friend had finished his career  
    ‘ At Heidelberg, and taken his degree,  
‘ And gone away, with a young English peer,  
    ‘ To Switzerland, where I was told that we  
‘ Most probably should find him travelling still  
‘ With his companion, Lord Glenaveril,

## LVI.

- ‘ To Switzerland forthwith we took our way ;  
    ‘ And the sole stipulation on my side,  
‘ (With which, to my relief, Cordelia  
    ‘ Immediately and cheerfully complied)  
‘ Was that she should on no account betray  
    ‘ Her name to her betrothed till time had tried,  
‘ By, at the least, some weeks of intercourse,  
‘ Her first impressions, whatsoe’er their force.

## LVII.

- ‘ I felt that, if I had too easily  
    ‘ Sanctioned the sacrifice of that great prize,  
‘ Cordelia’s fortune, I was bound to be  
    ‘ All the more careful not to jeopardize,  
‘ So far as this depended still on me,  
    ‘ Her peace of heart. A land of no great size  
‘ Is Switzerland, and regulated all,  
‘ From an hotel-book to a waterfall,

## LVIII.

- ‘ For the convenience of the traveller ;  
    ‘ I knew ’twould not be difficult to find  
‘ In such a well-conducted country, Sir,  
    ‘ The man we were in search of. Chance was kind,  
‘ However, and our first appeal to her  
    ‘ Conducted us at once, with undesigned  
‘ Selection, to the very same hotel,  
‘ At Chamouni, where lodged Emanuel ;

## LIX.

- ‘ Chance, in the person of the waiter, too,  
    ‘ That served our breakfast, told us who he was,  
‘ By calling out to a young man there, who  
    ‘ Was seated near, and whom he had to pass,  
‘ “ My lord Glenaveril wants his keys of you,  
    “ “ Herr Müller.” He got up: and in a glass  
‘ Close by, his image, with observant eyes,  
‘ I watched without betraying my surprise.

## LX.

‘The face there quite surpassed in every way  
‘The notion I had formed of it. I knew  
‘Already by report, before that day,  
‘Emanuel was well-made, good-looking too,  
‘Studious, and thoughtful, and, I had heard say,  
‘Somewhat reserved in manner. And ’tis true  
‘All these he seemed to be. But how much more  
‘That I had had no notion of before!

## LXI.

‘What would *you* take him for, if unaware  
‘Of all we know of him? Emanuel  
‘Is a poor student,—name and title, Herr  
‘Müller. That’s all. And that’s all very well,  
‘But Sir, I say, Emanuel has an air,  
‘A something—how describe it? Truth to tell,  
‘It seems scarce credible that he and I,  
‘By birth at least, are equals. Tell me why!’

## LXII.

Edelrath did not answer, but he cast  
Upon the worthy merchant a sly glance  
Half flattered, half satiric. ‘All this passed,’  
Herr Eckermann, with glowing countenance,  
Continued, not observing it, ‘so fast  
‘That we had barely time to look askance  
‘At one another. Upon my good dame,  
‘And me, and all, the impression was the same

## LXIII.

‘But ’twas Cordelia that you should have seen!  
‘That moment so transfigured her that I,  
‘Tho’ long familiar with her face and mien,  
‘Felt as if then she stood before mine eye  
‘For the first time, and less like a young queen  
‘Than a young goddess just about to fly.  
‘And yet her manner, after this, was all  
‘Calmer if possible than usual;

## LXIV.

‘Only, it unmistakably displayed  
‘The quiet proud serenity of one  
‘Who, bravely, on behalf of some gainsaid  
‘And long contested truth, stood out alone,  
‘When unexpected proof of it has made  
‘By all acknowledged what till then by none  
‘Had been believed. I whispered to her, “Yes,  
‘“Cordelia, you were right, I must confess,

## LXV.

‘“And I, who doubted your presentiments,  
‘“Have been an ass! But you have second-sight!  
‘“What I’ve now seen such certainty presents,  
‘“My doubts were wrong, and your convictions right,  
‘“That I, to make amends at all events,  
‘“Release you from your pledges; I am quite  
‘Prepared to go and find him, and, indeed,  
‘“To tell him all at once.” “There is no need,”

## LXVI.

‘She answered in her calmly-confident way.  
‘“He recognised me, and will come unsought;  
‘“I know he will come back to us to-day.”  
‘And back he came, that’s true! But how, Sir?  
Brought  
‘Upon the wretched litter, where he lay  
‘A bleeding cripple, to the bed I fought  
‘My way to find, across a cackling crowd  
‘That round about it gaped and gossiped loud!

## LXVII.

‘And then, to have to purchase the possession  
‘Of that poor piece of life, scarce living now,  
‘By tricks and subterfuges in succession!  
‘To watch the dubious doctor’s ominous brow  
‘With fainting hope, and nurse the long progression  
‘Towards recovery, so uncertain, slow  
‘And painful! If Emanuel lives to-day,  
‘He owes his life, Sir, to Cordelia!

## LXVIII.

‘Long while he lay unconscious. Self-possessed,  
‘And only very pale and still, was she.  
‘She never left his side for food or rest,  
‘And always seemed instinctively to be  
‘Aware of what he needed, what was best  
‘To do for him, and how to do it. He  
‘Opened at last his eyes on her, and low  
‘He whispered gazing at her, “Do not go!”

## LXIX.

‘Poor boy! He fancied he was dreaming yet,  
‘And was reluctant from his dream to wake.  
‘Little by little he began to get  
‘Stronger, and seemed, at intervals, to take  
‘In the new faces that his gaze now met  
‘A puzzled interest. Often would he make  
‘Faint efforts to recall what had occurred,  
‘And, sighing, fail. His memory still was blurred.

## LXX.

‘He asked Cordelia o’er and o’er to tell  
‘Things told before, and how it was he came  
‘To be with strangers who were friends as well;  
‘And everything surprised him; his own name  
‘The most of all. In fact, Emanuel  
‘Seemed doubtful if he were himself the same,  
‘Where all things else had undergone such change,  
‘So jarred was his self-consciousness! ’Tis strange!

## LXXI.

‘As for that letter he had written to  
‘Cordelia, when she mentioned it, he vowed  
‘It had been burned by Michael Angelo  
‘In the Last Judgment. Then, Sir, when she  
showed  
‘The letter to him, it was worse. “Just so!  
“ ’Tis as I told you. Look!” he cried aloud,  
“That’s not a letter. See what wings it hath!  
“ ’Tis the bird Phoenix, caught by Edelrath,



## LXXII.

- “And burned by Michael Angelo, yet there  
“’Tis still alive, as well I knew ’twould be!  
“Ah, let it fly back to the forest, where  
“I found it first beneath an old elm-tree!  
“Edelrath caught it by a Samian snare,  
“Exclaiming, *Two and two make five!* You see  
“That was a talisman. But I believe  
“The bird escaped, and in a witch’s sieve

## LXXIII.

- “Sailed safe across the sea, before he found  
“His matches, stolen by some Elfin thief;  
“And then, it lost its way, and wandered round  
“The world, until it reached the Sioux Chief;  
“He, the Swift Lizard, had just captive bound  
“The Moonwhite Maiden; and ’tis my belief  
“That you are she; my bird, for your release,  
“Lighted the Lizard’s calumet of peace.

## LXXIV.

- “Now to King David we must tell all this,  
“And he, perhaps, will make a psalm of it,  
“Ah, did you ever hear those psalms of his?  
“There are words in them that appear to fit  
“All that has ever happened. But it is  
“A pity such fine poems should be writ  
“All in Chinese. Chinese? No, no, that’s wrong!  
“That comes from China, and it is not strong,

## LXXV.

- ‘ “ It would not do ! I had forgotten that !  
‘ “ ’Tis all in cups and saucers, brittle ware !  
‘ “ As easily broken as that luckless hat  
‘ “ Of Edelrath’s, which brought on all this care  
‘ “ And trouble, when it tumbled off. That’s what .  
‘ “ Was the beginning of it all, I swear !  
‘ “ Had they been made of china, well I know  
‘ “ The Psalms would have been broken long ago !

## LXXVI.

- ‘ “ Broken as Marietta’s needle was,  
‘ “ Broken like—ah, where are we ? Where is he ?  
‘ “ All broken ! broken ! broken ! ” So, alas,  
‘ He wandered on, quite incoherently,  
‘ For days and weeks together, and would pass  
‘ In his wild talk out of what seemed to be  
‘ One dream into another. He appeared  
‘ Not to remember who he was. I feared

## LXXVII.

- ‘ His brain was permanently injured, Sir.  
‘ Cordelia was the only one, in fact,  
‘ Who never once lost hope ; and he to her  
‘ Clung like a child. With what a marvellous tact  
‘ She tended him ! As soon as he could stir,  
‘ Hoping that change of air might counteract  
‘ The symptoms I have just described to you,  
‘ We thought it best to try what that could do ;

## LXXVIII.

‘And hither by slow stages we conveyed  
‘Our wounded hero. But, to my despair,  
‘His convalescence still no progress made,  
‘And months went by before Cordelia’s care  
‘Of her poor patient was at last repaid  
‘By his improved condition. I declare  
‘What brought about this welcome change was due  
‘Mainly to his intense regard for you.

## LXXIX.

‘Præoccupied his mind had long appeared  
‘(On your account, as it has since turned out)  
‘By some great trouble, and when first he heard  
‘That, since that fatal accident, about  
‘Four months had passed, I more than ever feared  
‘The effect of this discovery, which no doubt  
‘Was startling. Like a wounded animal,  
‘He moaned, and beat his head against the wall,

## LXXX.

‘And he, at any risk and any cost,  
‘Must write to you immediately, he said.  
‘That was impossible. We were almost  
‘At our wits’ end to calm him. We essayed  
‘To assure him, Sir, that by the earliest post  
‘We would not fail to write to you instead.  
‘That only made him worse, and threw him quite  
‘Into a raging fever. None must write

## LXXXI.

- ‘Except himself, and write he must, he cried,  
‘Without delay. We promised him (and by  
‘That promise he at last was pacified)  
‘That in three days, if he till then would try  
‘To nurse his strength, he should not be denied  
‘The means to write to you. With a deep sigh  
‘He closed his eyes, and fell asleep at length.  
‘These paroxysms had worn out his strength.

## LXXXII.

- ‘The third day after this he was so weak,  
‘We thought him sinking fast; and I, for one,  
‘Was equally afraid to keep or break  
‘The promise given him. By the aid alone  
‘Of stimulants, though he could scarcely speak,  
‘He wrote you a few lines. When they were done,  
‘He sealed them up himself; then swooned away.  
‘Yet was it from that moment, strange to say,

## LXXXIII.

- ‘That he began to mend. ’Twas daily then  
‘He wrote to you, and most impatiently  
‘Waited the answer to his letters. When  
‘However, weeks, months, passed without reply,  
‘He fell into that feverish state again  
‘From which your presence here will, by and by,  
‘I trust, relieve him. But Emanuel  
‘Is still, believe me, very far from well.’

## LXXXIV.

As this remark he made, Herr Jonathan  
Assumed a gravely confidential mien.  
'You ought to know it,' he again began,  
'Even eyes less exercised than mine have been  
'Could scarcely fail, in watching that young man,  
'To see there's some great trouble still between  
'His memory and his mind, some unrevealed  
'Source of distress he tries to keep concealed.

## LXXXV.

'I sometimes think that it perhaps may be  
'Connected with his poor friend's dreadful fate;  
'For it is singularly strange that he  
'Has never once, altho' so intimate  
'With all of us, (and, if reserved to me,  
'Still to Cordelia, at any rate,  
'Eager to pour his thoughts out in profusion)  
'Made to Glenaveril's fate the least allusion;

## LXXXVI.

'Nay, he has never once spontaneously  
'Mentioned the name of Lord Glenaveril;  
'And, in our intercourse with him, we try  
'Never to mention it ourselves. It still  
'Seems to disturb his mind profoundly. I  
'Heard him pronounce your name, when he was ill  
'And raving, and Cordelia's, and, what is  
'Most strange, his own: never that friend's of his!

## LXXXVII.

- ‘ And yet I know that they like brothers were  
‘ To one another. ’Tis Cordelia (O,  
‘ What a superb physician, I declare,  
‘ That girl would make!) who seemed alone to know  
‘ And understand, (as if she had laid bare  
‘ His poor distracted brain, and made it show  
‘ What in its troubled cells was going on)  
‘ The cause of this most strange phenomenon ;

## LXXXVIII.

- ‘ And she explained it all. “ Observe,” she said,  
‘ “ That in those moments when he seems to be  
‘ “ Calling himself, his voice is choked with dread  
‘ “ And horror. Doubtless, the last sound that he  
‘ “ Was conscious of keeps ringing thro’ his head ;  
‘ “ And that was his friend’s cry of agony,  
‘ “ Calling on him, before his senses all  
‘ “ Were cancelled by the shock of his own fall ;

## LXXXIX.

- ‘ “ ’Tis evident that voice still haunts his brain,  
‘ “ And that he hears its lingering echoes there ;  
‘ “ And, since in fever o’er and o’er again  
‘ “ The sufferers are the actors, as it were,  
‘ “ Of their own dreams, no further to explain  
‘ “ Emanuel’s ravings need you search. Compare  
‘ “ His voice when on himself he seems to call,  
‘ “ With other times. These cries are echoes all ! ” ’

## XC.

But here Herr Jonathan at last detected  
That Edelrath had risen from his seat,  
And, springing from his own, he cried, ' Respected  
' And honoured friend, your pardon I entreat !  
' I did not see how much you were affected.'  
For Edelrath had suddenly, in great  
Emotion, which to show he did not care,  
Gone to the window, and was standing there,

## XCI.

His back to Eckermann. His soul was stirred  
To fervid heat by thoughts he could not tell.  
Tho' cruel the details that he had heard,  
And deep the love he bore Emanuel,  
Yet all the old man's heart had long conferred  
Its hopes, its duties, and its pride as well,  
Upon the care of what was left him still,  
The life of Ivor, Lord Glenaveril;

## XCII.

And Ivor's nature from the analysis  
Of all those terrible details had now  
Emerged victorious, as from an abyss  
Of Purgatory, in so sweet a glow  
Of purity, that with a proud fond bliss  
Edelrath's heart began to overflow ;  
And he was quite unable to restrain  
The tender tumult of its happy pain.

## XCIII.

He in that moment would have torn in two  
The stifling web that round a truth so dear  
Fatality had woven, but that he knew  
The least imprudent word might, with it, tear  
To fragments the one solitary clue  
Which from the labyrinth, whose enclosure drear  
Was round him clasped, still offered the best chance  
Of his Glenaveril's deliverance;

## XCIV.

So he stood silent. For he dared not speak.  
Only a few soft tears, unwitnessed, stole  
Down the worn channels of his wrinkled cheek ;  
And they were silent offerings to the soul  
Of her who had entrusted to his weak  
But loving hands, for guidance to its goal,  
The pure young spirit whose innocent sufferings  
Had thus enriched the radiance of its wings.





## CANTO IV.

## UTOPIA.

## I.

EDELRAETH from his pious ecstasy

Was startled by the crystal clink and clatter  
Of glasses, carried most unsteadily

By Eckermann upon a silver platter.

It was that good man's custom to apply,

When anything was with himself the matter,  
One remedy ; to which his thoughts reverted  
On seeing how his guest was disconcerted ;

## II.

To fetch it he had slipped unseen away,

And now returned, breathless, and overcome  
By trying to maintain, upon the tray

His two hands grasped, an equilibrium  
'Twixt bottle, glasses, plates in piled array,

And salted viands heaped around a dome  
Of cavernous cheese. At all which things he glanced  
Anxiously, as in zigzags he advanced,

## III.

Slow-footed, like a Juggler at a Fair,  
Who poises on his nose, with bandaged eyes,  
A peacock's feather. 'There!' he grunted, 'there!'  
As down he set them safe. 'That port's a prize.  
'Eighteen Fifteen its date is, I can swear!  
'I got it from a palace of the Paez  
'Myself, at Lisbon. Cases by the score  
'Of this grand wine were piled there on the floor,

## IV.

'And the great house had fall'n into decay,  
'Like the great family itself; because,  
'Although the Paez were once, Sir, in their day  
'A wealthy clan, by the late liberal laws  
'Of Portugal, which have contrived a way  
'Of subdividing down to the last straws  
'All Portuguese estates, some fifteen heirs  
'In the Paez Property hold equal shares,

## V.

'And all, of course, are paupers. And for this  
'Destruction, which is going forward yet,  
'Of its old families, no creature is  
'In all that country better off, I'll bet!  
'What wonder that Old Europe goes amiss,  
'When any catchword's able to upset  
'Its equilibrium? No nearer gets  
'Old Age to Youth by turning somersets!

## VL

‘I’ve been in many countries, and in all  
‘Have noticed, Sir, that the most asinine  
‘Of asses is the ass that people call  
‘Enlightened Progress. Try this noble wine!  
‘The old nobility of Portugal  
‘That glass contains, still pure, with all its fine  
‘And generous strength. Do you remember, Sir,  
‘The words of Portugal’s great minister,

## VII.

‘After the earthquake? Well, as Pombal said  
‘During the scare of Seventeen Fifty Five,  
‘“Now that we’ve piously interred our dead,  
‘“Let us look after those who are alive!”’  
Edelrath sorrowfully shook his head,  
And, feeling his embarrassments revive,  
‘The saddest duty was the first,’ sighed he,  
‘But the most difficult the last will be!’

## VIII.

‘And therefore we,’ said Eckermann, ‘had best  
‘Begin it now as soon as possible.’  
‘Have you discussed this subject,’ said his guest,  
‘With—’ There he stopped. The name, Emanuel,  
Stuck in his throat. Then, having paused in quest  
Of some expression that might serve as well,  
‘With our young friend?’ he faltered. ‘Bless me,  
no!’  
Replied the merchant, ‘that would never do.

## IX.

‘No man will ever learn, Sir, on dry land  
‘By talking of the water, how to swim;  
‘To push him in is all the friendliest hand  
‘Can do for him.’ ‘And this is what for him  
‘You mean to do, then, do I understand?’  
Said Edelrath. ‘Such help seems rather grim.’  
‘No,’ said his host, ‘’Twere crueller, I think,  
‘To keep the poor boy shivering on the brink.’

## X.

‘And if he drowns?’ ‘At twenty years of age  
‘Nobody drowns, nor yet at forty!’ ‘Friend!’  
Said Edelrath, ‘what is it you engage  
‘My hand to help? and how do you intend  
‘To bring our novice safe thro’ the first stage  
‘Of such a lesson? I nor see your end,  
‘Nor guess your means. Be good enough to state  
‘What are the projects that you meditate.’

## XI.

‘If,’ said the merchant, ‘I had more than one,  
‘All would be worthless. But the worst’s the best  
‘When there’s no other, for ’tis this or none.’  
‘And may I learn,’ said Edelrath, oppressed  
By his determination to have done  
With these perplexing confidences, lest  
He should betray the truth, ‘this excellent  
‘Bad project upon which your mind is bent?’

## XII.

‘Of course!’ replied Herr Jonathan, ‘your aid  
‘Is indispensable to its success,  
‘Of which, indeed, I’m not the least afraid,  
‘If you’ll but promise to support it.’ ‘Yes,  
‘I promise, but on one condition,’ said  
Herr Edelrath. ‘Then that’s enough! I guess  
‘What your condition is; and, for my part,  
‘Sir, I agree to it with all my heart.’

## XIII.

‘In that case I’ve no need to mention it.’  
‘None. I will mention it myself; and, Sir,  
‘It is a fair condition and a fit;  
‘Namely, that in its aim, its character,  
‘And its details, the project I submit  
‘Be one in which your judgment can concur.’  
Edelrath bowed, with a sedate assent;  
‘When a man has,’ he said, ‘the sentiment

## XIV.

‘Of duty in himself, Sir, he translates  
‘Intuitively, as by divination,  
‘What to another’s conduct it dictates.’  
‘That is,’ said Eckermann, ‘an intimation  
‘That you and I, in what associates  
‘Our duty with Emanuel’s situation,  
‘Shall understand each other perfectly.  
‘I will explain my project by and by;

## XV.

- ‘But let us first impartially review  
‘The case before us, ere we deal with it.  
‘Emanuel, to live, must now pursue  
‘Some calling. For what calling is he fit?  
‘What can he do? What has he learned to do?  
‘That’s the first question I have to submit.  
‘Theology has been his study. Good!  
‘How will it help him to a livelihood?’

## XVI.

- Herr Jonathan here blew his nose again :  
And, as Herr Edelrath made no reply,  
After a pause he thus continued, ‘When  
‘It happens that the inn, Sir, can supply  
‘Only one bed, for which a hundred men  
‘Are applicants, it is a certainty,  
‘If for one man the bed be not too wide,  
‘That ninety-nine of them must sleep outside ;

## XVII.

- ‘But what are all our Public Services?  
‘Inns that have one bed only. And that bed,  
‘We all know what a narrow one it is!  
‘Yet daily, hoping there to lay their head,  
‘From Europe’s hundred universities  
‘Come troops of travellers ; and our sons are bred  
‘And trained, and crammed, and educated yet,  
‘To live by what scarce one of them can get.

## XVIII.

‘Yes, Sir, that’s it! We teach them Latin, Greek,  
‘Ologies, Onomies, and Heaven knows what!  
‘We teach them how to write, and how to speak,  
‘And how to fuss about, and fumble at,  
‘What no one wants. But we forget to eke  
‘The course out by one science, Sir, and that  
‘Is how to die of hunger by and by.  
‘Emanuel has learnt theology :

## XIX.

‘How is he now to live by it?’ ‘Nay, nay,’  
Cried Edelrath, well satisfied to see  
Theology from the order of the day  
At once excluded. ‘You may reckon me  
‘As one already quite of your own way  
‘Of thinking on that question. There can be  
‘No use in proving what is understood ;  
‘Theology is not a livelihood.’

## XX.

‘Good!’ said Herr Jonathan, and waved his hand.  
‘Of the Three Pillars of the State—the Priest,  
‘The Soldier, and the Tiller of the Land,  
‘There goes the first! This simplifies at least  
‘The question that we have to deal with, and  
‘As for the second—’ ‘Pass it!’ with increased  
Impatience, cried his guest. ‘A soldier? pooh!  
‘Absurd! impossible!’ ‘Well, there go two!’

## XXI.

Rejoined Herr Jonathan. 'Two pillars gone

'Out of the three; and, since there are not four—'

'Yes,' interrupted Edetrath, 'not one

'Will do, of course! This much was plain before,

'So to your project pray at once pass on.'

'Pass?' cried the merchant, 'But there's nothing  
more

'To pass to! We're arrived, you understand.'

'Arrived at what?' 'The Tiller of the Land.'

## XXII.

'But, Sir,' gasped Edetrath, 'to cultivate

'The land, a man must first, I apprehend,

'Some land possess. And where's the land? I wait

'With curiosity to learn, my friend,

'Where you have found the farm, and at what rate

'Of interest any bank you know will lend

'Without security the capital

'With which to farm it, be it ne'er so small!'

## XXIII.

Then, visibly dilating with the pride

Of one who has successfully designed

Some great surprise, Herr Jonathan replied,

'A little farm, Sir? Nothing of the kind!

'No, Sir! a princely property, as wide

'And broad as any property you'll find

'In England, Hungary, or Austria,

'That's what I mean! And now what do you say?'



## XXIV.

‘I say,’ said Edelrath, ‘and mean it too,  
‘That you will most obligingly complete  
‘My knowledge of geography, if you  
‘Can point me out the country (I repeat  
‘’Twill be the kindest thing that you can do,  
‘And, if it be a secret, I’m discreet)  
‘Where such a property is to be got  
‘By asking for it.’ ‘Certainly, why not?’

## XXV.

Laughed Eckermann. ‘And ’tis allowed to be  
‘The richest country in the world. We call  
‘That country, Sir, the Future.’ ‘Ah, I see!  
‘A rather distant country!’ ‘Not at all!  
‘’Tis but a step to get to it. Dear me,  
‘You thought to push me, did you, to the wall?  
‘No, no, Sir! that is more than any man  
‘Has ever done to Brother Jonathan!

## XXVI.

‘And, Sir, the time is come to tell you now  
‘That, when I had Cordelia’s ships in charge  
‘To burn for her, I managed, you must know,  
‘To keep one plank of safety. ’Tis not large,  
‘But it is large enough, Sir, anyhow,  
‘For us to fashion out of it a barge  
‘That, if well managed, will suffice to bear  
‘Safe to the Promised Land our shipwrecked pair.

## XXVII.

‘ In drawing up, Sir, for Cordelia  
    ‘ The Deed of Transfer which is past recall,  
‘ I had before mine eyes, as I may say,  
    ‘ The example of that gallant General  
‘ Who, when he saw his own troops giving way,  
    ‘ Into the enemy’s ranks, before them all,  
‘ His baton flung ; and, followed by his men,  
‘ Spurred where it fell, to fetch it back again.

## XXVIII.

‘ Cordelia’s fortune, you must understand,  
    ‘ Is now invested, every cent, in buying  
‘ Enormous tracts of waste but fertile land,  
    ‘ By Congress sold upon the far-outlying  
‘ And sparsely-peopled frontiers that expand  
    ‘ Westward, beneath the wings of the wide-flying  
‘ American Eagle ; and in founding there  
‘ A Colony like nothing known elsewhere,

## XXIX.

‘ My own conception,—of which more anon !  
    ‘ Meanwhile, Sir, the Trustees of this Dotation  
‘ Have carefully been chosen, every one.  
    ‘ Here, then, the Founders of a Future Nation  
‘ May all start fair. The soil requires alone  
    ‘ For its remunerative cultivation  
‘ Patience, Sobriety, and Honesty,  
‘ Virtues which Germany can best supply :

## XXX.

- ‘To every German settler the Trustees
- ‘Of the Concession, free of rent, will let,
- ‘On lease, as many acres, out of these
- ‘Waste lands whereon our Settlement is set,
- ‘As he (with his relations, if they please
- ‘To form a little Company,) can get
- ‘In five years’ time completely cleaned and ploughed :
- ‘No sort of wage-paid labour is allowed :

## XXXI.

- ‘The Board of Management to each will give
- ‘Free passage first of all, then tools, and seed,
- ‘And household furniture : but each must drive
- ‘His own plough, build his own house : as the need
- ‘Arises later, each, too, will receive
- ‘Machinery, and everything indeed
- ‘That he requires, on credit, from the Board :
- ‘But money, never. There, Sir ! in a word,

## XXXII.

- ‘That’s how I mean to teach folks how to swim !
- ‘“But if a man’s unteachable, then what
- ‘“Are we to do,” you ask ? Get rid of him !
- ‘As Nature does. The Board looks into that.
- ‘After five years—his land is in good trim,
- ‘The Inspector to the Board reports ? Thereat,
- ‘The man’s lease is renewed for five years more,
- ‘Rent free, on the same footing as before :

## XXXIII.

- ‘Or else, the Board then finds, let us suppose,  
‘The land’s neglected? Easy, Sir, to guess  
‘That, in that case, the man was one of those  
‘Who, from stupidity or laziness,  
‘Would rather drown than swim : and out he goes!  
‘The Board resumes the land : anon, some less  
‘Neglectful farmer takes the lost one’s place,  
‘And cultivation thus proceeds apace.

## XXXIV.

- ‘The idle and the unintelligent  
‘Are not allowed to linger on the land  
‘In permanent indebtedness, but sent  
‘About their business. Thus, you understand,  
‘Due means have been provided to prevent  
‘A pauper peasantry, upon one hand,  
‘And, on the other, the accumulation  
‘Of wealth unearned. In this Confederation

## XXXV.

- ‘Of Individual Labour, every man  
‘Shall have full freedom to increase his store,  
‘And grow as rich and prosperous as he can :  
‘And none shall be allowed, Sir, to grow poor.  
‘Our system thus proceeds on Nature’s plan :  
‘The weak go to the wall, and to the door  
‘The idle. Testamentary Bequest  
‘Will be, however free, like all the rest :

## XXXVI.

- ‘No man toils only for himself : work done  
‘For others is the best : man’s present state  
‘Is nourished by his future : every one  
‘Who has achieved would fain perpetuate  
‘The fruits of his achievement, and in none  
‘Is that wish stronger than the good and great :  
‘And therefore each may to his children leave  
‘All he himself was able to achieve :

## XXXVII.

- ‘But their retention of it will depend  
‘On their capacity, alone : they may  
‘By their own thrift and industry extend,  
‘Or lose by their own idleness, what they  
‘Have thus inherited. The Board will send,  
‘Every five years, Inspectors ; who away  
‘From one will take, and to another give,  
‘The land on which he can, or cannot, live.

## XXXVIII.

- ‘Equality, which will not coëxist  
‘With freedom, in our programme has no place.  
‘All may acquire what will by some be missed,  
‘By others won : but free shall be the race,  
‘As fair the start : no mill shall get more grist  
‘Than it can grind, nor less : in every case  
‘Justice shall to the land by every one  
‘Be perfectly and punctually done :

## XXXIX.

‘The man who fails his land to cultivate,  
‘His land shall lose : and no one, man or clan,  
‘Keeping the land in an impoverished state,  
‘Shall linger on it. Nature’s Gift to Man,  
‘Which blesses all men who appreciate  
‘The use of it, our laws assert there can,  
‘And shall, be no political excuse  
‘For ruining by man’s prolonged misuse :

## XL.

‘And, be the Settlers upon this Plantation  
‘Two, or two thousand, at the first, they’ll be  
‘The living nucleus of a Great New Nation,  
‘Founded upon a Great New Theory  
‘Under the title—’ There, in hesitation,  
Eckermann for the first time paused, as he  
Musingly added, ‘Never mind the name !  
‘Call it whate’er you please. The fact’s the same.

## XLI.

‘Why not,’ suggested Father Edelrath,  
‘Call it, at once, Utopia ?’ ‘As you will !’  
Rejoined Herr Jonathan. ‘Utopia hath  
‘At all times been, and so it must be still,  
‘The world’s name for each new untrodden path  
‘Into the future. ’Twas the name, until  
‘To these new ways the world accustomed was,  
‘Of Electricity, and Steam, and Gas.

## XLII.

- ‘ Utopia, Sir, will have a President.  
‘ The first Utopian President will be  
‘ The earliest settler on the vast extent  
‘ Of those prolific territories he,  
‘ Or his successors in the government,  
‘ Will rule hereafter with a rule, tho’ free,  
‘ Yet just as firm as any king’s on earth.  
‘ From the first anniversary of the birth

## XLIII.

- ‘ Of the Utopian Confederation  
‘ Its Presidents will be elected. Now,  
‘ The leader of the earliest emigration  
‘ Is indicated, and his name we know ;  
‘ In short, here lies Emanuel’s vocation !  
‘ Better than priest, or soldier, you’ll allow ?  
‘ Tho’, since with Nature he must fight, and preach  
‘ Labour’s new gospel, ’tis akin to each.

## XLIV.

- ‘ First President, and President for life,  
‘ By choice of suffrage, and by right of date !  
‘ If, aided, as he will be, by his wife  
‘ And those I can with him associate  
‘ On equal terms, Emanuel, in a strife  
‘ With circumstance by no means desperate,  
‘ Is not victorious—if he does not eat.  
‘ The bread he makes himself, and find it sweet—

## XLV.

- ' If game and venison from his own estate
- ' Deck not his board, and poultry from his own
- ' Farmyard—if unreplenished be his plate
- ' With mutton from the pastures he hath grown—
- ' If his fresh dairies be not filled with great
- ' Fat cheeses, and his orchards bending down
- ' With rosy apples, and his gardens glowing
- ' With simple flowers and fruits of his own sowing—

## XLVI.

- ' If, having been Utopia's earliest
- ' Settler, and her first President thereby,
- ' He is not re-elected, as the best
- ' Of her community, to hold that high
- ' Position still in trust for all the rest—
- ' And if thenceforward, universally
- ' Beloved and honoured, both his wife and he
- ' Utopia's popular sovereigns fail to be—

## XLVII.

- ' If, when this couple travel up and down
- ' Their smiling realms, where idleness, distress,
- ' And indigence, and misery, are unknown,
- ' They do not find, Sir, in the happiness
- ' Of others a delight that's all their own—
- ' Ay! if, in that republic, theirs be less
- ' Than rule the royallest that's known to men,
- ' And the most enviable—then, why then,



## XLVIII.

‘I’ll take to learning Greek, and Latin too,  
‘And all the Ologies and Onomies !  
‘And you shall teach Emanuel to pursue,  
‘If that be possible, by means of these,  
‘The purpose which we both must have in view  
‘On his behalf—not only, if you please,  
‘To earn his bread, but to redeem some day  
‘That noble fortune he has thrown away !’

## XLIX.

With this remark, transported by the flow  
Of his own eloquence, Herr Jonathan  
Got up, and paced the chamber to and fro.  
Exuberant applause of his pet plan  
To such a climax grew, that, all aglow,  
Clapping his hands, and cheering, he began,  
‘Long live Emanuel the First! Long live  
‘His Queen, Cordelia the Superlative !’

## L.

This outburst over, pantingly he dropped  
Into his chair ; forth his bandana drew ;  
Dumpled it up ; and, with the dumpling, mopped  
The moisture from his face. A tear or two  
Seized the occasion, ere this process stopped,  
To mingle with the indiscriminate dew  
That shiningly suffused with a coarse grace  
Of genuine kindness his brown beaming face.

## LI.

Edelrath had been sitting all this while  
Ill at his ease. The part of diplomat,  
Whose function is to listen and to smile,  
Evading this point, and suggesting that,  
(Unsuited to his nature, and his style  
Of conversation) kept him chafing at  
A character which grew, with each fresh scene,  
Harder to play than it at first had been ;

## LII.

And yet his resolution to suppress  
That character as soon as possible  
Gave him no comfort ; for, to his distress,  
He felt that he, meanwhile, must play it well,  
Or gravely jeopardize the happiness,  
Not only of the false Emanuel,  
But of the true Cordelia, whose full part  
Was hers already in the old man's heart.

## LIII.

It seemed to him unjust, and puerile too,  
In fact pure folly, that Glenaveril  
Should sacrifice to a mere *quid pro quo*  
The grand position he was called to fill  
In his own country, lest his wife should know  
(And, if she knew it, haply take it ill)  
That her lord's name, and birth, and fortune, were,  
All three as noble as his character ;

## LIV.

And yet, in spite of this conviction, he,  
Who neither was by birth, nor any tie  
But that of friendship, in the least degree  
Connected with the social hierarchy  
That claimed Glenaveril, seemed to breathe more free  
In that Utopia, thro' whose hazy sky  
Humanitarian aspirations swarmed,  
And to winged life their vague ideals warmed,

## LV.

In this divided and confused condition  
Of all his sentiments, the most intense  
And least resisted was the recognition  
Of his host's genuine benevolence ;  
He had no heart to chill the ebullition  
Of an enthusiasm so immense,  
By hinting at what seemed the unpractical  
And visionary nature of it all ;

## LVI.

So, grasping Eckermann's right hand, he cried,  
' My friend, (for friends we *must* be, I and you !)  
' The questions you have broached are much too wide  
' And serious for quick answer ; but we two  
' Are closely in the self-same cause allied,  
' And in the self-same spirit. We'll renew  
' This subject by and by. It claims reflection.  
' And first of all, if you have no objection,

## LVII.

‘ Ere I can come to any clear result  
    ‘ In my own mind about your plans, I fain  
‘ Would, on some features of the case, consult  
    ‘ With—our young friend. He must, himself, ’tis  
    plain,  
‘ Decide on his own course. ’Twere difficult  
    ‘ The course that’s best for him to ascertain  
‘ Without his knowing it. Utopia  
‘ Must wait, meanwhile, till ’—‘ Dinner’s served,  
    papa ! ’

## LVIII.

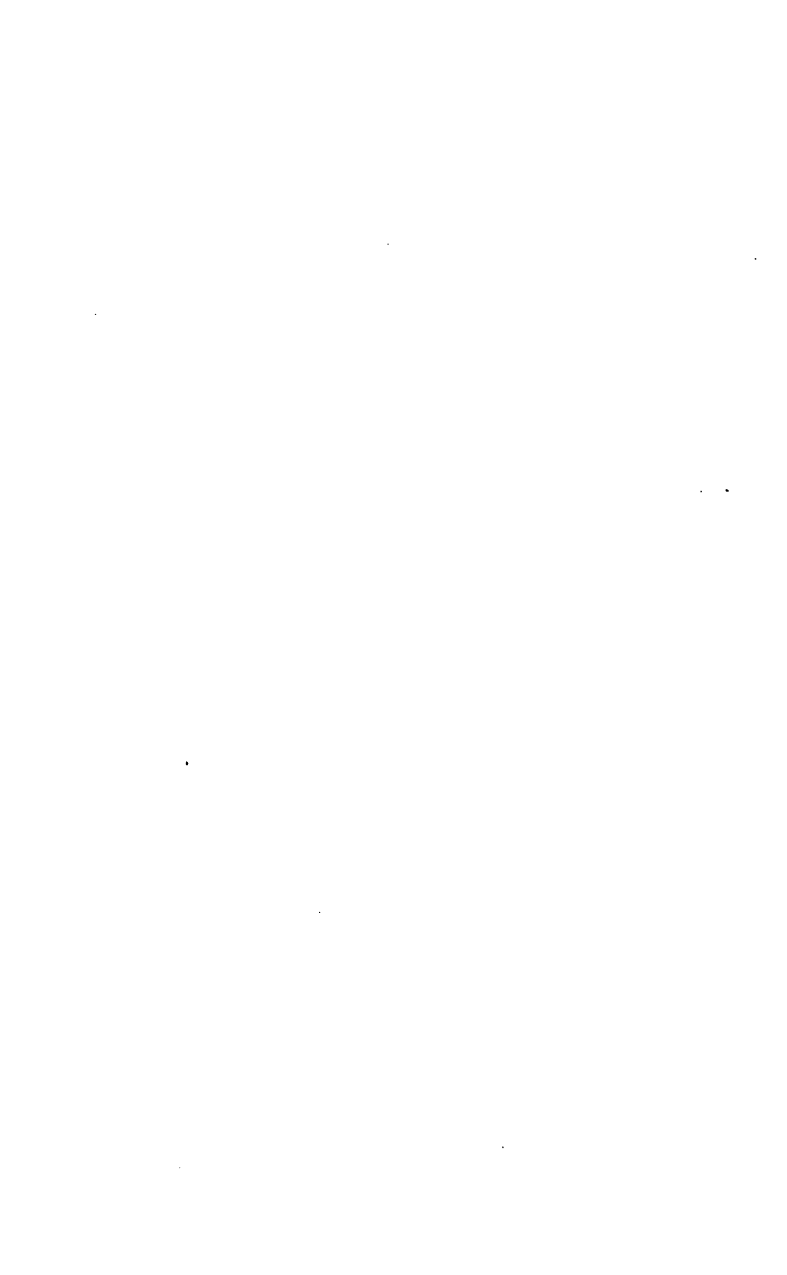
The tap of a child’s hand on the shut door  
    Accompanied this pleasant intimation ;  
And Edelrath, on hearing it, forebore  
    From any further sort of explanation.  
‘ Dinner is served ! ’ the child’s voice cried once more,  
    And the new friends broke off their conversation.  
Their next step led them, in the nick of time,  
Down safely to the soup from the sublime.













# GLENAVERIL.



## BOOK THE FIFTH.



### THE LOVERS.

CANTO I.—A HOME MINISTER.

CANTO II.—THE CRISIS.

CANTO III.—THE AVOWAL.

CANTO IV.—THE REVELATION.

CANTO V.—A RIDE ON A HOBBY HORSE.



## CANTO I.

### A HOME MINISTER.

#### I.

If thy tired mind, pursued by thought's vexation,  
O reader of this salutary song,  
Doth crave release from the preëccupation  
Of cares which thinking serves but to prolong ;  
If thy heart quivers from an oscillation,  
Bewilderingly vehement and strong,  
In that magnetic index of the soul  
That, trembling, points to duty as its pole ;

#### II.

If in thy jaded spirit thou wouldst feel  
One hour of pure repose, and with repose  
A careless joy ;—go, join some family meal !  
How calm, and full of cheerfulness, life grows  
Where, round one board, the commonplace appeal  
Of Daily Habit hath assembled those  
Who dwell within its kind familiar fold  
In unison together, young and old !

## III.

What sparkling expectation fills with light  
The children's eyes! How softly, one by one,  
From each parental forehead out of sight  
Fade the smoothed puckers, as the meal goes on!  
How sociability aids appetite  
To improve the charm which it bestows upon  
Plain wholesome dishes that are 'not too good  
'And bright for human nature's daily food!'

## IV.

Getting the stimulus for which they pined,  
The Bodily Organs gratefully provide  
A welcome relaxation for the Mind;  
And, while around it all are occupied  
So fast, that thinker is surprised to find  
Its toilful self, not only unemployed,  
But even unimportant, in relation  
To the importance of the situation.

## V.

Obliged, and secretly well pleased, to be  
The inert spectator of the careless play  
Of forces from its tired control set free,  
Like a schoolmaster on a holiday,  
When forth from school with an exuberant glee  
His pupils pour, the pedant steals away,  
Unmissed, to some still corner of the brain,  
Till the relentless schoolbell sounds again.

## VI.

The Mind, whate'er its hunger be, declines  
To eat and drink ; with a superb conceit,  
To its Gross Bodily Organs it assigns  
The gross performance of that daily feat ;  
Yet tho', itself, the ascetic never dines,  
Its friends it does to dinner oft entreat ;  
And more intelligently practical  
Than its intelligence is, after all,

## VII.

The work of their Gross Organs, and its own,  
On such occasions. O'er a glass of Moët,  
The meek-eyed Miss, the Dame who leads the Town,  
The Hero, the Philosopher, the Poet,  
The Wit, the Statesman, once they settle down  
To this performance, tho' they do not know it,  
Are, thro' those organs, solving with success  
Problems not one has had a mind to guess.

## VIII.

And, if the Organs to the Mind should cry  
'Tell us, O Teacher, all about this trout !'  
What to the Organs could the Mind reply ?  
'A trout's a vertebrate : its blood, no doubt,  
'Tho' red, is cold ; and it has gills whereby  
'It breathes, and fins whereby it swims about  
'In mountain streams and lakes.' To which again  
Might not the Organs answer, 'Well, what then ?

## IX.

- ‘What is the use of all this information  
‘Wide of the point? What matters it to know  
‘Whether this trout’s original habitation  
‘Was in a lake, or stream? If you’d learn how  
‘To appreciate a trout’s true destination,  
‘Make its acquaintance only when, as now,  
‘The trout inhabits a Dutch sauce. ’Tis thus  
‘Alone its qualities can interest us;

## X.

- ‘Thus only a good trout deserves, and gets,  
‘Mankind’s good word. Cooking is Character.  
‘Then, this roast beef! What do you know of *its*  
‘Good qualities? A ruminant mammifer,  
‘That has four stomachs—is that all your wits  
‘Can find out, all your wisdom can aver,  
‘About this gifted creature, after all?  
‘Four stomachs? What a noble animal!

## XI.

- ‘You, at your service, have but one, and that  
‘You manage badly. Better even than you,  
‘An ox can ruminate. And ruminate what?  
‘Delicious things! fresh grass, and flowers, and dew!  
‘The things you ruminate, you are puzzled at,  
‘And saddened by. And, like an ox, you too  
‘A yoke must bear. But then, the difference is  
‘That with serenity the ox bears his.

## XII.

- ‘ Head-work for both ! But his is, after all,  
‘ The usefullest, and also the best done.  
‘ Graceful, and grave, and nude, and classical,  
‘ As a Greek athlete carved in bronze or stone,  
‘ He foots the furrow, where behind him fall  
‘ The gifts Demeter from her rural throne  
‘ Full-handed flings. Enough ! This venison taste,  
‘ Steeped in wild savours from the heathy waste !

## XIII.

- ‘ And now, these tender vegetables try !  
‘ They, in their youth, were flowers not long ago.  
‘ And now, these fruits ! the loving legacy  
‘ Of Autumn, whose last effort was to throw  
‘ These gifts to us, and whisper with a sigh  
‘ “ *Remember me !* ” Ah, frown not on us so,  
‘ Thou melancholy master of us all !  
‘ Relent, stern Mind, and join our festival !

## XIV.

- ‘ Let us enjoy ourselves a little while !  
‘ Let us be merry with the young ones here,  
‘ And teach the old ones’ silence how to smile !  
‘ Take all the rest of life, and be severe  
‘ To other hours ! Let this, at least, beguile  
‘ Even thy sombre self ! To mirth give ear !  
‘ Suffer the impatient pen awhile to wait !  
‘ Bid not the tired hand push away the plate !

## XV.

- ‘ Reproach us not, nor quarrel with us thus !  
‘ If thee we banter, ’tis for thine own good.  
‘ We know thy value, and by none of us  
‘ Is thy supremacy misunderstood ;  
‘ But why despise us ? We are emulous  
‘ To serve thee well. And, if our simple food  
‘ Fit nourishment for thee thou dost not think,  
‘ Thou need’st not eat of it, but only drink.

## XVI.

- ‘ See, here is wine ! Ah ! scarcely doth it pass  
‘ Our lips to reach thee, ere we all can tell  
‘ Thou art no more morose ! Another glass !  
‘ Another ! and another ! That is well,  
‘ Now we are reconciled ! But why, alas,  
‘ Till now estranged ? O thus forever dwell  
‘ Blithe in our midst, companion kind and dear !  
‘ Be thou our president, and rule our cheer !

## XVII.

- ‘ Nothing are we, without thee ! with thee, all !  
‘ Light our blind instincts by thy brightening wit  
‘ Correct our course ! our wandering wills recall !  
‘ And our low mirth, by taking part in it,  
‘ Up to thyself exalt ! Thou canst not fall  
‘ In helping us to rise, and who so fit  
‘ To be our lord ? ’—This reconciliation  
Takes place, without the least premeditation,



## XVIII.

Between the Bodily Organs and the Mind,  
During the progress of the family meal.  
Ah, gentle hour, the blithest and most kind  
Of all the day ! how sweetly didst thou steal  
From Edelrath the doubts whence he could find  
No issue clear, and for Glenaveril heal  
The pangs of a remorse that scorched like fire  
The pained fulfilment of his heart's desire !

## XIX.

The children's rippling prattle, that promotes  
The parents' grave unruffled gaiety,  
Like rivulets revelling along flowery moats  
Into calm rivers, they enrich thereby :  
Chance questions, light replies : gay anecdotes,  
Laughter, not loud, but full of innocent joy :  
The gurgling bottle, and the clinking glass ;  
And little jokes that jostle as they pass :

## XX.

The multifarious mirthfulness of these  
Interfluent sounds continued hovering  
Around that table, like the restless bees  
That haunt the honied banquets of the Spring,  
And, in exchange for sweets and essences,  
Music and movement to the blossoms bring,  
As, coming, going, humming, glowing, they  
From flower to flower inquisitively stray.

## XXI.

And, thro' a mist of pleasantly confounded  
Sensations, Edelrath, each time he viewed  
Cordelia's quiet image thus surrounded,  
Was more and more delightfully subdued  
By the repose with which its charm abounded.  
She sat, like one whose customary mood  
Is less to talk than listen, her calm face  
A little stooped, with an attentive grace ;

## XXII.

Her body leaning backward in her chair ;  
And her arms folded o'er her chest. She took  
In all the conversation round her there,  
More by the animation of her look  
Than by her utterance, which was brief and rare,  
A part that, written down into a book,  
Would have seemed nothing, and yet was the soul,  
The living source, and essence, of the whole.

## XXIII.

Now, welcoming with just a glance or tone  
Of instantaneous subtle recognition  
Some touching word, too timid all alone  
To prosecute an unencouraged mission ;  
Thus to another's utterance, by her own  
Unuttered, yet expressive, intuition,  
Giving the sweetness and lucidity  
That rose at once to her responsive eye ;

## XXIV.

Now, with a graceful movement of the head,

Wafting approval to some passing truth  
Which, in its passage, else had fallen dead.

And all the while about her mobile mouth  
That subtle curve continually played,

Whose magic neither beauty nor yet youth  
Can to the beautiful and young impart,  
Without a mystic mandate from the heart ;

## XXV.

Only one painter in the world knew how

To draw it, and with Leonardo died  
The secret granted no one else to know ;

'Twixt smiles and tears that curve, to both allied,  
Hovers and flits, like the diaphanous bow

That's born of beams and dew ; and seems to hide  
The source celestial, and yet feminine,  
Of Virginal Maternity Divine.

## XXVI.

She was not silent, tho' her words were few

And sober. But her presence served instead  
Of speech ; and o'er the conversation threw

A charm all felt, whilst no one could have said  
What cause it was attributable to.

Perhaps it was, that every heart and head  
Grew conscious in her presence that its mood  
Of feeling or of thought was understood.

## XXVII.

Her attitude diffused a soothing sense  
Of gentle power in undisturbed repose.  
'Twas not the posture of indifference ;  
Nor did the calm contour of it disclose  
The rigid wariness that fears offence.  
As to the bent in which its beauty grows  
A windblown flower incessantly recurs,  
So to that natural attitude of hers

## XXVIII.

Cordelia, if forced out of it by chance,  
Always relapsed, in outlines backward thrown,  
That slanted to a slight predominance  
Her figure's pure profile from throat to zone ;  
Her earnest face, with softly-listening glance,  
Over her bosom bent a little down,  
And her arms folded ; arms whose perfect mould  
Revealed no angle in their rounded fold !

## XXIX.

The strange intelligence that seemed to teach  
Not her eyes only, but the whole of her,  
To be responsive to the gaze or speech  
Of those around her, in its character  
Had combinations which escaped the reach  
Of Edelrath's endeavour to refer  
The indefinite impressions they combined  
To any marked exertion of the mind ;

## XXX.

Patience was in them, without condescension,  
And interest, free from curiosity;  
They were suffused with that unstrained attention  
Which is not of the ear, nor of the eye,  
But of the temperament; without pretension,  
Or effort, they were able to imply—  
'Dismiss the interpreter! we need him not,  
'Sympathy's native tongue is polyglot.'

## XXXI.

One of those listeners was Cordelia,  
Whose listening, as it were, completes, and sums  
Up to its highest power, what others say.  
The poem, to such listeners read, becomes  
Poetry: what to them musicians play,  
Turns into music: wandering thoughts find homes  
Built for them by such listeners, where they tarry,  
And with their wealthier kindred intermarry:

## XXXII.

Words, for such listeners, always mean the best:  
Wit's point is never blunted, Humour's wing  
Never is broken, in appeals addressed  
To their reception: and their listening  
Imparts to tenderness the tenderest  
Of its expressions: the most trivial thing  
Assumes significance, and truth, and grace,  
If in their fertile presence it takes place.

## XXXIII.

Of all the gifts of genius, none so rare  
As that by genius to such listeners given.  
Clumsy the most effective talkers are,  
Compared to them. The greatest writers even  
Their noblest flights, perchance, could never dare  
Without imagining, at least, that Heaven  
Will help the tidings they proclaim to find  
At last some destined listener of this kind.

## XXXIV.

The note, or verse, that, breathed to other ears,  
Moved timidly, with the constrained unrest  
Of a shy stranger who, faint-hearted, fears  
To be received like an unbidden guest,  
And shrinks, mistaking even smiles for sneers,  
Her mute regard could all at once invest  
With such a sweet assurance, that its whole  
Expression changed ; into a breathing soul

## XXXV.

The soulless sound surprisingly dilated,  
And said forthwith what it was meant to say.  
To all around her she communicated  
So much of her own self in this still way—  
Her sunny gaiety, her unabated  
Serenity and confidence—that they  
Seemed like impersonations of her, all,  
While she, herself, appeared impersonal.

## XXXVI.

O supernatural gift ! mysterious dower  
Of woman's sex ! which those who most have striven  
Against thine influence most revere ! Strange power  
Once in her life to every woman given,  
If given her only for a single hour,  
And by some women unrelinquished even  
In that still-beautiful old age of theirs,  
Whose beauty dwells in wrinkles and grey hairs !

## XXXVII.

Victorious even in defeat ! Evaded,  
Only to be regretted ! Shunned or sought,  
Still, always felt ! whose potent witchcraft aided  
The conquest of the Golden Fleece, and wrought  
The doom of Troy ! whose smile hath oft persuaded  
Embattled hosts to yield ! whose sigh to naught  
Hath oft reduced the mighty ones of earth !  
Creator, and destroyer, of man's hearth !

## XXXVIII.

Eternal, and yet rarely durable !  
Strongest when weakest, when submissive most  
Supreme ! What art thou, enigmatic spell,  
Unspoken yet obeyed, whose bliss hath cost  
Such bale and dole, in whose delights do dwell  
So many tears, and yet whose presence lost  
Would be the loss of joy's main pedestal ?  
Thy name is Love, for one, and Charm, for all.

## XXXIX.

Edelrath shared, content, the common fate  
Of that glad family group within whose fold  
He seemed to be already, less a late  
Invited guest, than a familiar old  
Established member ; and, subordinate  
Completely to the charm whose power controlled  
Its magic circle, he, too, felt the sway  
Of the sweet witchcraft of Cordelia.

## XL.

This much not only to himself he owned,  
But to Glenaveril too ; when, dinner done,  
Into the dreamy garden, arm enwound  
In arm, the two friends wandered forth alone.  
Still glowed the lingering sunset light around  
The cypress allies ; and, with sullen tone,  
And clumsy wing, dim beetles here and there  
Made sudden darts about the dusky air.

## XLI.

Glenaveril's heart was full. He could not rest.  
He felt the crisis of his life at hand,  
And was resolved to know the worst or best.  
Out of the garden, into the dim land  
Beyond it, dragging Edelrath, he pressed  
Forward ; nor paused until at length his hand  
Upon the young man's shoulder Edelrath  
Laid heavily, and said, ' Where leads this path ? '



## XLII.

‘As far as may be,’ sighed Glenaveril,  
‘Away from those who must not overhear  
‘The tumult of a heart I cannot still.  
‘Fain would I pour into thy trusted ear  
‘This growing trouble.’ ‘Pour, then, to the fill!’  
Cried Edelrath, ‘for not a soul is near.  
‘But I am tired. Upon this broken wall  
‘Let us sit down, till thou hast told me all.’

## XLIII.

‘So be it,’ said the other. ‘This will do.’  
For round he gazed, and saw, beneath them deep,  
The villa, like a glow-worm in the dew,  
Lit from within, half hidden by a heap  
Of dusky trees; above the hills a few  
Large stars shone faintly: darkness lay, like sleep,  
On the lone waters; and, save Ivor’s breast,  
All things in heaven and earth were hushed to rest.



## CANTO II.

## THE CRISIS.

## I.

‘ I AM resolved,’ said Ivor, ‘ that to-night  
‘ This purgatorial period shall end,  
‘ And that the sun, on his return, shall light  
‘ Steps certain of the goal to which they tend.  
‘ That sun already, every month more bright,  
‘ Returning like an unrepachable friend,  
‘ Month after month has seemed to sanctify  
‘ The truth entangled in a twofold lie ;

## II.

‘ A false-named life that from a false-named death  
‘ Is dated ! How that glowing truth, the sun,  
‘ Laughs at the names men glory in, beneath  
‘ His beams that shine impartially upon  
‘ All who within their warmth draw living breath !  
‘ All names are only social fictions. None  
‘ Is Nature’s gift. Nature, our common mother,  
‘ Knows us not more by one name than another.

## III.

‘Forth she hath sent us into life, endowed  
‘With two great gifts, a body and a soul ;  
‘And, for our use of these, account is owed,  
‘I grant it, when, arrived at Nature’s goal,  
‘We to her hand restore the gifts bestowed  
‘On every life, that for the Living Whole  
‘Employs them well or ill. But names are not  
‘The gifts her children have from Nature got ;

## IV.

‘And she, when to her breast she summoneth  
‘Those children back, knows where to find them all,  
‘Nameless or named. “Go,” unto each she saith,  
‘“Go, child ! be born, and live till I recall  
‘“The life that now I give thee ; then, beneath  
‘“The beard of manhood, or the hoary pall  
‘“Of age, thro’ all disguises o’er him piled,  
‘“Be sure that I shall recognise my child !”

## V.

‘Whence come to us, meanwhile, the names we bear ?  
‘’Tis here we got them, where we cannot stay,  
‘And where, altho’ they may have cost us dear,  
‘We needs must leave them when we pass away  
‘And what, then, is a name ? ’Tis what we wear,  
‘Not what we are. Each name’s a mask, I say,  
‘So fixed to a man’s face, there is no seeing  
‘That what that mask hides is a human being.

## VI.

‘If here be falsehood, it is not in me;  
    ‘Tis in the mask. Nor is this mask a lie  
‘Falsier than any other mask would be.  
    ‘Once, in an hour of dreadful agony,  
‘Two masks fell off. There was a struggle. He  
    ‘That’s dead took mine away with him, and I  
‘Was left with his. I have not stolen it,  
‘And who is injured if it chance to fit?’

## VII.

Edelrath sighed. ‘Sophism is, my dear  
    ‘Glenaveril, Guilt’s Advocate,’ he said.  
‘No one accuses thee. But ah, forbear  
    ‘To accuse thyself by calling in the aid  
‘Of such a pleader! Let us try to clear  
    ‘This situation. My appeal is made,  
‘Not to the passions of the partisan,  
‘But to the conscience of an honest man.

## VIII.

‘Recall that letter from Cordelia. Well,  
    ‘To whom was it addressed? Ivor, reply  
‘Without evasion.’ ‘To Emanuel.’  
    ‘Who wrote the answer to that letter?’ ‘I.’  
‘In whose name?’ ‘His.’ ‘And doth thy reason  
    tell  
    ‘Thy conscience, that was no disloyalty?’  
‘Emanuel authorised the act, I say.’  
‘Emanuel! yes, but did Cordelia?’

## IX.

Glenaveril was silent. ‘’Twas her lot,  
‘Not his, it dealt with, and I ask again,  
‘That letter, was it loyal?’ ‘It was not,’  
Sighed Ivor, ‘I admit it.’ ‘Then ’tis plain,’  
Continued the old man, ‘that the first knot  
‘In the long tangle of this fatal skein  
‘Was a disloyal act. We are agreed  
‘Thus far, and to the next knot I proceed.

## X.

‘A letter to a woman was addressed;  
‘’Twas signed Emanuel—a name untrue;  
‘The writer of it ardently professed  
‘Love for the woman it was written to;  
‘But did the man who rightfully possessed  
‘The name, in mockery lent by him to you,  
‘Feel for that woman any one of those  
‘Feelings your words would lead her to suppose?

## XI.

‘To ask this question is, I need not say,  
‘To answer it. I know, indeed, as well,  
‘And so do you, as if the poor dead clay  
‘Whose name you took were still alive to tell,  
‘No love was ever for Cordelia  
‘Felt or affected by Emanuel.  
‘Thus was one falsehood in that letter used  
‘To foist another on a faith abused.

## XII.

'The feelings of Emanuel we know ;  
' But what were thine own feelings, Ivor, when  
' Love, for another, to another, thou  
' Didst thus profess ? ' ' Alas, I knew not then,'  
Said Ivor, ' what I felt ! ' ' And art thou now  
' Still ignorant ? ' said Edelrath. Again  
Glenaveril gave no answer but a sigh,  
A sigh of pain. Moved by that mute reply,

## XIII.

The old man, too, was silent, and his heart  
Ached with the task, on which he still was bent,  
Of probing Ivor's wound in every part.  
' My child,' he sighed at length, ' if thou hadst sent  
' That letter, couldst thou now thank Heaven thou art  
' Guiltless of crime, and but the innocent  
' Victim of a mistake, a fatal one,  
' For which the blame is mine, and mine alone ?

## XIV.

' Thus *my* good faith, my peace of mind, in fine  
' My conscience, is with thine entangled too  
' In this dilemma : and 'tis not by thine  
' Alone that I invoke thee to undo  
' The knot that's strangling us : it is by mine,  
' Which is the most committed of the two ;  
' Nor yet for my sake only, but far more  
' For hers, in whom truth's self thou dost adore !

## XV.

‘ For friendship’s sake, for love’s sake, for the sake  
‘ Of all that’s true and honest, Ivor, and  
‘ In her name, for no other will I take  
‘ To consecrate these words—give me thy hand  
‘ And look me in the face—I do not make  
‘ Any entreaty to thee—I command  
‘ And summon thee, as the sworn justicer  
‘ Of her wronged cause—avow the truth to her !’

## XVI.

Glenaveril bounded, breathless, from the wall.  
‘ Impossible !’ he cried, ‘ impossible !  
‘ You calmly bid me kill her—that is all !  
‘ Kill her, and be despised by her as well !  
‘ Justice ? Good heavens, justice ! Rather call  
‘ This murderous mandate Moloch’s oracle !’  
‘ Hush !’ answered Edelrath, ‘ thou wilt not kill,  
‘ Nor be despised by, her, Glenaveril.

## XVII.

‘ Calm thyself. I have read Cordelia  
‘ With eyes unprejudiced, nor do I fear  
‘ Her death. The truth, which she must know some  
day,  
‘ Will kill her not. But she will have to bear  
‘ A bitter suffering, and to work her way  
‘ Thro’ a great crisis. That girl’s soul is clear  
‘ As mountain lakes are under cloudless skies ;  
‘ But mountain lakes, when thunderstorms chastise,

## XVIII.

- ‘ Their stillness, and search all their deeps, no doubt  
‘ Are terrible. How will Cordelia  
‘ The revelation bear, when she finds out  
‘ That all her trust and truth have gone astray,  
‘ And that her fondest faith has brought about  
‘ Her cruellest deception? Hard to say!  
‘ But from this question ’tis too late to shrink;  
‘ And, Ivor, let me tell thee what I think.

## XIX.

- ‘ I do not fear for her the overflow  
‘ Of any violent emotion—scorn,  
‘ Resentment, anger, indignation. No,  
‘ That which my fears foresee is a forlorn  
‘ Flat, settled sadness; the quiescent woe  
‘ Of an un murmuring resignation, born  
‘ Of loss of power, not loss of hope alone;  
‘ Not death, but life reduced to a lower tone.

## XX.

- ‘ Faith, O my child, resembles nothing less  
‘ Than the false symbol given her by mankind.  
‘ The anchor, by the drifting ship’s distress  
‘ Dragged thro’ the deep sea sands, at first may find  
‘ No durable stay; but round the carcasses  
‘ Of other wrecks, or rocks, or reefs, ’twill bind  
‘ Sooner or later the tenacious grip  
‘ Of its toothed fluke, that lets no chances slip.



## XXI.

- ‘It shifts about in search of where to dwell,  
‘And ever, in the course of its migration,  
‘What to the anchor is an obstacle  
‘Is to the anchored ship her life’s salvation.  
‘This image, Ivor, represents not well  
‘The virtue which mankind’s imagination  
‘Associates with it. Of all fragile things  
‘Faith is the frailest, if where faith first clings

## XXII.

- ‘It cannot rest. What on this human earth  
‘Does faith resemble? Nothing! To explain  
‘Were to distort its nature. Second birth  
‘It knows not. Love may go and come again;  
‘Spring every year replenishes the dearth  
‘By Winter left; and leafless trees retain  
‘Force for fresh leafage. But nought fructifies  
‘Ever again the soil wherein faith dies.

## XXIII.

- ‘I oft have wondered, never dared to guess,  
‘What would a martyr feel if, after death,  
‘He found that, resolute thro’ all distress  
‘And torment, he had died with dauntless faith  
‘For an imposture? All the promises  
‘Of Paradise—the amaranthine wreath,  
‘The shining robe, the seat beside the throne,  
‘The palms, the psalms, the harp of heavenly tone—

## XXIV.

- ‘ All these I doubt not that, without regret,  
‘ That soul deceived would lovingly resign,  
‘ Could it but find in Paradise, even yet  
‘ As here it found on earth, the same Divine  
‘ Consoler, still by woes and foes beset,  
‘ Still forced to drink the hyssop in the wine,  
‘ Still persecuted, still misunderstood,  
‘ And scorned, and scourged, and nailed upon the rood,

## XXV.

- ‘ Yet preaching still, to Spirits that respond,  
‘ An unrecanted gospel ; pointing still  
‘ With smiling patientness, as firm, as fond,  
‘ And as unflinching under every ill,  
‘ To some imperishable Hope Beyond ;  
‘ And, with a confidence no doubt can chill,  
‘ Still promising, altho’ delayed perchance  
‘ For countless lives, the Soul’s Deliverance.

## XXVI.

- ‘ Most probably, in spite of hope deferred  
‘ And pain prolonged, the martyr, in that case,  
‘ Soon as again the Master’s voice he heard,  
‘ That voice, thro’ danger, suffering, and disgrace,  
‘ Would follow unreproachful, undeterred,  
‘ From life to life, from death to death, from place  
‘ To place, forever ; for, tho’ sorely tried,  
‘ His faith by trial would be fortified ;

## XXVII.

‘ But think ! if, in some vague unhopeful sphere,  
‘ Where the unrecompensed remembrances  
‘ Of sorrows and afflictions suffered here  
‘ Must needs resign, not only promised bliss,  
‘ But even that final consolation drear,  
‘ The prospect of insensible nothingness,  
‘ Some Spirit, lost and desolate as his own,  
‘ Should sigh to him in deprecative tone,

## XXVIII.

“ Brother forgive me, for I meant the best !  
“ The power to keep the promises I gave  
“ I have not. I beheld man’s life oppressed  
“ With suffering, and man’s end a hopeless grave ;  
“ The sight of so much misery filled my breast  
“ With pity, and a passionate wish to save ;  
“ I took to my own heart, and made it mine,  
“ The wretchedness of all ; I deemed divine

## XXIX.

“ The sacrificial pang, thro’ which I passed  
“ That by its suffering I might recompense  
“ The sufferings of others with some vast  
“ And pure beatitude, no less immense.  
“ I loved, and I was ignorant, in the past ;  
“ But, loving more than others, more intense  
“ Than theirs was my perception of that goal  
“ To seek which seemed the errand of the soul.

## XXX.

- “ I sought to comfort and to heal. I knew  
“ That Hope, the everlasting comforter,  
“ Is to man’s heart as to the earth heaven’s dew,  
“ And I could, in exchange for Faith, confer  
“ That gift on all. That gift I gave thee, too.  
“ ’Twas all I had to give. Nought heavenlier  
“ Was given to me, and I can give no other.  
“ I gave thee Hope. Dost thou resent it, brother?”

## XXXI.

- ‘ Glenaveril, would that martyr, hearing this,  
‘ Reclaim his faith? or what would he reply?  
‘ I know not. Ask it of the hearts whose bliss  
‘ Was in some trust that has been doomed to die:  
‘ The maiden ruined by a faithless kiss:  
‘ The wife abandoned by a broken tie:  
‘ Ask it of Fallen States that have believed  
‘ In Flattering Orators whose tongues deceived:

## XXXII.

- ‘ Ask Timon what he did with all the gold  
‘ By Zeus a second time to him assigned,  
‘ That the poor wretch might be thereby consoled  
‘ For having too long trusted in mankind.  
‘ ’Tis said that it consoled him not. Faith’s hold,  
‘ Once loosed on life, no anchorage there could find  
‘ And the recluse rejected with disdain  
‘ A wealth he never could enjoy again.

## XXXIII.

- ‘Cordelia has a creed whereby to live ;  
‘And she has faith in it. Her creed we know ;  
‘’Tis Love Predestined. Interrogative  
‘However, only, is that faith just now ;  
‘It asks a question to which life may give  
‘A negative answer. If she finds that thou  
‘Art not the man whose mission was to prove  
‘Her faith well-founded in Predestined Love,

## XXXIV.

- ‘What then ? This prophecy I venture on :  
‘Her faith its first half-opened buds may shed,  
‘Frostbitten ; but ’twill live and flower anon,  
‘Because the roots of it will not be dead.  
‘To-day’s is followed by to-morrow’s sun :  
‘The heart has many seasons : and the bed  
‘Of the March violet is securely made  
‘In snowy February’s coldest shade :

## XXXV.

- ‘Tho’, dreamless, it perchance may sleep till then  
‘Beneath the snowdrift of Indifference,  
‘Her heart, hereafter, will awake again,  
‘Answering the Voice of Love with a new sense  
‘Unstirred as yet. For, even more than men,  
‘Women are born, by birth’s improvidence,  
‘In debt to Love, a creditor that knows  
‘How to exact the most his debtor owes !

## XXXVI.

‘Glenaveril, do thy duty, as beseems  
‘The son of sires all noble, and all brave !  
‘Cordelia loves thee. Why? Because she deems  
‘Thou art the man to whom her love she gave  
‘When she had seen him only in her dreams.  
‘Cheat not her faith! nor steal from that man’s grave  
‘A love which, tho’ so fanciful, is still  
‘So trustful, too. *Sois vrai, Glenaveril!*

## XXXVII.

‘Tell her the truth. She may not love thee then,  
‘But she will owe thy love one gift, the best  
‘It now can give her—power to love again,  
‘With faith redeemed from error, and still blest  
‘By faith’s consolatory boon to men,  
‘Hope in the future.’ With a fierce unrest  
Glenaveril writhed; and, quivering all over,  
‘Cruel!’ he cried, ‘Canst thou not see I love her?’

## XXXVIII.

‘Thou say’st thou lovest her,’ Edelrath replied,  
‘Yet to thy love of her wouldst sacrifice  
‘All that is loveliest in her! ah,’ he sighed,  
‘Dost thou even know what love is? Love’s a vice,  
‘Of every vice perchance the most allied  
‘To cruelty, if, whatsoe’er the price  
‘The loved one’s happiness to love may cost,  
‘That price love grudges lest its own be lost.

## XXXIX.

- ‘Remember Usinara!’ Vacantly  
Glenaveril murmured, ‘Never did I hear  
‘That name before. What’s Usinara?’ ‘Ay,’  
Said Edelrath, ‘thy way would seem more clear,  
‘And easier too, perchance, if thou, as I,  
‘Hadst read the Māhabhārata! Know, dear  
‘Glenaveril, Usinara was a king  
‘In the Far East, when time was in its spring,

## XL.

- ‘And gods, and men, and even beasts, knew how  
‘To understand each other better than  
‘They seem to understand each other now;  
‘And Usinara was, like thee, a man  
‘Who thought he loved. The object, wouldst thou  
know,  
‘Of that man’s love? ’Twas justice. But who can  
‘Love justly? From this story of the Dove  
‘And Falcon learn, Glenaveril, how to love!’

## XLI.

- And Edelrath, already far away  
In the Far East, thus uttered his dark saying:  
‘King Usinara, at the dawn of day,  
‘Was, by the sacred banks of Jumna, praying;  
‘When to his breast a dove, that all the way  
‘A falcon followed fast, flew down, essaying  
‘To find safe refuge on that royal breast;  
‘So round the bird the kind king wrapped his vest.

## . XLII.

- ‘Then to the King the Falcon flew. Said he  
“Hail, noble King! May all that’s thine be  
more!  
“But something hast thou which belongs to me,  
“Hid in thy royal robe. Great King, restore  
“What Justice, by my voice, demands of thee!”  
“Nay, ne’er shall Justice,” said the King, “deplore  
“That Usinara to their foes betrayed  
“The friendless who appealed to him for aid!”

## XLIII.

- ‘Forthwith the Falcon answered, “Far and wide  
“Is thy fidelity to duty known;  
“Yet duty’s simplest rule thou sett’st aside,  
“When him that from thee claims what is his own  
“Away thou sendest with his claim denied.  
“That Dove by me was fairly hunted down;  
“’Tis mine, not thine. My right to it is good;  
“What right hast thou to rob me of my food?”

## XLIV.

- “Great Falcon,” said the monarch, “understand  
“That pity is the duty of a king.  
“Behold this little trembler in my hand,  
“See how thy presence sets it fluttering!  
“Dost thou not know, then, the divine command?  
“Three sins there be, beyond all pardoning:  
“A Brahmin, or a sacred cow, to slay,  
“Or him that in thee trusteth to betray.”



## . XLV.

- ‘ Whereto the Falcon. “ By their nourishment  
“ All creatures live; and he that takes away  
“ From any living creature what God meant  
“ For its sustainment, doth that creature slay.  
“ If thou to me the food by Indra sent  
“ Denyest, O King, I needs must die; and they  
“ Whose lives upon mine own depend, my wife  
“ And children four, thou dost deprive of life;

## XLVI.

- “ Thus, to prolong one life whose hour is due  
“ To nature’s claim, by Indra’s will decreed,  
“ Six times as many murders dost thou do,  
“ And yet to Pity dost impute the deed!  
“ Can Duty contradict herself by two  
“ Opposed commands, yet both be right? Take  
    heed!  
“ And search thyself, lest this confusion be  
“ Not in thy kingly duty, but in thee.”

## XLVII.

- “ Wisely thou speakest,” said the King. “ Thy words,  
“ O Falcon, stir my mind, altho’ my heart  
“ They leave untouched. Suparn, the King of Birds,  
“ Whose lore is more than man’s, methinks thou art!  
“ I cannot answer thee. Thy speech accords  
“ With what seems just. Yet, tho’ not mine the art  
“ To express it rightly, something in me, some  
“ Deep voiceless instinct, eloquently dumb,

## XLVIII.

- “Forbids me to betray to instant death  
“This helpless creature that hath trusted me.  
“I would not wrong thee, Falcon. Waste not breath  
“In craving what I cannot grant. But see!  
“Search thou my realm all round, from holt to heath,  
“From hill to vale, from field to forest, free  
“To choose whate’er thou wilt from herd, or drove,  
“Or fold, or flock, in ransom for this Dove!”

## XLIX.

- “Nay, neither mutton, nor yet venison,” said  
“The Falcon, “is the food that I can eat;  
“When Indra made all living things, he made  
“The dove to be the falcon’s natural meat.”  
“Then,” cried the King, “take something else instead!  
“I care not what. My realm is rich and great,  
“So is my heart. I grudge not what I give.  
“Take all thou wilt—except this fugitive!”

## L.

- “See,” said the Falcon, “how one step aside  
“From simple duty, seem it ne’er so small,  
“Leads on to errors reaching far and wide  
“From bad to worse! My rightful due is all  
“I ask of thee; my right thou hast denied,  
“And thereby done me wrong: yet dost thou call  
“All things by their wrong names, rather than do  
“One thing that’s right, if it be painful too.

## LI.

- “ Not only of my lawful nourishment  
“ Thou dost defraud me, but wouldst leave me not  
“ My last right left—that robbery to resent.  
“ Sweet is the gratitude from others got  
“ For gifts bestowed ; and sweet it is to vent  
“ In cheap compassion for another’s lot  
“ The easy impulse of benevolence ;  
“ And thou these sweets wouldst taste at my expense ;

## LII.

- “ Thou art not just, yet generous thou wouldst be ;  
“ Thou robb’st me of my right, yet wouldst bestow  
“ Upon me gifts that are no use to me ;  
“ Wherefore, O King ? That thou may’st cheaply  
    know  
“ (Having procured it at no cost to thee)  
“ The pleasantness of virtue’s genial glow !  
“ It pleaseth thee to offer flock and herd ;  
“ But it would pain thee to give up that bird ;

## LIII.

- “ And what is pleasant to thyself thou dost,  
“ By what to me is painful purchasing  
“ The lazy luxury of appearing just  
“ And generous both ! ” At this, the startled King,  
“ Like thee, Glenaveril, finding himself thrust  
“ ’Twixt a dilemma’s horns, began to wring  
“ His hands, as thou dost, and like thee, to cry  
“ Impossible ! ” Then did the Falcon fly

## LIV.

- ‘Up to the King, and whisper in his ear  
  “‘So be it! thou bidst me choose. I choose what’s  
    fit;  
  “‘And, since that Dove is to thy heart so dear,  
    “‘Give me, O generous King, instead of it,  
  “‘Of thine own flesh the Dove’s full weight. I swear  
    “‘That I will claim no more, if thou submit  
  “‘To this condition.” And the King replied,  
  “‘Thy claim is just! It shall be satisfied.”

## LV.

- ‘Then Usinara bade his servants bring  
  ‘The balance from his treasure-house, and put  
  ‘The Dove into one scale of it. The King  
    ‘His bosom bared, and drew his sword, and cut  
  ‘Flesh from the bone, and flung it quivering  
    ‘And bleeding down into the other. But  
  ‘The Dove outweighed the King’s flesh. And again  
  ‘He cut himself, and cut, and cut—in vain!

## LVI.

- ‘For every time that Usinara threw  
  ‘More of his flesh into one scale, the weight  
  ‘Of the Dove heavier in the other grew,  
    ‘Until at last, bewildered, desperate,  
  ‘Dripping from head to foot with gory dew,  
    ‘Into that scale’s grim shambles, with a great  
  ‘Cry of despair, the monarch leapt, and stood,  
  ‘Trampling beneath him his own flesh and blood.

## LVII.

‘ Then, from the other scale, and high above  
    ‘ The head of Usinara, in the air  
‘ Hovering where poised the Falcon, rose the Dove ;  
    ‘ And forthwith both the Dove and Falcon were  
‘ Transfigured ; and a sudden glory clove  
    ‘ The clouds, which to its inmost heart laid bare  
‘ The heaven of heavens. Divinely musical  
‘ A voice said, “ I am Indra, Lord of All,

## LVIII.

‘ “ And of My Will an Effluence Divine  
    ‘ “ Was yonder Dove. This earth, so said thy fame,  
‘ “ Contained no nobler character than thine ;  
    ‘ “ To test that noble character we came,  
‘ “ And well hath been accomplished our design !  
    ‘ “ Weighed in our balance, we thy worth proclaim  
‘ “ True to the test. Thy life on earth is o’er,  
‘ “ For earthly life can teach thee nothing more ;

## LIX.

‘ “ Duty’s whole lesson thou hast learned at last,  
    ‘ “ Which in self-sacrifice begins and ends.  
‘ “ By the rejection of thyself thou hast  
    ‘ “ Regained the Infinite, whose life transcends  
‘ “ All personality. Behold how vast  
    ‘ “ The sphere to which thy spirit now extends  
‘ “ Its flight unfettered ! Usinara, rise,  
‘ “ And take thy place among the deities !

LX.

“So long as here on earth thy deed shall be  
   “Remembered, and thy name to men endeared,  
 “So long in Heaven thy place by mine shall be,  
   “There by men’s grateful reverence ensphered !  
 “For the gods’ empire is man’s memory  
   “Of what deserves by man to be revered.”’  
 Edelrath paused. He was, himself, affected  
 By his own tale. Defeated and dejected,

LXI.

Glenaveril said nothing. With a sigh  
 His Mentor in a musing tone went on,  
 ‘Good heavens, Glenaveril ! What a mockery,  
   ‘To think that missionaries, scarcely one  
 ‘Of whom could probably, were he to try,  
   ‘Translate the scriptures, he relies upon  
 ‘For his own creed, from the original text,  
 ‘Should go forth annually unperplexed

LXII.

‘To teach a people with a literature  
   ‘Like this ! Observe how in this story live  
 ‘Together as it were, and each secure,  
   ‘The Christian sentiment which bids us strive  
 ‘To crucify ourselves, and, plain and pure,  
   ‘Kant’s Categorical Imperative.  
 ‘Listen to both, my child, and their advice  
 ‘Reject not. Courage, and self-sacrifice !’

## LXIII.

As Edelrath truth's painful cause thus pleaded,  
Glenaveril's heart was to his own inspection  
Laid bare. To vehement revolt succeeded  
The lassitude of a profound dejection.  
The sufferer's silent grief was not unheeded;  
And with a deep compassionate affection  
The old man, bending over him, went on,  
'Thee, other duties still reclaim, my son!

## LXIV.

'Attribute not to Chance, the name, nor yet  
'The place in life, which all at birth receive  
'From Nature's hand—as thou miscallest it,  
'Or from a Will Divine, as I believe.  
'Each to that Will Divine must needs submit;  
'None can oppose, evade it, or deceive;  
'Nature, whom thou inyokest, doth pursue  
'Her course obedient to its mandate too;

## LXV.

'And her own power she exercises still  
'Under conditions that do bounds impose  
'On what thou vainly callest Nature's will.  
'Children of Nature, say'st thou? Who are those?  
'I know them not. Nor thou, Glenaveril.  
'One way to bring forth children Nature knows,  
'And thou and I know that she knows no other,  
'To every child a father and a mother!

## LXVI.

- ‘Succession is the law that regulates  
‘Life’s course thro’ every channel great or small.  
‘All things on earth succeed each other, States,  
‘Tribes, Families, Societies, and all  
‘That force, by force replaced, which animates  
‘Creation! Even the individual,  
‘Transmitter and inheritor in one,  
‘Still to himself succeeds as he lives on ;

## LXVII.

- ‘Each is his own successor day by day.  
‘The day that’s come is by the day that’s past  
‘Determined. Dream of freedom as we may,  
‘This law remains inexorable. Caste  
‘Was on its permanence based ; and who shall say  
‘A system which hath managed to outlast  
‘All other systems of society,  
‘Hath not more wisdom in it than the cry

## LXVIII.

- ‘That stirs to a perpetual unrest  
‘Our modern world, and fools the multitude  
‘To which its invocation is addressed?  
‘Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood!  
‘The wishes these three words in each man’s breast  
‘Awaken, if he rightly understood  
‘Their true relation to his faculties,  
‘He would reject the moment they arise.



## LXIX.

‘ Already the societies upset  
    ‘ By these false cries, are struggling to regain  
‘ That lost stability, which they regret,  
    ‘ And which societies, they scorn, retain.  
‘ Nobility’s an institution yet  
    ‘ Permitted upon sufferance to remain ;  
‘ And to that institution’s not-unneeded  
‘ Defence and aid thou hast by birth succeeded.

## LXX.

‘ ‘Tis, as its name implies, a noble one ;  
    ‘ Yet a Nobility that values not  
‘ The power produced by usefulness alone,  
    ‘ Only enfeebles like a morbid spot  
‘ The social body it remains upon.  
    ‘ And aristocracy begins to rot  
‘ Into a vicious, mischievous *noblesse*,  
‘ When it exchanges power for idleness ;

## LXXI.

‘ But power means duty. Instinct guarantees  
    ‘ The eternity of titles. Every State,  
‘ Savage or civilized, abounds in these.  
    ‘ The guillotine could not decapitate  
‘ Either the titles or the pedigrees  
    ‘ Of French Nobility. At any rate  
‘ They still exist. But what exist no more  
‘ Are both the rights and duties they once bore.

## LXXII.

‘I have been told that in no other nation  
‘Are titles more innumerable than  
‘In the American Confederation ;  
‘Where, be he Judge or General, every man  
‘Is designated by his rank and station,  
‘And every matron is, on the same plan,  
‘Called Mrs. Something This, or Something That ;  
‘Moreover, what seems most to wonder at

## LXXIII.

‘Is that, in that free democratic land,  
‘The fact of being free-born satisfies  
‘No one. All come, they bid you understand,  
‘From the Old Knickerbocker Families,  
‘Or Cavaliers, or Pilgrim Fathers, and  
‘Every American I meet with tries  
‘To prove to me he can his lineage trace  
‘From the known head of some high English race.

## LXXIV.

‘I’m told that in New York, Fifth Avenue  
‘Despises Broadway ; and, with souls exclusive,  
‘They who do silken stockings sell eschew  
‘Those who sell cotton stockings. So delusive  
‘Are all attempts to equalize the Few  
‘And Many ! so tenacious, so intrusive,  
‘The instinct that ascribes superiority  
‘To persons who are not of the majority !

## LXXV.

‘England’s Old Upper Class, whereof thou art,  
‘Some ruling influence still retains; and thou  
‘Hast in its honourable toils a part  
‘Thou canst not honourably disavow.  
‘Hast thou the right, even if thou hast the heart,  
‘(Thou, its born champion!) to abandon now  
‘The standard of a power whose past was splendid,  
‘When its last strongholds are so ill defended?’

## LXXVI.

‘Resume thy place among the ranks of those  
‘Whose cause is thine! Take back thy noble name,  
‘Its noble duties seek not to oppose,  
‘And, with those duties nobly done, reclaim  
‘The rich rewards that Duty still bestows  
‘On all who tread without reproach or blame  
‘Her painful paths! Nothing is yet too late.  
‘Thine accident—that agitated state

## LXXVII.

‘In which the effects of it so long retained  
‘Thy faculties—the wish to hear from me—  
‘All these will have sufficiently explained  
‘Thy silence until now. Nor doubt that she  
‘Will understand why thou hast thus refrained  
‘From telling her what can no longer be  
‘Without disloyal reticence suppressed.  
‘Courage! Speak truth, and leave to God the rest!’

## LXXVIII.

Whilst Edelrath was to Glenaveril

Thus offering words of sad encouragement  
To which, still silent, and dejected still,

His listener yielded a forlorn assent,  
The two friends had arisen, and down the hill

Their homeward steps toward the house were bent ;  
Whence now, from windows comfortably lit,  
And softened by dim draperies curtaining it,

## LXXIX.

The lamplight, glimmering, golden carpets laid  
Between the shadows of the trees. All round,  
Night's influence had that twofold silence made

Which seems the visible vacancy of sound ;  
A silence to the ear, a something said

Silently to the eye. From seas profound  
And deserts vast that silence sometimes speaks,  
As here it spake from the hushed mountain peaks

## LXXX.

That far off in the solemn stillness shone,  
And from the dusky cypress tops below.  
Ah, blest tranquility reserved alone

To the mute witnesses of many a woe  
And joy whose silence is a troubled one !

As the two friends approached it, the warm glow  
That streamed towards them from the casement-door  
Was darkened by a form it floated o'er ;

## LXXXI.

And in that moment, with a piercing thrill  
Of soft, but inconsolable, despair,  
Like one resigned to death, Glenaveril  
Beheld Cordelia. Into the dim air  
She stepped, looked round, and lingeringly still  
Her image paused upon the marble stair,  
Bathed in the glow the lamplight o'er it cast,  
Then down into the cypress shade she passed.

## LXXXII.

The cypress shade—sad darkness dedicate  
To death, to sorrow, and to memory!  
He felt that there the angel of his fate  
Was leaving him, and that futurity  
Hovered in that dark shade which seemed to wait,  
Like an impatient grave, for hope's last sigh.  
And, while he felt all this, the spot where stood  
Cordelia, had become a solitude,

## LXXXIII.

As if a statue from its pedestal  
Should vanish while the gazer looks at it!  
Her disappearance summoned, like the call  
Of the Last Judgment, from its sombre pit  
Glenaveril's spirit to the Judgment Hall.  
He started shuddering; and, with sinews knit,  
Hands clenched, as one on desperate errand bent,  
He plunged into the shadow where she went.



## CANTO III.

## THE AVOWAL.

## I.

GLENAVERIL, near the alley's outlet, saw  
Cordelia passing from its moon-girt shade  
Into the silvered space beyond. In awe  
Of his own beating heart, he paused, afraid  
Either to follow her, or to withdraw.  
A faintness overcame him, and he stayed  
Leaning against the statue of a Faun  
That stood between the alley and the lawn.

## II.

How feels the surgeon when he operates  
For the first time, with an unpractised knife,  
Knowing that on the trial which awaits  
His novice nerves depends a human life?  
And knowing, too, that if he hesitates  
Or trembles at the prospect of his strife  
With death for life's adroit redemption, he,  
Before that strife begins, must vanquished be?

## III.

How feels he when his pausing hand's about  
To plunge thro' palpitating flesh the steel,  
Which must be murderous if it miss one route  
Thro' all those living fibres, that conceal  
The lair it darkly searches to pluck out  
Death, without injuring life? How doth he feel  
When, thro' the red obscurity thus wrought  
Around its path, that steel glides swift as thought?

## IV.

Knows he not that his skill's insidious foe,  
Roused to resistance by his bold attack,  
With every kind of obstacle will strow  
His sanguinary weapon's painful track,  
Accumulating perils to o'erthrow  
Safety's one only chance? and that, alack,  
That chance he misses if he reaches not,  
Or by a hairsbreadth overshoots, the spot

## V.

Where death, thro' life's deep labyrinth hunted, hides  
Its power in some fine nerve or particle  
Of sensitive matter? Knows he not besides  
That it is insufficient to expel  
Death's presence from the haunt where it resides,  
But he must cut off the retreat as well  
Of life, that, faint with terror, seeks to quit  
The bloodstained field where he hath fought for it?

## VI.

All that the surgeon, at his first essay,  
Feels, knowing this, undaunted tho' untried,  
Glenaveril felt in a profound dismay,  
Without the surgeon's fortifying pride  
In his vocation : and his strength gave way  
Before a prospect which so terrified  
And staggered him that, sick and faint, he flung  
His arms about that statue, and there clung.

## VII.

From this drear trance the pressure, light yet warm,  
Of a soft hand (how well its touch he knew !)  
Released him with a charitable charm.  
Before him stood Cordelia. She drew  
Gently within her own Glenaveril's arm,  
And led him where the trickling moonbeam threw  
Athwart a bench, between the leaves that quite  
Embowered it, sprinkled drops of silver light.

## VIII.

There, speechless, he sat down with drooping head,  
And on a sandgrain sparkling in the path  
His gaze mechanically riveted.  
'Your conversation with Herr Edelrath,'  
Cordelia in a grave sweet accent said,  
(His nerveless hand in hers still keeping) 'hath  
'Profoundly troubled you, Emanuel,  
'And ah, I understand this trouble well !



## IX.

‘ You have been talking, you and he, to-night  
‘ Of that poor friend, so dear to both, I know,  
‘ Who perished in your presence, and in spite  
‘ Of all your efforts. And those efforts now  
‘ (Because the sole reward that could requite  
‘ Such efforts, fate vouchsafed not to bestow)  
‘ Revenge themselves upon their ill-success,  
‘ By filling memory with remorsefulness.’

## X.

Glenaveril groaned. ‘ Hush ! do not speak,’ said she.  
‘ In silence let these troubled deeps subside,  
‘ And, O my friend, have confidence in me !  
‘ Was I a clumsy nurse when I was tried ?  
‘ And have I not well won the right to be  
‘ Trusted by my dear patient ? Ah,’ she sighed,  
‘ The soul’s ache, or the body’s, which is worse ?  
‘ Which most in need of an intelligent nurse ?

## XI.

‘ ’Tis my pretension that I have the skill  
‘ To comfort both. Indulge the vanity  
‘ Which makes me think my friend needs nursing still,  
‘ And that his best and safest nurse am I.  
‘ Ne’er can your heart feel either well or ill,  
‘ And mine be ignorant of the reason why.  
‘ That were impossible ! and well I know  
‘ What are the thoughts that agitate you now.’

## XII.

She said this in a tone convinced and grave ;

And, for sole answer to its tender boast,

Only a stifled sigh Glenaveril gave.

Her soothing words his sore heart's innermost  
Recesses stabbed like daggers. 'And I have,'

She added, 'foremost in my little host  
'Of feminine vanities this pretension too,  
'That I am able to interpret you

## XIII.

'Even to yourself. My heart's omniscient,

'And sees in yours what you, yourself, ignore.'

Glenaveril winced again. But on she went,

'Dear sceptic, trust me, and protest no more !

'If I forgive that gesture of dissent,

'Tis that it flatters my superior lore,

'And proves I know you (so it ought to be !)

'Already better than you yet know me.

## XIV.

'Another protest ! Still incredulous ? Well,'

She added, 'then, dear, I will only say

'You cannot know me yet, Emanuel,

'Completely, as no doubt you will some day,

'By instinct, without need of words to tell

'Unspoken thoughts ; but that is just the way

'That *I* know *you*. There's no reproach at all

'In this distinction. 'Tis quite natural !

## XV.

- ‘ If o’er you I have its advantage got,  
‘ The cause is common. ’Tis that you’re a man,  
‘ And I, dear, am a woman. It is not  
‘ That, as a woman, I am wiser than  
‘ The dullest woman when she loves. The lot  
‘ Of all my sisters bounds the utmost span  
‘ Of all my wishes ; and in every mood  
‘ I feel my kinship with my sisterhood.

## XVI.

- ‘ To be a woman in the plainest sense  
‘ Of that plain word is all I care to be,  
‘ And all I can be. There’s no difference  
‘ Between the nature of my sex and me.  
‘ Being a woman, I make no pretence  
‘ To be peculiar in the least degree.  
‘ I name my sisters when myself I name :  
‘ Past, present, future, we are all the same :

## XVII.

- ‘ And not in my name only, but theirs too,  
‘ Do I make this—what shall I call it, now ?  
‘ Vaunt, or confession ?—Judge, and name it, you !  
‘ Superior as men are to us, I know,  
‘ In all things else, in one thing women do  
‘ Excel them,—I’ve a notion why, and how.  
‘ In love, the youngest of us seems to start,  
‘ Not with more knowledge of the human heart,

## XVIII.

‘But with a consciousness more intimate  
‘Of what love is,—an instinct truer than  
‘Mere observation, be it ne’er so great,  
‘Bestows upon the most experienced man.  
‘Experience, for love’s profit, comes too late ;  
‘Love is alive ; experience dead ; it can  
‘Only begin where feeling ends ; and not  
‘By counting corpses is life’s secret got ;

## XIX.

‘’Tis in our sex I find the reason why.  
‘Not quite the same are man-and-woman-kind.  
‘Love understands their difference perfectly,  
‘And turns, in men, to passion, as the wind  
‘Into the whirlwind turns, to move thereby  
‘Strong trees whose strength its softer breathings  
    find  
‘No means to bend : but light, as willows move  
‘To faintest airs, women respond to love ;

## XX.

‘And so with us love deals quite otherwise.  
‘It breathes about us in our infancy ;  
‘Steals softly into us without surprise ;  
‘And doth, while we are little creatures, try  
‘By little stages to familiarize  
‘Our growing natures, imperceptibly,  
‘With its own growing influence. ’Tis thus  
‘Love, ere we know it, lives unguessed in us.

## XXI.

‘ Strong is the whirlwind, but it cannot last,  
‘ And woman’s love is woman’s life. The air  
‘ Wherein life’s better part must needs be passed  
‘ Is stormless : and, that it may linger there,  
‘ Love, to the woman’s nature clinging fast,  
‘ Turns into womanhood : lives everywhere  
‘ About her life, each household portrait frames,  
‘ And calls itself by all familiar names :

## XXII.

‘ Unknown to her, it haunts from day to day  
‘ The air she breathes, and vibrates in the tone  
‘ Of all she thinks and feels ; she cannot stray  
‘ Beyond its influence ; she and it are one.  
‘ It is her sex, her *self* ! Turn where she may,  
‘ Love to a woman’s life vouchsafes alone  
‘ A goal which is her starting point as well,  
‘ And if her Heaven it be not, ’tis her Hell !

## XXIII.

‘ With love begins, and with it ends, her life,  
‘ In this or that shape ; and ’tis but a name  
‘ That changes, when the maid becomes a wife,  
‘ The wife a mother. Thro’ all change the same,  
‘ Whether fate be with it at peace or strife,  
‘ The woman’s nature lasts. From love it came,  
‘ To love it goes, and without love it dies.  
‘ Its childhood’s plaything is its girlhood’s prize,

## XXIV.

- ‘ And the girl’s prize the woman’s occupation ;  
‘ Love to her youth gives charm, and to her age  
‘ That charm remembered still gives consolation.  
‘ Whate’er the objects that her thoughts engage,  
‘ Love to them all imparts some inspiration.  
‘ Lost in a sea that hath no anchorage  
‘ Her thoughts would wander, and be thoughts no  
more,  
‘ Did love not pilot them from shore to shore.

## XXV.

- ‘ But all this happens so insensibly,  
‘ And is so natural, that she knows it not :  
‘ And when, at last, some unaccustomed sigh  
‘ Reveals to her the love that fills her, what  
‘ She then discovers, and is startled by,  
‘ Is her own nature ; whereof love hath got  
‘ Such full possession that it seems not hers  
‘ But love’s—a gift, in short, which love confers.

## XXVI.

- ‘ Love does not come to women, as to men ;  
‘ It does not even come to us at all,  
‘ For it is in us from the first ; and, when  
‘ Our love goes forth responsive to the call  
‘ Of one whose coming it predicted, then  
‘ It but fulfills its own prophetic  
‘ Visions and trances ; and the loved one seems  
‘ A being long familiar to love’s dreams.

## XXVII.

‘ If I have thus the right to say I know  
    ‘ Emanuel better than he yet knows me,  
‘ Resent it not, dear ! ’Tis that long ago  
    ‘ My heart divined the absent one, and he,  
‘ The moment we two met, had nought to do  
    ‘ But take the place that used, till then, to be  
‘ Filled by his own dear image in my heart,  
‘ Which recognised at once its counterpart.

## XXVIII.

‘ Ah, yes ! and if in me, Emanuel,  
    ‘ Your heart has hailed a revelation new,  
‘ In you I have but known again (how well !)  
    ‘ The destined dear one I already knew.  
‘ To me, whose heart had been your oracle,  
    ‘ Your presence only proved the oracle true,  
‘ And I had nothing new to learn, except  
‘ That love is in foreknowledge an adept.

## XXIX.

‘ This is the difference between women and men :  
    ‘ Love is, with you, a passion that gives rise  
‘ To an ideal sentiment ; and when  
    ‘ You love, love leads you to idealize  
‘ The loved one ; we idealize first, and then  
    ‘ We passionately love what satisfies  
‘ All our ideal cravings. Passion thus,  
‘ Just where it ends with you, begins with us,

## XXX.

- ‘ In sentiment ! The moment when, at last,  
‘ We really love, our love is wholly real :  
‘ Our need of the ideal then is passed ;  
‘ Love takes the place of it : and that ideal  
‘ To you, in whom it has fulfilled its vast  
‘ Predictions, as true love’s first hymenæal  
‘ Gift, we surrender ; confident that you,  
‘ Who have fulfilled, will best preserve, it, too.

## XXXI.

- ‘ Passion and sentiment would be but froth  
‘ And fire, if either filled the heart alone ;  
‘ And thus does love, to perfect its own growth,  
‘ Unite two forces in a single one.  
‘ ’Tis like the orange-tree, that puts forth both  
‘ Blossom and fruit in the same season. None  
‘ Have truly loved, whose loving lacked the spell  
‘ Whereby true love performs this miracle.

## XXXII.

- ‘ Without my faith in an ideal, how  
‘ Could I, mine own Emanuel, have divined  
‘ And known your nature as I know it now ?  
‘ And you ? Ah, tell me, did not *you*, too, find  
‘ That for the first time you began to know  
‘ Your true self, your own inmost heart and mind,  
‘ Only when you discovered them anew,  
‘ Reading the first words that I wrote to you ?



## XXXIII.

- ‘Nay, but this question needs no fresh reply !  
‘Long since, I know, your letter answered it.  
‘How naturally, then, to-night, must I  
‘Divine the thoughts of him by whom I sit,  
‘When, tho’ between us rolled the immensity  
‘Of the vast ocean, love still gave me wit  
‘To read his heart, and recognise so well  
‘All that was in it, dear Emanuel !

## XXXIV.

- ‘What greater miracle than this could love  
‘Perform to vindicate the fearless boast  
‘Of its intuitive insight? Doth that move  
‘Your wonder? Well then, your own heart accost  
‘Yourself, Emanuel. Its reply will prove  
‘That I can see what in its innermost  
‘Recesses you would still conceal perforce,  
‘For what I see there now is—a remorse !’

## XXXV.

- Up sprang Glenaveril with a cry of fear,  
And then with a faint sigh sank down again.  
‘Ah,’ she continued, ‘Why so troubled? Dear,  
‘Remorse condemns not, it but warns. In vain  
‘We often strive to make our acts cohere  
‘With our intents. And all such failures pain  
‘The sensitive conscience most, when the intent  
‘They leave defeated was most innocent.

## XXXVI.

- ‘ If you, by chance, engaged your poor lost friend  
‘ That fatal pilgrimage to undertake,  
‘ Which came, alas, to such a dreadful end,  
‘ What wonder is it that your heart should ache  
‘ For a result you neither did intend  
‘ Nor could foresee? You suffer, for his sake,  
‘ A causeless self-reproach that goes too far.  
‘ Good heavens ! how unjust to us they are,

## XXXVII.

- ‘ The sufferings our best impulses impose  
‘ Upon us sometimes ! when, for all the pain  
‘ Which they themselves inflict, they turn our foes,  
‘ And false accusers ! To my heart ’tis plain  
‘ That yours is suffering now from one of those  
‘ False accusations ; but it cannot stain  
‘ The conscience it disturbs. You writhe beneath  
‘ A wrong impression that for that friend’s death,

## XXXVIII.

- ‘ Whose life you vainly risked your own to save,  
‘ You are responsible. Emanuel,  
‘ No such responsibility you have !  
‘ Of this be sure. Why should you shrink to tell  
‘ The accusation whispered by that grave  
‘ Against your heart, to one who knows so well  
‘ The innocence of the accused ? Poor, dear,  
‘ Imaginary culprit, have no fear !

## XXXIX.

- ‘ Come, let Cordelia be your judge ! and she  
‘ Shall pass a juster sentence than your own.  
‘ Does not your past, my friend, belong to me  
‘ Entirely, as your future ? Have I known  
‘ Your thoughts, so well, and shall your actions be  
‘ From mine own thoughts of them concealed alone ?  
‘ Ah no ! To me, confession’s first beginner,  
‘ Confess thyself, and be absolved, dear sinner ! ’

## XL.

- Trembling in every limb Glenaveril rose.  
His face was livid with a vast despair.  
‘ Cordelia, this is horrible ! Heaven knows  
‘ My punishment is more than I can bear !  
‘ I have deceived you. O, that in the snows  
‘ My wretched life, with his, had ended, ere  
‘ This hour ! ’ he gasped, as at her feet he fell.  
‘ Cordelia, I am not Emanuel ! ’



## CANTO IV.

## THE REVELATION.

## I.

SUNK at Cordelia's feet, with that last cry,  
Speechless Glenaveril remained. His head  
Upon her knees had fallen heavily,  
And there it rested, in a nerveless dread  
Of the next moment; as one doomed to die,  
And waiting but to hear his sentence read,  
Clings to the block, and shudderingly covers  
His face beneath the axe that o'er him hovers.

## II.

His hands were stretched, in hopeless intercession  
For mercy, to his executioner;  
But not a word acknowledged the confession  
Which, from their quivering fibres torn by her,  
Had left his heartstrings shattered. Its repression  
Had long been stifling him, but deadlier  
Was its release; and crueller than all words  
The dreadful silence of thought's broken chords.

## III.

That silence gave him time to realize  
Intensely what the end of it must be.  
Each second of it magnified the size  
Of the abyss he weltered in ; yet he  
Dared not abridge its dumb eternities,  
That, like the unreckoned waves of some great sea,  
Rolled on and on, with ever-deepening stress,  
To the dark realm of absolute nothingness.

## IV.

His consciousness, deprived of power, became  
A ghastly nightmare : and it seemed to him  
That, fallen down a precipice, his frame,  
To fragments shattered, lay there in a dim  
Heap of destruction, helplessness, and shame ;  
Whence, since his fall had numbed each broken limb,  
He feared the pang of being roused again  
To life's intolerable sense of pain.

## V.

And still no sound ! But the impending stroke  
Fell not ; the loaded silence by degrees,  
A mystic movement thrilled ; and he awoke  
Slowly to a sensation of faint ease  
From that dark burden, till the dead weight broke  
Above him, as when timely rescue frees  
From underneath an earthquake-stricken wall  
The wretch its ruins buried in their fall.

## VI.

He felt upon his hand another hand,  
That drew it softly, with a tenderness  
Its fluttered pulse could feebly understand,  
To two warm lips, whose silent slow caress  
Thro' all his being, like a blest command  
Not to despair, went glowing: and then, 'Yes,'  
A sweet voice whispered in low accents, mild  
With almost motherly love, 'I knew it, child!'

## VII.

A man, awakened suddenly, remains  
Between his sleeping and his waking sense  
Suspended for a moment, nor retains  
In that dim moment the intelligence  
Which either world, in different ways, explains  
By different laws, on different evidence.  
For those two states of consciousness exclude  
Each other. Worlds that never yet were viewed

## VIII.

At the same time, by the same eyes, they are.  
Dissimilar themselves in everything,  
Two separate senses, as dissimilar,  
To dwell in either, we to each must bring;  
And even to understand the one, must far  
Behind us leave the other, shattering  
All links between, that each in turn may seem  
Intelligible to us—Fact, and Dream.

## IX.

Awaking is a shock that stupefies :

The right sense of the dream-world is confused  
In presence of the real-world, that lies

Beyond the sphere to which that sense is used :  
The right sense of the real-world denies

(As one whose faith in fact has been abused)  
Resentfully the truth of the wild tale  
Told by the dying dream without avail :

## X.

And thus about two lies, or, it may be,

Two truths, which are irreconcilable,  
These disputants, unable to agree,

Appeal to one who heeds not either well :  
Stunned by this conflict of sensation, he

Doubts each discordant sense, and cannot tell  
What to believe. The man whose head is laid  
Upon the block, beneath the axe, hears said

## XI.

The word of pardon : yet, while in his ears

That word is ringing, still he shrinks beneath  
The axe that falls not, and still cowering fears

The blow that does not come. 'Twixt life and death ;  
Assailed by each ; and, to the clashing spheres

Of both, a passive obstacle ; with breath  
And pulse suppressed, blank brain, and sightless eyes,  
He rests inert, and neither lives nor dies.

## XII.

‘I knew it, child!’ In those four words were spoken  
Glenaveril’s pardon—which effaced his crime;  
And with the crime, at the same joyful token,  
Vanished the whole phantasmal pantomime  
Which in the silence thus so sweetly broken  
Had been performed. In one swift flash of time,  
The judgment seat, the scaffold,—all were gone!  
The victim rested there,—unchanged, alone.

## XIII.

Cordelia doubtless understood how slow  
And painful the recovery must be  
From a dejection thus profound: and so,  
Suffering Glenaveril’s forehead on her knee  
To rest, where he had flung it in his woe,  
She sat quite still; nor did she seek to free  
Her prostrate prisoner from the fallen state  
Wherein he lingered, still disconsolate.

## XIV.

Only, she bent down lovingly above  
The listless head that in her lap still lay;  
And he could feel her hushed hand’s influence move  
Soothingly, and its tender touches stray  
Thro’ his tossed curls: touches of such calm love  
As guides a mother’s hand to smoothe away  
The trouble of the child that on her breast,  
Lulled by those touches, sobs itself to rest.



## XV.

And, as a mother whispers to her child,  
To him she whispered,—little senseless things,  
Which had no meaning save to appease the wild  
Unrest, and calm the foolish flutterings,  
Of a scared spirit still unreconciled  
To the sweet cage it beat with broken wings.  
Her low voice, musical with tenderness,  
Had in it tones that more than words express.

## XVI.

The maiden's motherly instinct, haply caught  
From childhood's lingering influence, shed round  
Her half-maternal task a fondness fraught  
With such quaint tricks of fancy as abound  
In what, to Age, associates the thought  
Of Childhood's woes with the relief they found  
In fairy tales; and, like a nursery rhyme,  
The murmur rippled, 'Once upon a time—'

## XVII.

Silence and sound, the darkness and the light,  
The wavering moonbeam, and the whispering bough,  
The confidences interchanged that night,  
The past and present interfused, the glow  
Of a great solemn gladness, and the might  
Of many memories,—all were moving now  
Cordelia's spirit; and melodiously  
Those magic words, in a delicious sigh,

## XVIII.

Slid from her lips. But scarcely were they sighed,  
Ere to their old familiar formula  
The gates of Poësy rolled open wide ;  
And all her past uprose in full array  
Before her, as, to Oberon's horn, down slide  
On moonbeams, and upstart from flower-bells, Fay  
On Fay, till fast, in many a magic ring,  
All Elfland throngs about its Faëry King.

## XIX.

Without resistance, to the loveliness  
Of that sweet vision she surrendered all  
Her fancy ; and began, forthwith, to dress  
In robes of faëry woof fantastical  
The simple story of her girlhood. ' Yes,  
' Listen ! ' she said. ' The tale I now recall  
' Is true, and comes from a far-distant clime  
' To tell thee all, love. Once upon a time

## XX.

' There was a Princess, who was captive bound  
' In an enchanted tower beside the sea :  
' And, when that Princess from her tower looked round,  
' Nothing beneath her, nor above, saw she,  
' But waves, and clouds, and birds. In their profound  
' And rocky prison, panting to be free,  
' The sea-waves heaved and tossed with ceaseless stir,  
' But never could those waves come up to her ;

## XXI.

‘ The clouds moved all day long across the sky,  
‘ But down to her the clouds could never come ;  
‘ And, ’twixt the waves and clouds, the birds went by,  
‘ Flapping their light wings free and frolicsome,  
‘ In æry circles soaring low and high  
‘ About the enchanted tower which was her home,  
‘ And, with their little songs, as on they flew,  
‘ Saluting her. She thought that she was, too,

## XXII.

‘ A bird herself. And to the birds one day  
‘ “ O sisters, take me with you far,” she sighed,  
‘ “ Away from here!” “ Put forth thy wings!” said they.  
‘ She spread her arms, and drooped them, and replied  
‘ “ I cannot ! Oh, for wings to fly away !  
‘ “ Wherefore to me alone are wings denied ?  
‘ “ And wherefore was I made the only one  
‘ “ Of mine own kind, to live and die alone ? ”

## XXIII.

‘ “ Princess,” a bird said to her, “ thou art not  
‘ “ Of all thy kind the only one. Far, far  
‘ “ Away from here, there is a distant spot  
‘ “ Beyond the sea, where other birds there are,  
‘ “ Like thee. No visible wings those birds have got,  
‘ “ Yet have I heard them many a time declare  
‘ “ That by a single word to them is given  
‘ “ A power that can uplift them into Heaven.”

## XXIV.

“What is that word? O tell it me!” said she.

“Tell it I can,” replied the little bird,

“But, if I do, ’twill be no use to thee.”

“And why?” the Princess asked. “Because that word

“Spoken by two of the same kind must be,

“Each to the other. I have often heard

“Those creatures interchanging it,” went on

“The little bird, “and this is how ’tis done :

## XXV.

“The two that speak it hold each other’s hands,

“And gaze intently in each other’s eyes ;

“And then, as each one slowly understands

“That word’s full meaning, with a glad surprise

“The face glows, and the form of both expands,

“And the voice trembles. And beneath the skies

“I roam, there’s nothing I have seen that is

“More wonderful, or lovelier than this.”

## XXVI.

“Tell me the word!” “It is *I-love-thee*.” Then

“The Princess became pensive. But she muttered

“That word *I-love-thee* o’er and o’er again,

“And every time that to herself she uttered

“The sound of it, she sighed : and strangely, when

“She sighed, her little bosom heaved and fluttered.

“To none can I that sweet word breathe,” sighed she,

“And none will ever breathe it back to me!

## XXVII.

“O little bird, that word, thou sayest, brings  
“To those by whom ’tis spoken the right way  
“The happy gift, the heavenly gift, of wings?”  
“Nay, Princess,” said the little bird, “’Tis they  
“Themselves that say it. In my wanderings  
“I never yet have met them flying.” “Say,  
“How is it, then, that they to Heaven can soar?”  
“Ah, Princess,” said the little bird, “that’s more

## XXVIII.

“Than I can tell thee! Heaven, for aught I know,  
“Comes down to them. If that’s not the same thing,  
“But little can it matter, anyhow,  
“So long as one gets there.” And, echoing  
The little bird, the Princess murmured low,  
“So long as one gets there! Can one word bring  
“Heaven down to those who utter it? Dear bird,  
“Tell me to whom, then, should one say this word?”

## XXIX.

“That,” said the little bird, “thou first must learn  
“Of Love.” “And where is Love?” The bird  
replied  
“A little everywhere. At every turn  
“He is at hand, I think. I never tried  
“Love’s secret hiding-places to discern,  
“For I can call him wheresoe’er he hide.”  
“And,” said the Princess, “when thy call is heard  
“Doth Love come always?” “Always!” said the bird.

## XXX.

- ‘ Then did the Princess clasp her hands, and “ O  
“ Dear bird, sweet bird,” she said, “ call Love this  
way !  
“ Tell him I wait for him—his will to know,  
“ His gifts to earn, his bidding to obey !  
“ And take to Love my prayer, that he may show  
“ Where I shall find my fellow-bird, and say  
“ *I-love-thee*, and *I-love-thee* hear once more,  
“ And so get wings that up to Heaven can soar ! ”

## XXXI.

- ‘ Around the Princess lightly hovering,  
‘ The bird said “ Sit down there, and list to me !  
‘ “ This is the song that I to Love will sing.”  
‘ Down sat the Princess near a myrtle tree  
‘ That by the sea-girt wall was blossoming.  
‘ Upon it perched the little bird, and he  
‘ Out of his little breast poured forth this flood  
‘ Of song, which well the Princess understood :

## XXXII.

- “ Come hither, hither ! come from Heaven, O Love !  
“ Behold this maiden, young, and pure, and fair,  
“ Whose tender sighs have had the power to move  
“ A little bird that owes to thy sweet care  
“ His tiny nest in yonder myrtle grove,  
“ Which holds a bliss so great, could song declare  
“ The greatness of the bliss in that small nest,  
“ The song he sings would burst his happy breast !

## XXXIII.

- “ O Love, thou lord of all delights ! so kind  
“ To every little bird whose friend thou art,  
“ Where can thy consecrating presence find  
“ A sweeter home than in this maiden’s heart ?  
“ The honeysuckle in the soft south wind,  
“ My song hath rocked, my wing hath brushed apart  
“ The pale rose-blossoms of the eglantine,  
“ And searched the scented darkness of the pine.

## XXXIV.

- “ The solemn oak my sheltered sleep hath housed,  
“ The myrtle spray beneath my steps hath danced,  
“ In many a frolic bower have I caroused,  
“ Thro’ many a glade of sunlit leafage glanced,  
“ The silver Aprils my spring pipe hath roused,  
“ The golden Junes my summer notes entranced,  
“ But nowhere found I home more worthy thee  
“ Than doth this child’s pure spirit seem to me.

## XXXV.

- “ O hither, hither, Love, and here abide !  
“ And I to thee shall all my debt have paid  
“ For that sweet home thou didst for me provide,  
“ Where dwells my mate within the myrtle shade.  
“ O hither, hither, come from Heaven, and glide  
“ Into the glowing heart which Heaven hath made  
“ Thine earthly temple, god of birds and flowers,  
“ And be this maiden thine, as thou art ours !

## XXXVI.

- “ O Love, what flower than this young life is fairer ?  
“ What bird than this young spirit hath to woo thee  
“ A purer note ? O Love, what bliss is rarer  
“ Than thine shall be when hers is owed unto thee ?  
“ O hither, hither, come from Heaven, and hear her,  
“ Nor let her virgin sigh unanswered sue thee !  
“ But give to her, as thou to us hast given,  
“ The happiness of Heaven, of Heaven, of Heaven ! ”

## XXXVII.

- ‘ The bird’s song quiveringly died away,  
‘ Into that Heaven whose blessing it besought  
‘ Upon the maiden listening to its lay.  
‘ She, in a tender trance of dreamy thought,  
‘ Knelt hushed and awed, like children when they pray,  
‘ Her clasped hands pressed upon her bosom. Nought  
‘ The tingling silence stirred, but her thrilled ear  
‘ Heard a sweet whisper whispering, “ I am here ! ”

## XXXVIII.

- “ Ah,” sighed the Princess to herself, “ ’tis Love !  
“ At last, then, is he come ? Thanks, thanks, dear  
bird ! ”  
‘ But still she did not dare to speak or move,  
‘ And to Love’s greeting answered not a word,  
‘ Fearing lest Love should her delight reprove ;  
‘ And, in the silence, still Love’s voice she heard  
‘ Repeating, “ Maiden, I am here. Of me,  
“ What wilt thou ? ” Then “ Where art thou ? ”  
whispered she ;



## XXXIX.

- ‘ For she saw no one. And the voice replied  
    ‘ “Here, in thy heart! nor canst thou see my face  
“ Save thro’ another’s eyes.” “ But ah,” she sighed,  
    ‘ “That other, where is he? I do not trace  
“ His presence here. How shall I find him? Wide  
    ‘ “And big the world is. But from this sad place  
“ I cannot stir. I have no wings.” “ Do thou  
“ Send him a message,” Love’s voice answered.  
    “ How?”

## XL.

- “ Confide it to the little bird, whose flight  
    “ I then will guide.” “ But he for whom ’tis  
    meant,  
“ Will he believe, and answer it aright,  
    “ “Knowing not her whose heart the message sent?”  
“ If thou,” said Love, “ tho’ he be out of sight,  
    “ “Thyself canst love him thus, be thou content!  
“ So, if he loves at all, will he love thee.  
“ Doubt loves not, and love doubts not. Trust in me!”

## XLI.

- ‘ So from that hour, confiding in its tone,  
    ‘ The Princess to the voice of Love gave heed,  
‘ And all her heart yearned to the absent one.  
    ‘ Then, in the earth she planted one small seed;  
‘ The seed took root, and grew, and still grew on;  
    ‘ And, as from earth its tender stalk it freed,  
‘ It rose, and rose, and strengthening, grew and grew,  
‘ And every day put forth a blossom new.

## XLII.

- “This little seed,” the Captive Princess said,  
“Hath grown up, neither seeing, nor yet knowing,  
“In confidence complete. Its tender head  
“So feeble was, that the wind’s lightest blowing  
“Could lay it prostrate on its earthy bed ;  
“Yet has earth been uplifted by its growing.  
“What shame it were to me, then, did I want  
“The trust that gave such strength to this weak plant!

## XLIII.

- “Grow on, dear seed, that Love in me hath sown !  
“Fast-rooted in my heart, from hour to hour,  
“Grow stronger, stronger, till thou art full blown,  
“And blossom, blossom sweet, with flower on  
flower !”  
“And when the Princess saw her seedling grown  
“To a great plant, and blushing with its dower  
“Of purple blossoms in a palpitant glow,  
“Now,” said the maiden to herself, “I know

## XLIV.

- “Him who was born to love me, just as well  
“As if we had grown up together. See,  
“Thus looks my lover, as my heart can tell !  
“Filled with the fulness of my love is he,  
“Sweet with the sweetness of my thoughts, that dwell  
“Upon him daily, and, like this fair tree,  
“All covered with the blossoms of my youth,  
“And glowing with the warmth of his own truth !”

## XLV.

- ‘Then she recalled the little bird, and cried  
    “Fill here, sweet bird, thy love-song to the brim !  
“Then, fly away across the ocean wide,  
    “Away, away, into the distance dim !  
“And when thou findest, on the other side  
    “Of its soul-separating waters, him  
“Who doth this plant resemble, tell him thou  
“That I have sent thee. He thy voice will know,

## XLVI.

- “And what thou sayest he will understand.  
    “Say to him that I wait for him.” Away  
‘The little bird flew over sea and land,  
    ‘And wandered far and wide. At last, one day,  
‘The bird discovered, sitting hand in hand,  
    ‘And side by side, beneath the linden spray,  
‘In converse, two young Princes. Then, thought he,  
“One of these two the one she waits may be ;

## XLVII.

- “But so alike they are, that who can tell  
    “Which one it is? That they, themselves, shall  
        prove!  
“The one that, hearing, understands me well,  
    “Must be the true one.” On the boughs above  
‘The bird alighted, and began to swell  
    ‘His little throat, and sing the hymn which Love  
‘Had taught him. Listening all beatified,  
“O hearken !” one of the young Princes cried,

## XLVIII.

- ‘ “ Was ever song so heavenly sweet as this?  
    “ With what enchantment doth it charm the ear ! ”  
‘ “ A parrot,” said the other one, “ it is,  
    “ That must have slipped its cage, and wandered  
        here  
‘ “ From the Seraglio, where these fooleries  
    “ The creature, doubtless, learned ; and it is clear  
‘ “ That out of season, understanding nought,  
‘ “ It now repeats the nonsense it was taught.”

## XLIX.

- ‘ “ No ! ” cried the first, “ I recognise that song,  
    “ For I have heard it in my dreams before !  
‘ “ And to its melody my whole life long  
    “ Fain would I listen. Down to my heart’s core,  
‘ “ Responsive to it all my pulses throng.  
    “ Sing on, sweet bird ! sing thus, for evermore ! ”  
‘ Lightly he rose, and all along the wood  
‘ Followed the bird, whose song he understood.

## L.

- ‘ Still singing all the way, from tree to tree  
    ‘ The bird flew on before, until at last  
‘ It reached the leafless shore of the great sea.  
    ‘ Its flight the listening Prince had followed fast ;  
‘ And, when across the rolling waters, he  
    ‘ Beheld the bird fly home, away he cast  
‘ His princely plume, away his golden crown  
‘ He tossed, and flung his jewelled mantle down.

## LI.

‘ “Take them who will,” he cried, “these hindrances  
    ‘ “To my desire !” and, naked, plunged among  
‘ The billowed deeps that, swoll’n with the full stress  
    ‘ Of the strong sea, their floods about him flung ;  
‘ Above, to guide him thro’ that wilderness  
    ‘ Of waters, forward flew, and, flying, sung  
‘ The little bird ; and towards an unseen shore  
‘ He swam, and swam, until he knew no more.

## LII.

‘ One morn, out of a cloud, the Princess heard  
    ‘ The well-known voice of her winged messenger ;  
‘ And, from a dark sky, the storm-beaten bird,  
    ‘ Wailing along the wild wind, cried to her,  
‘ “ Princess, thy mandate hath been ministered,  
    ‘ “ And answered. Now, thy promised gift confer !  
‘ “ For he, whom thou didst call, is here ; but he  
‘ “ Hath, in his coming, suffered sorely. See !”

## LIII.

‘ The Princess, hearing this, went forth, and found  
    ‘ Him who had understood her message lying  
‘ All bruised and torn, and bleeding, on the ground,  
    ‘ Insensible. She stooped above him, sighing ;  
‘ And kissed his poor pale lips ; and bathed and bound  
    ‘ His bleeding wounds. And in her arms the dying  
‘ Prince, who for her had risked his life, regained it ;  
‘ But understood not how, till she explained it.

## LIV.

“Welcome, beloved!” she cried, “the bird art thou  
“Whose coming I have waited all this while!  
“The wings I wanted, thou hast brought me now;  
“Hence! let us fly away from this sad isle!  
“For thou, dear fellow-bird, wilt teach me how  
“To use the freedom thy reviving smile  
“To my no-longer-captived life hath given,  
“Nay, earth is, in thy smile, already Heaven!”

## LV.

‘Then, when the Prince, who was but half awake,  
‘Heard, without understanding, what she said,  
‘He feared that all had been some sad mistake,  
‘And that the little bird had disobeyed  
‘The mandate given him for another’s sake;  
‘Or that he had that little bird betrayed,  
‘By claiming what for him was never meant—  
‘The confident message to that other sent.

## LVI.

‘He dared not answer, dared not own the fear  
‘That tortured him. This error to retrieve  
‘He wished, but knew not how. He could not bear  
‘Either to disappoint, or to deceive,  
‘The trusting heart that was to his so dear;  
‘So he was silent, and began to heave  
‘Innumerable miserable sighs.  
‘The Princess watched him with compassionate eyes,

## LVII.

- ‘That swam with tears of perfect happiness.  
‘The conflict in that heart she loved so well  
‘Convinced her, by its innocent distress,  
‘How she herself was loved. No words can tell  
‘What joy this gave her. But canst *thou* not guess?  
‘With thankfulness and bliss unspeakable,  
‘In both her hands she took his cherished head,  
‘And drew it to her—as I thine—and said,

## LVIII.

- ‘“What care I, now, for all the birds in heaven,  
‘“And all their wings? ’Tis thou, and thou alone,  
‘“To whom the message of my heart was given,  
‘“For thou, beloved, hast been the only one  
‘“To understand it, or to hear it even!  
‘“Thou art my Prince, who hast thy princely  
    throne,  
‘“For me renounced. Thy love my freedom brings,  
‘“And thou art here! I have no need of wings;

## LIX.

- ‘“For now, I have no wish to fly away.  
‘“This place is Heaven while thou art by me still!  
‘“And where thou stayest, I with thee will stay,  
‘“For where thou art, there Heaven my soul doth  
    fill!  
‘“’Tis thee I love! and, as I love to-day,  
‘“I loved thee ever, and forever will!  
‘“Thou art my life, and my life’s lord thou art!  
‘“So, for thy kingdom lost, take all my heart!”’

## LX.

These words fell, one by one, distinctly, slowly,  
Upon Glenaveril's listening soul, which drew  
Into its depths of softened melancholy  
Their blissful meaning, as sweet drops of dew,  
Filled with the essences of moments holy  
From stars in summer heavens, are drawn into  
A thirsty land whose stricken flowers revive,  
Drinking heart-deep the balmy boon they give.

## LXI.

And, sweeter than the sweets of all the South,  
Cordelia's lips on his were breathing warm!  
And long and deep on her delicious mouth  
His own, unsated, quaffed without alarm  
The cup divine, Love filled with life and youth;  
That cup, which with an ever-deepening charm  
Love fills forever for his own sweet sake,  
For love's a thirst which loving cannot slake.

## LXII.

And full with sweetness, ever sweeter growing,  
That cup shall be, so long as here below  
The fount of sorrows and of tears is flowing;  
So long as human life for human woe  
Craves human sympathy,—its sweets bestowing  
On all who to its source for solace go;  
For all the sufferings upon earth but prove  
The strength of their sublime consoler, Love!





## CANTO V.

## A RIDE ON A HOBBY-HORSE.

## I.

MEANWHILE, within the Villa Eekermann,  
The other members of the family were  
Now clustering all their reassembled clan  
Around the tea-urn : and, no sooner there  
Did Ivor, with Cordelia, join them, than  
Edelrath's glance his pupil's radiant air  
Completely satisfied that there was now  
No shadow of a cloud between the two.

## II.

Whereat he whispered to Glenaveril  
‘ *Fiat voluntas tua !* For I see  
‘ *My* will is done ! ’ And Ivor answered, still  
Glowing with grateful happiness, as he  
Embraced the hand of his betrothed, ‘ Thy will,  
‘ And hers, and mine, are all the same. We three  
‘ Have but one will now, and ’tis Heaven’s as well.  
‘ Our wills are one and indivisible ! ’

## III.

So audibly he said this, that his host,  
By chance the catchword overhearing, cried  
Across the table, 'That's a foolish boast!  
'All the republics which, in turn, have tried  
'To make it a reality, have lost  
'Their labour, and their liberty beside;  
'Defining by it only despotism,  
'Which always in the end provokes a schism.

## IV.

'Had they assumed for their device instead  
'*Each for his own part, and the whole for none,*'  
'That would have been a less discredited  
'And truer motto.' 'Bless my soul! from one  
'Who is,' said Edelhath, 'not born and bred,  
'But by his own deliberate deed alone,  
'(Which, I presume, his preference dictates)  
'A citizen of the United States,

## V.

'That's a hard saying, surely?' 'Go, and see!'  
Rejoined Herr Jonathan. 'Experience  
'Is quite a different thing from theory,  
'And to the latter I make no pretence.  
'But each Republic is a Company  
'Of Shareholders, for working that immense  
'Gold mine, the Public Pocket. And they are  
'All, in the main, exactly similar;

## VI.

- ' Each is conducted by a President
- ' And Council, who, in all things, great or small,
- ' Are suffered, for a while, to represent
- ' The omnipotence of what its courtiers call
- ' (For, sir, *Vox Populi's* omnipotent,
- ' Tho' not, alas, infallible at all !)
- ' The Grace of Universal Suffrage. Ay,
- ' That's an Omnipotent Fallibility !

## VII.

- ' And they enormous dividends divide,
- ' If they manipulate with fair success
- ' A capital, that can't be verified,
- ' Its greater portion being more or less
- ' Imaginary. Sir, I say, with pride,
- ' I have had plenty of experiences
- ' Of how to manage capital in trade,
- ' And how vast profits may by those be made

## VIII.

- ' Who guess in time what sort of things will suit
- ' The public taste. It matters not a pin
- ' Whether the goods be cochineal and jute,
- ' Or votes and measures, that you traffic in ;
- ' The trick's the same. You've simply to compute
- ' Where public wants are likely to begin,
- ' And how to satisfy them in the way
- ' Most sure to make your speculation pay.

## IX.

‘Moreover, I’m a real republican,  
‘Since choice it is, not chance, that I obey,  
‘Between ourselves,’ continued Jonathan,  
‘All born republicans, the truth to say,  
‘Are but miscarried monarchists.’ ‘O man  
‘Of paradoxes!’ cried Glenaveril, ‘pray,  
‘In that case, since ’tis such an easy thing,  
‘Why do they never choose themselves a king?’

## X.

‘Because ’tis *not*,’ he answered with a sigh,  
‘An easy thing, but an impossible!  
‘Kings are not chosen. That’s the reason why.  
‘The President of a Republic?—well,  
‘That’s what a man *becomes*, and all who try  
‘May hope to be, without a miracle;  
‘But kings are *born*.’ Glenaveril laughed, ‘I see!  
‘And Brillat Savarin appears to me

## XI.

‘In a new light.’ ‘Who’s he?’ exclaimed his host,  
But on, not pausing for reply, he went,  
‘As a republican, mine uttermost  
‘I certainly would spare not to prevent,  
In a republic, even at any cost,  
‘Such a mistake as the establishment  
‘Of monarchy. Yet still, one may deplore  
‘Not finding it established there before;

## XII.

‘For instance, every father must, no doubt,  
    ‘Wish that his son may have the grace to get  
‘Thro’ youth’s temptations, charms, and snares,  
    without  
    ‘Youth’s follies, faults, and peccadillos; yet,  
‘Tho’ he’d not have Young Hopeful go about  
    ‘Sowing wild oats, ’tis not without regret  
‘That he would see the boy to manhood grown  
‘With every one of his wild oats unsown.’

## XIII.

Glenaveril, whose mind, now all at ease,  
    Began to find in Jonathan’s orations  
A charm occasioned by the contrast these  
    Presented to the vehement sensations  
Thro’ which, erewhile, beneath the moonlit trees  
    He had been passing, laughed ‘Your illustrations,  
‘Herr Jonathan, are charming! You employ,  
‘However, in defence of monarchy,

## XIV.

‘A method which, were I a king, I know,  
    ‘Would certainly induce me to exclaim  
‘“*Heaven save me from my friends!*” ‘That may be so,  
    ‘But then, the friends of kings might say the same,’  
Growled Jonathan; ‘for nothing can undo  
    ‘The cause of monarchy, nor put to shame  
‘Its true friends, more completely than the things  
‘Done to destroy its principle by kings;

## XV.

- ‘ When kings, for instance, stoop to take, on vile  
‘ Conditions, as a craved almsgiving, thrown  
‘ By the red mob to them, and all the while  
‘ Dripping with blood and mud, a brother’s crown,  
‘ Or sily aid, with fratricidal guile  
‘ The wreck of thrones as royal as their own !  
‘ When one king traffics in another’s fall,  
‘ To serve his own, he hurts the cause of all !

## XVI.

- ‘ Kings never can be made : and therefore they  
‘ Ought never to be *unmade*. ’Tis, alas,  
‘ Just the reverse of this that every day  
‘ Happens around us now. And, as it was  
‘ Said of some combat, that it died away  
‘ For want of combatants, ’twill come to pass,  
‘ And be recorded amongst ancient things,  
‘ That kingdoms died away for want of kings.’

## XVII.

- ‘ If all republicans were of your way  
‘ Of thinking, we,’ said Ivor, ‘ might transact  
‘ An interchange of paradox, and say  
‘ “ Republics are, by reason of the fact  
‘ “ That there are no republicans.” ’ ‘ You may  
‘ Say it at once, ’tis nearly the exact  
‘ Truth of the matter,’ Jonathan replied.  
‘ What’s the Republic? I have often tried

## XVIII.

‘ To find out what’s the abstract principle  
    ‘ Of which it is the concrete incarnation ;  
‘ And this is all about it I can tell  
    ‘ For certain—the Republic’s a negation.  
‘ Of every other state in which men dwell,  
    ‘ Or form, and method of administration,  
‘ It is the negative. And more than this,  
‘ Who can with certainty affirm it is ?

## XIX.

‘ When it pretends to be Fraternal Love,  
    ‘ Equality, Peace, Virtue, Heaven knows what,  
‘ ’Twere easy, nine times out of ten, to prove  
    ‘ That every one of these things it is not.  
‘ The only thing you can be certain of,  
    ‘ For of nought else can certain proof be got,  
‘ Is that it is not Monarchy, of course :  
‘ And in that fact lies the Republic’s force.

## XX.

‘ For there are hundreds, thousands, one might say  
    ‘ The vast majority of all mankind,  
‘ Whom that negation flatters, in the way  
    ‘ That’s most congenial to the vulgar mind.  
‘ “ Since kings we cannot be ourselves,” say they,  
    ‘ “ The next best thing to being kings we find  
‘ “ In being, at least, able to decree  
    ‘ “ That nobody at all a king shall be.”

## XXI.

‘ And this consolatory power we know  
  ‘ That the Republic on each citizen  
‘ Belonging to it does, in fact, bestow.  
  ‘ A President’s authority such men  
‘ Resent not, because each, tho’ ne’er so low,  
  ‘ Obscure, or sordid, be his native den,  
‘ Is flattered by the thought that he, too, may  
‘ Himself become a President some day.

## XXII.

“ I could be, or I might be—this, or that ! ”  
  ‘ And “ what I’m not, I might have been, in short,  
“ If only that or this, no matter what,  
  ‘ “ Were otherwise ! ” Reflections of this sort  
‘ (For the Subjunctive Mood’s an autocrat !)  
  ‘ Not only constitute the main support  
‘ Of each republic, but, as you will find,  
‘ Command the world, and govern all mankind.

## XXIII.

“ I’m but a private soldier still, no doubt,”  
  ‘ Says to himself the veteran pensioner  
‘ As on his wooden leg he limps about,  
  “ But, then, *I might have been* Field Officer ! ”  
‘ ’Tis this Subjunctive that once put to rout  
  ‘ The hosts of Europe, did on France confer  
‘ Her *Grande Armée*, and to Napoleon gave  
The world that army helped him to enslave.



## XXIV.

“ Sir, not a farthing in the world have I ! ”  
‘ Exclaims the man who begs five pounds of you,  
“ I lost my fortune in the bankruptcy  
“ Of X.Y.Z. My wife is starving too.”  
‘ But then, with a compensatory sigh,  
‘ He whispers to himself, “ *I might*, ’tis true,  
“ *Have been* a millionaire ! ” And this, of course,  
‘ Is the Subjunctive that keeps up the Bourse.

## XXV.

“ I never rise till nearly noon,” remarks  
‘ A fine young gentleman. “ I always go  
“ Late to my office : in the clubs and parks  
“ I pass my afternoons : and I bestow  
“ No time on study, because office-clerks  
“ And junior diplomats ought not to know  
“ More than by their official heads is known,  
“ And too much zeal might only keep me down :

## XXVI.

“ I find it quite enough to be aware  
“ That the best hams, and the best treaties too;  
“ Come from Westphalia : and I take care  
“ Always in what I write to make a few  
“ Misspellings—faults on the right side they are—  
“ Because I’ve heard the Duc de Richelieu  
“ Cared not how his orthography might vary,  
“ Since that, he said, concerned his secretary :

## XXVII.

- “ If international law a little bit  
“ I’ve studied, it is solely for the sake  
“ Of copying dispatches which are writ  
“ With the design, so far as I can make  
“ Their meaning out, of just evading it :  
“ I bet upon most questions, and I’d take  
“ Long odds that from Unpaid Attaché to  
“ Illpaid Attaché, whatsoe’er I do,

## XXVIII.

- “ I have but little chance to rise : and yet  
“ I’m satisfied with my position,—*for*  
“ *I might* some day, *if* I am lucky, get  
“ Myself appointed an Ambassador !”  
‘ This last Subjunctive gives the State a set  
‘ Of brilliant youths (a decorative store  
‘ Of spruce young men who serve it without pay)  
‘ And wastes their lives in the most harmless way.’

## XXIX.

- ‘ And I,’ here interposed Frau Eckermann,  
‘ Am married to a man who loves, I see,  
‘ To talk, and talk, as long as talk he can :  
‘ But then *I might*, you know,’ continued she,  
‘ Have married quite another sort of man,  
‘ Who would have helped me to pass round the tea,  
‘ And served his guests, and done what he was told,  
‘ And drunk his own tea, too, before ’twas cold !’

## XXX.

‘Halt there!’ exclaimed the merchant, rubicund  
With pleasure, as, above her stooping low,  
About his wife’s still comely waist, a fond  
Caressing arm he passed, ‘I don’t allow  
‘Even the Subjunctive Mood to go beyond  
‘Its proper sphere (a big one anyhow!)  
‘And meddle with domestic matters. Here  
‘The place is fully occupied, my dear,

## XXXI.

‘By the Imperative Mood,—and, let me add,  
‘Pluperfect Tense! Come then, and take thy tea,  
‘Emanuel, and sit down there, my lad,  
‘Beside Cor— Where the dickens, then, is she?  
‘I thought I saw her here just now. I had  
‘A word to say to her. And the Professor? He  
‘Was sitting yonder but a minute ago,  
‘And arguing the point with me, I know.’

## XXXII.

‘Arguing!’ cried Frau Eckermann. ‘Well, well,  
‘He made but a poor fight of it, that’s true!  
‘Silenced *his* batteries, Emanuel,  
‘At the first shot! Dealt him his Waterloo!  
‘The victory was incontestable!  
‘And so he’s fled? and abdicated, too!  
‘Amazing!’ Said Frau Eckermann again,  
‘My dear, whenever your political vein

## XXXIII.

‘Is running, and you have the luck to find  
‘A listener as complaisant as our dear  
‘Good Herr Emanuel, you are so blind  
‘And deaf that, if just then your own cashier  
‘Should diabolically be inclined  
‘To steal the safe, and with it disappear,  
‘I don’t believe you’d ever notice it.’  
‘Faith!’ laughed her husband, ‘there I’m fairly hit!’

## XXXIV.

‘Nothing is more extraordinary than  
‘The pleasure everybody takes, no doubt,  
‘(At least I needs must own,’ sighed Eckermann,  
‘I do myself) in holding forth about  
‘What no one understands. But, wife, where can  
‘Cordelia be? Go, child, and find her out,  
‘And tell her that tea’s waiting! And our guest,  
‘Look for him, too, and—’ ‘He is gone to rest;

## XXXV.

‘’Tis half-an-hour ago,’ triumphantly  
His wife said, smiling, ‘that he went away  
‘To smoke his pipe. He lacks not company;  
‘Cordelia’s with him. And Cordelia  
‘Has taken up his tea to him.’ ‘Ay, ay,’  
Sighed Jonathan, ‘he’s had a trying day!  
‘I trust that he has all he wants up there.  
‘Well, we must leave him in Cordelia’s care.

## XXXVI.

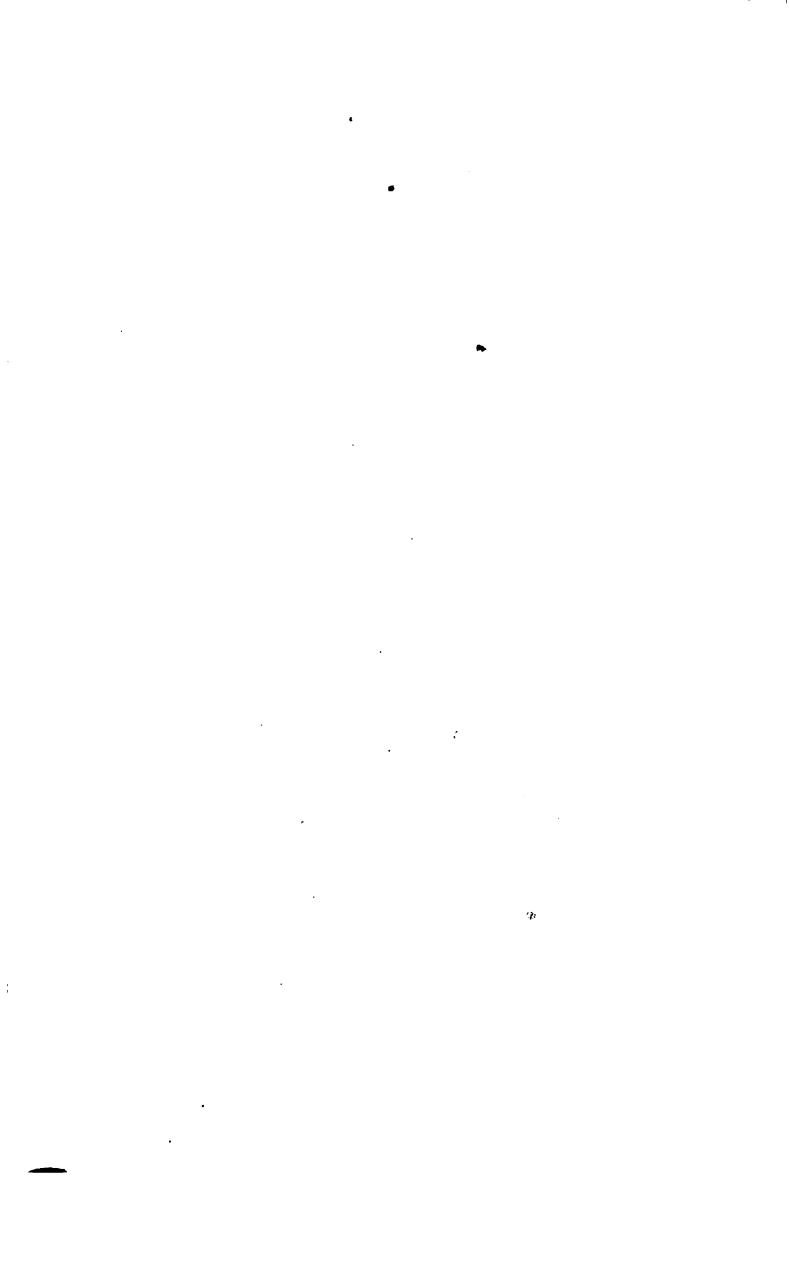
‘I’m sorry, tho’! I should have liked to hear  
‘His views upon the social influence  
‘Of the Subjunctive Mood. I rather fear  
‘That you and I are, in a certain sense,  
‘Herr Doctor—for you *are*, I think, my dear  
‘Emanuel, a doctor?’ ‘No offence,’  
Glenaveril laughed ‘I’m *not* a doctor, *but*  
‘I *might*, you know, *have been* one, *if—*’ ‘Tut! tut!

## XXXVII.

‘My good Sir, the Subjunctive Mood is not  
‘A thing to joke about. It is, indeed,  
‘More serious, I conceive, than your whole lot  
‘Of Ologies and Onomies. Just heed  
‘What I’m about to say—’ And, waxing hot,  
The incorrigible disputant with speed  
Went on, his hand on Ivor’s shoulder laying,  
‘Now, the Subjunctive Mood, as I was saying—’

END OF BOOK THE FIFTH.











# GLENAVERIL.



## BOOK THE SIXTH.



### CORDELIA.

CANTO I.—LOVE'S METAMORPHOSES.

CANTO II.—THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

CANTO III.—THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS.

CANTO IV.—DAWN.



## CANTO I.

### LOVE'S METAMORPHOSES.

#### I.

THE maiden and her youngest friend, the old man,  
Were pacing with slow steps the chamber, where  
Erewhile the Royalist-Republican  
Had, to his guest's confusion and despair,  
So eagerly developed his great plan  
For reëstablishing, about a pair  
As blest as our first parents ere Cain's birth,  
All the delights of Paradise on earth.

#### II.

Within the Scholar's arm Cordelia  
Had wound her own ; and, clasping over it  
Her two hands in the most caressing way,  
About that favoured arm of his she knit  
The prettiest Gordian knot that could delay  
A conqueror, and induce him to admit  
All sorts of reasons why he should not try  
A violent solution of its tie.

## III.

Her attitude, which the Subjunctive Mood  
Replaced by a conjunction, plainly meant  
That the Conditional (altho', for good  
Or ill, it claims to be omnipotent  
O'er human intercourse) was understood  
To be dethroned by mutual consent  
In this completely-confidential stage  
Of good relations between Youth and Age.

## IV.

'I now have given you,' to his young ally  
Said Edelrath, 'a key that's sure to fit  
'The few locks of this long-shut mystery  
'Not yet unfastened by your own fine wit.  
'Tho' you, its innocentest victim, I  
'Feared to see fall a sacrifice to it,  
'Glenaveril's sufferings worse than yours have proved,  
'And that is just. He wronged you, tho' he loved.

## V.

'But you, Cordelia, have not indicated  
'The Ariadne from whose hand you got  
'The clue that safe thro' such an iron-gated  
'Death-haunted labyrinth led you. Was it not  
'Your Guardian's correspondents (for he stated  
'That he had correspondents on the spot—  
'I mean, at Heidelberg) who first disclosed  
'Cause for—' But here Cordelia interposed;

## VI.

‘Dear, excellent Jonathan!’ she laughed, ‘ill able  
‘To hold, unbroken, Ariadne’s thread,  
‘Unless she spun it thick as a ship’s cable,  
‘His hands would be! The Minotaur might lead  
‘A life still safe and undiscoverable,  
‘If Jonathan were Theseus. No,’ she said,  
‘No need of art or artifice had I  
‘To penetrate Glenaveril’s mystery;

## VII.

‘Its author put into my hands the clue,  
‘Himself, unconsciously, against his will.’  
‘I understand,’ said Edelrath. ‘’Tis true,  
‘Nature hath given to dear Glenaveril  
‘An air of such distinction, that in you,  
‘Whose eye reads character with natural skill,  
‘His high-bred aspect failed not to awaken  
‘Suspensions of the truth’—‘Again mistaken,’

## VIII.

Replied Cordelia. ‘No, I saw no more,  
‘When first I saw him, than his eyes. Those two  
‘Letters, wherein we both had met before,  
‘Then changed themselves into two looks. And, tho’  
‘So brief, so silent, and so swiftly o’er,  
‘That second meeting, he, who was, you know,  
‘Assured, as well he might be till that day,  
‘That I had never left America,

## IX.

- ‘ Knew me the moment that we met. Since then,  
‘ He oft has told me so. But, as for me,  
‘ Who there had come to seek Emanuel, when  
‘ I saw him, no surmise had I that he  
‘ Was not the man I sought. I felt again,  
‘ Even more strongly than before, that we  
‘ Were born to understand each other well ;  
‘ Yet doubted not he was Emanuel.

## X.

- ‘ Thrice blessèd be the generous inspiration  
‘ That prompted Ivor to insist upon  
‘ An interchange of title, name, and station,  
‘ Which Fate has since confirmed ! For I anon  
‘ Owed to this second error my salvation  
‘ From the deception of the previous one ;  
‘ And, thanks to it, Emanuel’s name to me  
‘ Became not, what it else had proved to be,

## XI.

- ‘ The fatal sail whose sable hue deceived  
‘ The sire of Theseus. ’Twas by slow degrees  
‘ My heart its knowledge of the truth achieved ;  
‘ And the slow pace of its discoveries  
‘ The shock of their collective force relieved,  
‘ When, wincing underneath the weight of these  
‘ Revealed deceptions, where’er I turned I found  
‘ My footstep slipping upon loosened ground.

## XII.

- ‘ The utterances of delirium  
    ‘ In this resemble those of poësy—  
‘ That both of them impetuously come,  
    ‘ And neither of them pauses to employ  
‘ Explanatory phrases. Travelling from  
    ‘ A greater distance—where their sources lie  
‘ In the remoter deeps of feeling—each  
‘ Says less, and yet means more, than common speech :

## XIII.

- ‘ Involuntary cries, whose fitful strain  
    ‘ Is intermittent as the news they bear,  
‘ They reach us from an unseen battle plain  
    ‘ With intimations of the strife which there  
‘ Is going on. And far that vexed domain  
    ‘ Of nature lies beyond our vision, where,  
‘ Save for such intimations, we know nought  
‘ About the battle that is being fought.

## XIV.

- ‘ All those who watch the fever of the mind,  
    ‘ Or body, with indifferent ears and eyes,  
‘ Can only in its fervid language find  
    ‘ An incoherent chaos of wild cries :  
‘ Poets and sick men need the self-same kind  
    ‘ Of divination ; for their speech implies  
‘ More than it says, and is but hints dispersed ;  
‘ To understand them, you must love them first.

## XV.

- ‘What struck me most, as night by night I sat,  
‘To the long wild delirious wanderings  
‘Of my poor patient listening hushed, was that  
‘Emanuel’s name and mine, like rival kings,  
‘The whole confusion seemed to dominate  
‘In different ways. All dreadful thoughts and  
things  
‘One image summoned, and the other banished,  
‘As each in turn the tumult crossed and vanished.

## XVI.

- ‘The voice that called upon Emanuel  
‘Was full of terror, as of tenderness  
‘The voice that called Cordelia. I knew well  
‘Whence came the last. And with what tearful bliss  
‘I heard that troubled heart the healing spell  
‘Of mine thus all unconsciously confess  
‘Upon eternity’s dim brink ! But whence  
‘Its other cry’s importunate vehemence ?

## XVII.

- ‘Why should he call himself by his own name ?  
‘Why should he call himself at all ? And why  
‘Seemed it as if this invocation came  
‘Out of the depths of some great agony ?  
‘Nobody calls himself (I mused) the same  
‘Familiar word that others call him by :  
‘And why, indeed, should anybody call  
‘Himself by any vocative at all ?



## XVIII.

- ‘ Since a man’s self’s the only thing a man  
‘ Cannot get rid of, try the most he may,  
‘ What can (I thought), be more unnatural than  
‘ That any man to his own self should say  
‘ “ Come hither ” ? Easier understand I can  
‘ That he should to himself say “ go away ! ”  
‘ Especially if to himself he were  
‘ An object of such horror or despair.

## XIX.

- ‘ This was a flash of lightning, but it lit  
‘ Abysmal darkness only. ’Tis not you,  
‘ Whose erudition hath ransacked that pit,  
‘ The Past, wherein death stores, to keep it true,  
‘ The truth of life, whose treasure bit by bit  
‘ Research extracts, and analyses too,—  
‘ It is not you, who need be told what I  
‘ Then found—that there is no reality

## XX.

- ‘ In Fiction’s academic artifice,  
‘ When it permits the tragedy’s fifth act  
‘ To employ delirious sleep as a device  
‘ Of conscience, for disclosing some dark fact  
‘ In utterance explicit and precise.  
‘ Such sleep’s real utterance is a cataract  
‘ Of incoherent vehemences—moans,  
‘ And sobs, and sighs, and inarticulate tones !

## XXI.

‘ But, ah ! when, seated by the sufferer’s bed,  
    ‘ Brooding on all his movements with an eye  
‘ That care, and vigil long, have rimmed with red,  
    ‘ Seizing the tear that turns into a sigh,  
‘ And watching lips that move with words unsaid,  
    ‘ You take your own part in the tragedy,  
‘ Then will you know the patient better than  
‘ You otherwise could ever know the man !

## XXII.

‘ We say of those who at death’s door have been,  
    ‘ When they recover, that they were far gone :  
‘ And that is true. Dim regions lie between  
    ‘ The border-lands of Life and Death, and zone  
‘ The distant frontiers of a world unseen ;  
    ‘ The vexed and wandering spirits that alone  
‘ Those regions roam, whence rarely they return,  
‘ Can only send across their cloudy bourne

## XXIII.

‘ Brief, broken, agitated messages,  
    ‘ Which in their passage often go astray ;  
‘ And we, to understand such news, must guess  
    ‘ From gap to gap our hesitating way.  
‘ Yet what these cries unconsciously confess  
    ‘ Is full of meaning ; and I now can say  
‘ That there’s in Ivor’s character no fold  
‘ Which doth from me one hidden thought withhold.

## XXIV.

- ‘ I know him better than himself he knows ;  
    ‘ And both his best and worst, love equally.  
‘ A Tree of Knowledge in Love’s Eden grows.  
    ‘ The fruit Eve plucked, whate’er she lost thereby,  
‘ Gave her, at least, the power to share his woes  
    ‘ Who with her tasted it. Her child am I,  
‘ And, whatsoe’er it cost me, I would still  
‘ Take, with love’s good unstinted, all its ill.

## XXV.

- ‘ Some personal interest must the listener move  
    ‘ To interpret right delirium’s ravings drear ;  
‘ But, let the sufferer be the man you love,  
    ‘ And then from deep to deep the call grows clear.  
‘ The stricken one whose bed I bent above  
    ‘ Was not Emanuel. From the pain and fear  
‘ Emanuel’s name evoked, this fact stood out  
‘ Beyond the possibility of doubt.

## XXVI.

- ‘ But then, if not Emanuel, who was he ?  
‘ He could but be one other ; and I knew  
‘ That, being not Emanuel, he must be  
    ‘ Emanuel’s friend, the English Noble, who,  
‘ Until that drear discovery, had to me  
    ‘ Been but a name and nothing more. The two  
‘ Must have changed names and characters. But why ?  
‘ What was the meaning of this travesty ?

## XXVII.

- ‘Was it caprice, or was it accident?  
‘That such a substitution had dictated  
‘The cherished answer to my letter sent,  
‘Did not at first occur to me. Love dated  
‘Remembrance from that last supreme event,  
‘Our second meeting, which to looks translated  
‘All by the pen first told—that I was loved.  
‘How could the answer’s truth be better proved?

## XXVIII.

- ‘Moreover, all the care the sick man’s state  
‘Exacted every moment at my hands,  
‘Left to my thoughts no time to meditate  
‘On past or future, until such demands  
‘Became less constant and importunate.  
‘To smooth the pillows, change the blood-soaked  
bands,  
‘And minister the potions to his pain,  
‘Dreading lest all I did be all in vain;

## XXIX.

- ‘These tasks, and the attention they required,  
‘My thoughts of him by day and night possessed;  
‘And, with these tasks, the interest each inspired  
‘Drew me towards him; and the woman’s zest  
‘In nursing, thus insensibly acquired,  
‘Coöperated with that interest  
‘To silence all suspicions that denied  
‘My title to be sitting at his side,

## XXX.

- ‘ But when I fully realized at last  
    ‘ That the poor sufferer, I still watched above,  
‘ Was not the man to whom my life’s whole past  
    ‘ Had vowed its future—my predestined love,  
‘ The son of her to whom my father’s vast  
    ‘ Devotion now all fruitless seemed to prove,  
‘ And the dear faith it to my love had given,  
‘ A faith defeated and insulted even ;

## XXXI.

- ‘ Then—then—I own, the terror of that thought  
    ‘ Changed love itself to an immense dismay.  
‘ Such pain and shame the revelation wrought,  
    ‘ That my first instinct was to shrink away,  
‘ Anywhere—from myself—from him—from aught  
    ‘ That yet remained of all which till that day  
‘ Had been my universe ; tho’ refuge none  
‘ Was left me. God himself from Heaven seemed  
    gone.

## XXXII.

- ‘ The one sensation uppermost in me  
    ‘ Was, so to speak, the wreck of all sensation.  
‘ Conscious, in some vague way, I seemed to be ;  
    ‘ But conscious only of annihilation.  
‘ Had I not been o’erwhelmed so utterly  
    ‘ Beneath the shelter of its indignation  
‘ I might, perhaps, have then contrived to place  
‘ Love’s cowardice, and bury my disgrace

## XXXIII.

‘No matter where, if only out of sight,  
‘Under the ruins of my happiness.  
‘Most fortunately Ivor’s perilous plight  
‘Pleaded his cause, and forced me to confess  
‘That duty even still prohibited flight.  
‘Fate of his life had made me arbitress;  
‘To leave him as he was would be, I knew it,  
‘Like signing his death-warrant. Could I do it?

## XXXIV.

‘Place for revenge there was not in my mind;  
‘All that I felt was shame and impotence.  
‘They who can in revenge a refuge find  
‘Have still a past and future left—a sense  
‘Of something which, before them or behind,  
‘Remains, amidst life’s ruins, for defence  
‘Or else attack, to rally energy  
‘And hope. But no such stimulant had I.

## XXXV.

‘On whom should I revenge myself? Alas,  
‘I only knew that I had been betrayed,  
‘I knew not even who my betrayer was!  
‘I saw the shrines where I had knelt and prayed,  
‘The mystic chalice that contained the mass,  
‘The altars upon which my life had laid  
‘Its holiest offering, and the trophied staves  
‘Whose banners sheltered consecrated graves,

## . XXXVI.

- ‘ All these—I saw them shattered by a blow  
    ‘ Which seemed to leave, not my poor love alone,  
‘ But all love, menaced by the only foe  
    ‘ Love cannot overcome—the only one  
‘ Whose least assaults leave love no weapons, no  
    ‘ Asylum even—a lie! My own had none,  
‘ And all unarmed it had to fight. For I  
‘ Could neither shun the strife, nor from it fly.

## XXXVII.

- “ ‘Heavens!’ I exclaimed, “ can Youth deceive? If  
    Youth  
    “ ‘Be insincere, where else, then, may Love find  
“ ‘Sincerity on earth? And where can Truth  
    “ ‘From the humiliation of mankind  
“ ‘Her face conceal? Is it not enough, forsooth,  
    “ ‘That men should traffic in all else? what kind  
“ ‘Of trade in counterfeit is theirs whose dealings  
“ ‘With Truth are forgeries of Truth’s own feelings?”

## XXXVIII.

- ‘ I to my side had called a brother—yes,  
    ‘ A brother—for we both could trace our birth  
‘ From martyrs perfect in devotedness  
    ‘ To the divinest feeling upon earth.  
“ ‘Brother,” I cried, “ thro’ us, let Heaven redress  
    “ ‘The wrong that, life from life, and hearth from  
        hearth,  
“ ‘Our parents parted; and their souls; above  
“ ‘Their graves, unite in our predestined love!”

## XXXIX.

‘How stood the case? Heaven owed a solemn debt  
‘To both our parents, and ’twas still unpaid ;  
‘For in their hearts its covenant it set,  
‘When “ Love, and trust my loving care,” it said,  
‘“ Your love to bless ! ” They loved and trusted : yet  
‘Heaven’s promise earth’s resistance to it made  
‘Abortive ; and, by loveless fate defeated,  
‘Heaven had from love’s deserted cause retreated ;

## XL.

‘Whilst all that had from them been claimed by  
Heaven  
‘As the condition of its blessing, still  
‘Their faithful hearts without reserve had given,  
‘Loving and trusting wholly. Ill on ill  
‘In vain against their love and trust had striven,  
‘But not, it seemed, in vain against Heaven’s will  
‘On their behalf. Away from earth they passed,  
‘Heaven’s promise unaccomplished to the last ;

## XLI.

‘Their claim on it was still unsatisfied ;  
‘Its debt to them, still owing, thus remained  
‘Their children’s heritage. That undenied,  
‘Yet still unsettled, claim had now attained  
‘To vast proportions. What a rich and wide  
‘Inheritance of bliss to be regained,  
‘If we, its true-born heirs, now understood  
‘The means to make our title to it good !



## XLII.

‘ And so, to him whom I believed to be  
    ‘ My heart’s co-heir in this great heritage,  
‘ I made appeal—“ Come, brother ! and, with me,  
    “ Firm, against Fate, before Heaven’s chancery,  
        wage  
“ The cause of Dispossessed Humanity ! ”  
    ‘ Two men, both young, dealt with this embassy  
‘ From a girl’s faith. One of them disbelieved me,  
‘ The other one, believing, had deceived me.

## XLIII.

‘ Contèmplating my heart’s catastrophe,  
    ‘ Stronger I felt my indignation grow.  
‘ “ No ! ” I exclaimed, “ unsullied still shall be  
    “ The shrine whereof I am the priestess. No !  
‘ “ ’Tis not my faith’s insulted ark, but he  
    “ Whose sacrilegious hand its overthrow  
‘ “ Attempted, that shall here be overthrown ;  
‘ “ And may this hour’s disgrace be all his own !

## XLIV.

‘ “ Unchanged be still our places, his and mine,  
    “ Unchanged our parts ! till, with despairing eyes,  
‘ “ The avenged divinity of Truth’s wronged shrine  
    “ The wronger hath been forced to recognise.  
‘ “ Then, recognising Truth, her power divine  
    “ He shall adore ; and, as his soul’s best prize,  
‘ “ Desire to be, himself, her priest elected,  
‘ “ Only to find his sacrifice rejected ! ”

## XLV.

‘And, draping round me the offended pride  
‘Of all my vestal dignity, again  
‘I took, and kept, my watchful place beside  
‘The bed where, moaning feebly in his pain,  
‘Lay the poor culprit who on me relied  
‘Unconsciously (tho’ not, thank Heaven, in vain !)  
‘For the hard rescue of a life that’s grown  
‘Since then far dearer to me than my own.’

## XLVI.

Cordelia paused and sighed. She seemed beset  
By some supreme remembrance that subdued  
All her sensations to a dream, and set  
Around that dream a sudden solitude.  
Her eyes were drooped, and their long lashes wet  
With a soft brilliance. In this musing mood  
She murmured, ‘Ah, ’tis hard to comprehend,  
‘And harder still to explain, oneself, dear friend !

## XLVII.

‘Full of self-contradictions, I confess,  
‘A woman’s nature is. Its strength is made  
‘Out of innumerable weaknesses,  
‘And it is boldest when ’tis most afraid;  
‘Caprice is hid in its devotedness,  
‘And pride in its humility displayed.  
‘I had to bend my head, and bend it low,  
‘A suppliant for the right to lift it now.’

## XLVIII.

She said this with a little haughty smile,  
That seemed an answer to some voice unheard  
In her own heart. And silent for awhile  
They both remained ; for Edelrath, who feared  
Either to interrupt, or to beguile  
Her thoughts away from what to him appeared  
Their solemn searching of a beautiful soul,  
Said nothing. Presently, she turned her whole

## XLIX.

Sweet face upon him, filled with serious lights.  
‘How can I ever make this clear?’ said she,  
‘It seems impossible ! In those long nights  
‘I saw mine own Ideal come to me.  
‘This is no figure, but a fact. Some sights  
‘There are, which by a second sight we see,  
‘Yet not on that account are they less real ;  
‘’Twas thus I really saw mine own Ideal.

## L.

‘The silentness of night ; the dimness there,  
‘That with its droplike sounds significant  
‘The ticking timepiece filled ; the tepid air  
‘Of the sick chamber, steeped in stimulant  
‘And sedative aromas, floating, rare  
‘And faint, from cups and phials : the low pant  
‘Of a pained slumber sighing in my ear ;  
‘All these diffused a mystic atmosphere ;

## LI.

‘ An atmosphere that mirrored, as they rose,  
‘ In its mirage the visions of the mind ;  
‘ Phantasmal panoramas ! such as those  
‘ Which, far away in Araby or Ind,  
‘ The desert’s dreaming solitude bestows  
‘ On fervid heavens unfanned by any wind :  
‘ And this fine, sensitive atmosphere—this breath  
‘ Of a life hovering on the verge of death,

## LII.

‘ All hushed and dim with soft solemnities,  
‘ Was to the nature, soft and solemn too,  
‘ Of mine Ideal, as his native skies,  
‘ Regained, are to some delicate sufferer who,  
‘ Sent back to his own clime to die there, dies  
‘ At least a painless death, and breathes anew  
‘ An easier sigh, and smiles a happier smile,  
‘ Smiling and sighing farewell all the while.

## LIII.

‘ With all about it in that silent room  
‘ Its image made itself familiar—moved  
‘ Majestically through the perfumed gloom,  
‘ Between the priestess and the victim—roved  
‘ Around the altar like its god, in whom  
‘ Alone was lodged the power, with unreprieved  
‘ Assurance, to pronounce the victim’s fate,  
‘ And to the priestess all her task dictate.

## LIV.

‘ I felt that, from the influence of my will,  
‘ This image, all emancipated now,  
‘ Was passed away : but I could even still  
‘ Its looks interpret, and I seemed to know,  
‘ With a mysterious melancholy thrill,  
‘ That it to me was whispering, “ Since thou  
‘ “ No longer needest me, altho’ in fact  
‘ “ I still exist, I for myself will act.”

## LV.

‘ Night after night renewed the visitation :  
‘ Greeting me, careless, as one greets an old  
‘ Acquaintance without formal salutation,  
‘ It slid between the dim bed-curtain’s fold,  
‘ By Ivor’s pillowed cheek assumed its station,  
‘ Seemed with his dreams mute conference to hold,  
‘ And to him, as it faded from my sight,  
‘ Gave something of itself—night after night.

## LVI.

‘ It was as when a dying man, before  
‘ He dies, disposes of his property :  
‘ Nor, till these nightlong interviews were o’er  
‘ With Ivor, did the image, fleeting by,  
‘ Deign to bestow on me a smile once more ;  
‘ A smile that, half made up of mockery  
‘ And half of sadness, still was suppliant,  
‘ Tender, and searchingly significant.

## LVII.

‘ At last, one night,—returning thus,—to me  
    ‘ The form of mine Ideal more ethereal,  
‘ And more indefinite, appeared to be ;  
    ‘ In its deep gaze was a sad light sidereal,  
‘ Solemn, and distant ; and I seemed to see  
    ‘ Its motions thro’ some vision less material ;  
‘ Slower than ever they had fallen yet,  
‘ Its footsteps lingered, slackened by regret.

## LVIII.

‘ In a profound sweet slumber Ivor lay ;  
    ‘ Above the sleeper’s brow the image bowed,  
‘ Kissed it, and, passing silently away  
    ‘ Forever, like a disappearing cloud  
‘ That cannot be recalled, (for night or day  
    ‘ Never again, from its sepulchral shroud  
‘ To me hath come my dear Ideal back)  
‘ It vanished, leaving only in its track

## LIX.

‘ The never-lost remembrance of a sweet  
    ‘ Grave gesture, that just indicated where  
‘ With him, across whose sleep we seemed to meet  
    ‘ For the last time, the gifts it gave him were.  
‘ Ere it could sigh farewell, it faded fleet ;  
    ‘ And its fond lips the word unspoken there  
‘ Left open, parted by a painless sigh,  
‘ Like wings unclasped and just about to fly.

## LX.

‘ On him, whom mine Ideal had, by this  
‘ Farewell, bequeathed to me, I gazed : and now  
‘ From his closed lids, to thank that parting kiss,  
‘ A tear had started, and was trickling slow  
‘ Down his thin cheek. O’er that poor tear of his  
‘ I bent ; and, kneeling down beside him, low  
‘ I breathed a vow which binds to his the heart  
‘ That vowed it,—never, nevermore, to part !’

## LXI.

Again Cordelia paused : again went on :

‘ As one love to another then gave place,  
‘ I knew at last that the departing one  
‘ Was self-love only. Yet it had the grace  
‘ With which a sculptor clothes the shapeless stone  
‘ His art endows with human form and face ;  
‘ And the significance, to fervour wrought,  
‘ With which a poet fills the shapeless thought ;

## LXII.

‘ Nor can I think of it ungratefully.  
‘ As to the sculptor is the statue, as  
‘ The poem to the poet, so was my  
‘ Ideal to myself. Its beauty was  
‘ My own creation ; its utility  
‘ Survived in what its influence brought to pass,  
‘ For my requital when its task was done—  
‘ A real love with a diviner tone !

## LXIII.

‘That real love, whose paths it had made straight,  
‘And whose approach along the desert years  
‘Its voice proclaimed, it lived to inaugurate  
‘And bless ; and, bearing from the vale of tears  
‘Its parting baptism, my heart, elate,  
‘Unhindered, and unhurt by doubts or fears,  
‘Went forth upon the mission it received,  
‘In love believing, and by love believed.’

## LXIV.

Edelrath pressed a cordial kiss upon  
Cordelia’s trembling hand. ‘You have,’ said he,  
‘By conquering yourself, sublimely won  
‘What was already yours. But pardon me,’  
He added in a fondly anxious tone,  
‘A fear lest all that now you feel should be  
‘Only the old Ideal—still the same,  
‘Tho’ in another form, with a new name ;

## LXV.

‘I mean, the same enthusiasm, still  
‘Related but remotely to life’s facts ;  
‘From whose illusions sweet, your heart is ill  
‘Defended by the faith on which it acts.  
‘You think you know by heart Glenaveril,  
‘From what you have well called “wild cataracts  
‘“Of incoherent vehemence”—revelations  
‘Only of a sick man’s disturbed sensations.



## LXVI.

- ‘ But life’s not fever. O my child, take care !  
‘ Is not this also an ideal creed ?  
‘ Of its ideal promises beware !  
‘ I do not counsel you to pay no heed  
‘ To such outpourings as reveal the rare  
‘ And precious amiabilities that plead  
‘ For recognition of the rich contents  
‘ Of Ivor’s nature ; but, at all events,

## LXVII.

- ‘ The actual life of day by day no more  
‘ All these fine qualities without alloy  
‘ Can use, than unadulterated ore  
‘ The goldsmiths can commercially employ.  
‘ Glenaveril, the sick man at death’s door,  
‘ You know : but I, Glenaveril, man and boy,  
‘ Have known in the full healthy exercise  
‘ Of all his ordinary faculties :

## LXVIII.

- ‘ Excellent faculties, I grant, they are ;  
‘ Nor are they common ones. Of purest gold  
‘ His nature is ; the worth of it is rare  
‘ In its refinement, rich in manifold  
‘ Merits. It has but one fault, I declare ;  
‘ *There’s no alloy in it.* But then, I hold,  
‘ *All is too-much.* All pure simplicity,  
‘ And unalloyed benevolence, is he ! ’

## LXIX.

‘Add,’ said Cordelia, ‘all unselfishness !  
‘All confidence ! With but a rotten root  
‘To cling to, when into death’s dark abyss  
‘Friendship, not pausing even to compute  
‘The danger, flings itself, what more than this  
‘Can Love exact from its most resolute  
‘Disciple, in the way of guarantees  
‘For all conceivable contingencies ?

## LXX.

‘Yes,’ she went on, ‘believe me, it is not  
‘Upon the sick man at death’s door, nor yet  
‘On secrets only from delirium got,  
‘That its well-founded faith my heart has set ;  
‘Nor was it from that visionary grot  
‘Where, sepulchred in robe and coronet,  
‘Reposed love’s Dead Ideal, that at last  
‘New light flashed o’er the future and the past ;

## LXXI.

‘This time, at least, ’twas no imagination,  
‘But fact, both positive and palpable,  
‘To which I owed the welcome revelation.  
‘And that reminds me I have yet to tell,  
‘When first I learned from his own perturbation  
‘That the sick man was not Emanuel,  
‘What pains I took to work this problem out  
‘By proofs that put the truth beyond a doubt.

## LXXII.

- ‘ My Guardian from the first had deemed it best  
‘ To search the papers of the sufferer, whom  
‘ He still believes to be Emanuel, lest  
‘ Their purport should require him to assume  
‘ Some duty in Emanuel’s interest ;  
‘ But nothing that demanded, or left room  
‘ For, any special action of that kind  
‘ Did Eckermann in Ivor’s papers find ;

## LXXIII.

- ‘ All that he found there was—besides my own  
‘ Poor letter to Emanuel—some few bills  
‘ With pencil notes upon them jotted down ;  
‘ A circular note from Lord Glenaveril’s  
‘ Bankers ; and, loose among these papers thrown,  
‘ A long report, on farms, and mines, and mills,  
‘ Signed ‘ Matthew Grey,’ whom we supposed to be  
‘ The late Earl’s agent. All these papers he

## LXXIV.

- ‘ Transmitted to the authorities at Berne.  
‘ Their being in Emanuel’s pocket book,  
‘ The confidential, secretarial, turn  
‘ Which his relations with his dead friend took  
‘ Sufficiently explained, and we could learn  
‘ No more. For me, I never cared to look  
‘ Beyond this explanation, till each word  
‘ That from the sick man’s fevered lips I heard

## LXXV.

‘ Had justified my right to investigate  
    ‘ A mystery of which I seemed to see  
‘ Myself the victim,—and to learn my fate  
    ‘ From every source accessible to me.  
‘ I knew that in that pocket-book, whose late  
    ‘ Contents had been disposed of, there could be  
‘ No papers save of the most common kind,  
‘ From which I neither hoped, nor sought, to find

## LXXVI.

‘ The smallest secret. But I knew, no less,  
    ‘ That I should find there all I cared to know—  
‘ The truth at which it sickened me to guess !  
    ‘ And so it was. I had no need to go  
‘ In search of truth’s unconscious witnesses :  
    ‘ For in each scrap there, to my shame and woe,  
‘ The writing of that letter, which till then  
‘ Had filled my heart with pride, I found again.

## LXXVII.

‘ Among these papers there was one—I think  
    ‘ It must have been a leaflet torn away  
‘ From some small note-book—written in pale ink,  
    ‘ Much blotted,—and the words I read there—they,  
‘ When I seemed tottering, dizzy, on the brink  
    ‘ Of an abyss, my rescue wrought—But stay !’  
And here Cordelia from her bosom took,  
And, with a tremulous voice, and tender look,

## LXXVIII.

Read out, as o'er her treasure-trove she bent,  
These words—" *Mem. Grey—Consult with valuer—*  
" *Accumulated surplus to be spent*  
" *In founding—it shall bear the name of Her—*  
" *Good Educational Establishment*  
" *(Endowed with fund sufficient to confer*  
" *Dowry on well-conducted when they wed)*  
" *For penniless maidens.*" 'When this note,' she said,

## LXXIX.

'I conned, on these words too, scarce legible,  
'In pencil-marks across it traced, I came—  
" *How he would jeer me, dear Emanuel,*  
" *Were I to tell him that Cordelia's name*  
" *Had lent the benediction of its spell*  
" *To this design !*" My friend, you need not blame  
'My poor Ideal, if, when I perused  
'Those lines, mine eyes were all with tears suffused.

## LXXX.

'Twas not, you see, ideal dreams alone,  
'But fact's significance, that undertook  
'My heart's conversion. And in every one  
'Of the contents of that most precious book  
'Some welcome word I found, that led me on  
'More trustfully and gratefully to look  
'Into the thoughts of him whose heart had known  
'How to respond so richly to my own.'

## LXXXI.

‘I ask no better,’ Edelrath replied,  
‘Cordelia, than to be disarmed by you ;  
‘And to convert me wholly to your side  
‘There rests but little more for you to do ;  
‘But I confess—forgive me, child,’ he sighed,  
‘That of my previous scruples one or two  
‘Restrain me still. How much I disapprove,  
‘Whether it be in friendship, or in love,

## LXXXII.

‘Of the least want of frankness, need I say ?  
‘A first refusal of the reverence due  
‘To scrupulous truth sufficed to lead astray  
‘A noble heart ; the second, tho’ ’tis true  
‘I cannot censure it in the same way,  
‘Since ’twas a fair incognito, and few  
‘Have ever had a worthier inspiration,  
‘Still, rendered more confused the situation ;

## LXXXIII.

‘But until now the fault, if fault there were,  
‘Was all on one side only, and Heaven knows  
‘That was enough ! Child, child, when once aware  
‘Of the clear truth, how could you tolerate those  
Continued torments of a heart laid bare  
‘To your inspection, conscious they arose  
‘Out of a situation false, which you,  
‘Its dupe no longer, knew to be untrue ?

## LXXXIV.

- ‘How could you, by a silence that proclaimed  
‘A falsehood, make yourself the associate  
‘Of the deception you had justly blamed,  
‘And, thus inverting, still perpetuate  
‘The fraud which else had died as soon as named?  
‘Why, having shunned so narrowly the fate  
‘Of that fraud’s victim, on yourself confer  
‘The function of the executioner?’

## LXXXV.

- ‘Glenaveril, tangled in the meshes dread  
‘Which fate had woven around him—crushed  
    between  
‘Conflicting duties—stricken, heart and head,  
‘On every side, and torn with torments keen,  
‘Suffered atrociously. His thoughts you read,  
‘And all his sufferings by you were seen;  
‘One word from you the meshes would have broken,  
‘Yet on your lip that word remained unspoken;

## LXXXVI.

- ‘You hushed it, if it rose, and in your heart  
‘You hid it, with a courage of repression  
‘Almost miraculous! And, for my part,  
‘Much as I must admire such self-possession,  
‘I could not wish to have acquired the art  
‘Of exercising it. In this confession  
‘No premature reproach would I imply,  
‘Only a wondering curiosity.’

## LXXXVII.

At that abrupt severe apostrophe,  
Cordelia, until then so confident,  
And calmly self-assured, appeared to be  
Profoundly troubled. She stood still, and bent  
Her head, but answered not. Both he and she  
Had ceased to pace the chamber ; and she leant,  
Silent, against the wall ; her arms close crossed  
Upon her breast, as in reflection lost.





## CANTO II.

## THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

## I.

EDELRAETH, too, was silent ; and he gazed  
Upon Cordelia with searching eyes.  
Her reticence distressed him, and amazed.  
She did not seem to notice his surprise.  
Still on the floor her looks remained, unraised ;  
And the sole gesture whence you could surmise  
Her inward agitation was a mute  
Monotonous tapping movement of one foot.

## II.

This silence lasted even after she  
Had gradually lifted up her head,  
Unlocked her arms, and, standing wistfully  
At arms' length from him, on his shoulders laid  
Both hands. In that position, archly free  
To scan, in turn, the puzzled face he made,  
She eyed him with a curious gaze, that blent  
Looks of ingenuous astonishment

## III.

And pained contrition. Thus, awhile she waited,  
Not answering otherwise ; as tho' she deemed  
That into language plain this gaze translated  
The thoughts with which its mixed expression  
gleamed ;  
But absolutely unilluminated  
By its unspoken answer still he seemed ;  
And at the last she said, ' Stern friend, thou art  
' Indeed a ruthless searcher of the heart ! '

## IV.

' But you,' said Edelhath, ' who read so clear  
' The hearts of others, surely need no guide  
' To explore the secrets of your own, my dear ? '  
Cordelia hung her head. ' Alas,' she sighed,  
' Your question proves the contrary, I fear !  
' The test to my self-knowledge it applied  
' Hath shown me my self-ignorance, and I  
' Owe to its inquest this discovery :

## V.

' That hidden chambers in the heart there be,  
' Which, when we into our own selves descend  
' Guided by our own conscience only, we  
' Never completely penetrate. Ah, friend,  
' To search out those recesses, and to see  
' What lurks obscurely at their further end,  
' The guidance of another's hand we need,  
' By unaccustomed ways our steps to lead.

## VI.

- ‘Yours has to me this service rendered now ;  
‘Showing me, in my heart, an unsuspected  
‘And ugly inmate, as I must allow.  
‘You, who the presence of it had detected  
‘In what you censure, can conceive not how  
‘It startles me to find myself infected  
‘By an intriguing spirit—for I admit  
‘There seems to be no other name for it.

## VII.

- ‘I had, myself, been deeply mystified ;  
‘And I suppose it was by instinct I  
‘Thus to reverse the operation tried.  
‘Is that it?’ Edelhath, at this reply,  
Could not quite check a little glance of pride  
Appropriate to the triumphant eye  
Of the shrewd judge who has in solemn session  
Extracted from the accused a full confession ;

## VIII.

- But such a triumph his kind heart’s sincere  
Benevolence withheld him from enjoying ;  
And soothingly he answered, ‘Too severe  
‘Upon yourself you are, in thus employing  
‘A word that quite exaggerates what is, here  
‘In your case, nothing more than the alloying  
‘Particle human nature in all hearts  
‘To the most golden sentiments imparts.

## IX.

‘ You have, I think, correctly recognised,  
‘ But not correctly designated, what  
‘ Induced you to prolong a mystery prized  
‘ For its dramatic interest. ’Twas not  
‘ The Spirit of Intrigue that thus devised  
‘ The fifth act of the drama’s painful plot,  
‘ But rather that of Poësy. We are  
‘ All of us poets on occasions rare,

## X.

‘ And in relation to the influence  
‘ Of feelings which to our own mental eye  
‘ Present ourselves in some pathetic sense ;  
‘ But in ourselves the Spirit of Poësy,  
‘ To be effectual, must have evidence  
‘ Of its effect on others. That is why  
‘ Poets, no doubt, the world at large invite  
‘ To read the egotisms they indite.

## XI.

‘ The poem whereby each is most affected  
‘ The drama of his own life needs must be :  
‘ Grieve as he may, to see its course directed  
‘ Towards a tragical catastrophe,  
‘ Still, for the natural harmony detected  
‘ In the unfolding of its action, he  
‘ A secret admiration entertains,  
‘ In spite of all anxieties or pains :

## XII.

- ‘ And, as with awe, when seated at the play,  
    ‘ We contemplate Macbeth’s impending fate,  
‘ But let the piece the poet’s art display,  
    ‘ Nor interrupt its progress, to relate  
‘ To him whom it concerns the dreadful way  
    ‘ In which Macduff was born, or intimate  
‘ The cause why Birnam Wood appears to go  
‘ With Siward’s force to Dunsinane ; even so,

## XIII.

- ‘ There’s an artistic sentiment that ties  
    ‘ Our tongues, suspends our wills, and weighs upon  
‘ The normal action of our faculties,  
    ‘ When we ourselves are caught and carried on,  
‘ In their development, by destinies  
    ‘ Of whose dread drama we are, not alone  
‘ Spectators, but alas performers too,  
‘ With parts that take from other parts their cue.

## XIV.

- ‘ What is that sentiment, whose whispered call  
    ‘ Reduces us to silence ? Is it not  
‘ A reverence, innate and natural,  
    ‘ For the Great Author of this Human Plot,  
‘ Who both created and controls it all ?  
    ‘ To Him, whose will doth to each act allot  
‘ An end that by its actor is unknown,  
‘ We abdicate the guidance of our own !’

## · XV.

‘ Dear friend,’ Cordelia answered with a smile  
Joyously grateful, tho’ the pleasant sound  
Of her soft voice had in it all the while  
The faintest tone of some slight underground  
Of innocent satire, ‘ What could reconcile  
‘ Your patient to the smarting of a wound  
‘ Inflicted purely for her benefit,  
‘ More sweetly than the balms you pour on it ?

## · XVI.

‘ If aught to health itself can be preferred,  
‘ It must be the recovery, as I deem,  
‘ From loss of health ; and the most soothing word  
‘ Is that which gives us back our self-esteem ;  
‘ The consciousness of having only erred  
‘ Thro’ faults that common to our nature seem,  
‘ Is better than the pride to which we may  
‘ Be tempted by their absence to give way.

## · XVII.

‘ So, thanks to your consoling exposition  
‘ Of how the artistic sentiment affects  
‘ Conduct, in that excusable condition  
‘ Of feeling which its influence directs  
‘ Without the action of our own volition,  
‘ I now am reconciled in all respects  
‘ To the dramatic harmony that’s shown  
‘ Throughout this little drama of my own ;

## XVIII.

- ‘ The fifth act was the natural carrying out  
‘ Of the first four of its well-managed plot ;  
‘ And all, by their observance strict, no doubt,  
‘ Of the dramatic law which suffers not  
‘ The actors to concern themselves about  
‘ The justice of the piece, or how the lot  
‘ Of each upon the other may depend,  
‘ Have brought the play to a successful end.

## XIX.

- ‘ That’s greatly to their credit, I must say !  
‘ A little to my own too, may I boast ?  
‘ Oh, I am quite enchanted with the way  
‘ In which your goodness has contrived the most  
‘ Kind and indulgent explanation,—nay  
‘ The most ingenious too (it never crossed  
‘ My own imagination) of my share  
‘ In keeping up the mystery, I declare !

## XX.

- ‘ In quite a new, and most redeeming, light,  
‘ This generously-offered explanation  
‘ Presents my conduct now to my own sight ;  
‘ And I confess your stern interrogation  
‘ Had thrown my conscience into a sad plight,  
‘ Which sorely needed rehabilitation.  
‘ How shall I thank you for the unexpected  
‘ Self-reconcilement you have thus effected ?

## XXI.

‘ If Monsieur Jourdain was amazed to find  
    ‘ He, without knowing it, had spoken prose,  
‘ Judge what a grateful wonder in my mind  
    ‘ Is waked by your discovery, which shows  
‘ That, thro’ an ignorance much of the same kind,  
    ‘ I have conducted to a happy close  
‘ A drama mainly made by my own part,  
‘ As it appears, a masterpiece of art!

## XXII.

‘ Nevertheless, truth forces me to own  
    ‘ That I had, consciously, no such design ;  
‘ And if from Ivor I still kept unknown  
    ‘ The knowledge which had made his secret mine,  
‘ The motive of my silence was alone  
    ‘ A deep reluctance to disturb the fine  
‘ And sensitive development of feelings  
‘ Whose very reservations were revealings.

## XXIII.

‘ All those revealings by their loveliness  
    ‘ So fascinated my delighted eyes,  
‘ That now I fear I may have failed to guess  
    ‘ The full depth of unmerited miseries  
‘ He suffered, under the tormenting stress  
    ‘ Of scruples I could but in part surmise.  
‘ I thought it due to him, I thought it best  
‘ For his own struggling heart’s eventual rest,



## XXIV.

- ‘ The issue of its struggle to await  
    ‘ In patience—and let *him* be first to break  
‘ A silence which prepared, perchance, some great  
    ‘ Unprompted confidence, whence I should take  
‘ All worth away did I precipitate  
    ‘ Disclosures, he might hesitate to make  
‘ For reasons utterly unknown to me.  
‘ For, after all, what *did* I know? Just see,

## XXV.

- ‘ Dear friend, how much of what I seemed to know  
    ‘ Was inference, and how little I could call  
‘ True knowledge : and then say, was I too slow  
    ‘ In acting upon scattered hints so small ?  
‘ How could I risk, upon one reckless throw  
    ‘ Of these light dice, the forfeiture of all  
‘ That was, for both of us, at stake in such  
‘ A chance between Too-little and Too-much ?

## XXVI.

- ‘ This is the tale I to myself made out  
    ‘ By guesswork from the only fact I knew :—  
‘ My letter to Emanuel, no doubt,  
    ‘ Had found him sceptical ; most likely too,  
‘ Contemptuously unconcerned about  
    ‘ Its truth ; Glenaveril believed it true ;  
‘ Of this I felt quite sure ; he must have got  
‘ (But how, or why, my guesses told me not)

## XXVII.

‘ From his indifferent friend impatient leave  
    ‘ To answer it, and in Emanuel’s name ;  
‘ This thought, at first, ’twas sickening to receive ;  
    ‘ It filled me with disgust, and scorn, and shame ;  
‘ Yet was it destined mainly to achieve  
    ‘ My rescued self-esteem ; for, when I came  
‘ Better to understand the wounded man  
‘ Beside me, my own wounded pride began

## XXVIII.

‘ To find a solace in the thought that he  
    ‘ Had understood my letter from the first,  
‘ And, thro’ that letter understanding *me*,  
    ‘ Had yearned, with longings dearer than he durst  
‘ Acknowledge to himself, himself to be  
    ‘ All his poor friend refused to be. I nursed  
‘ This knowledge as a widowed mother would  
‘ Nurse a weak child. What now is understood

## XXIX.

‘ I knew not then, of Ivor’s fond design  
    ‘ Me from his own abundance to requite  
‘ For his friend’s scornful sacrifice of mine.  
    ‘ But why he had consented to indite  
‘ Such a request I did in part divine ;  
    ‘ Suspecting he had been induced to write  
‘ What caused him afterwards such keen contrition,  
‘ In deference to another’s harsh condition.

## XXX.

- ‘ And, knowing by the general report  
‘ That Lord Glenaveril’s fortune was immense ;  
Knowing, moreover, by a sweeter sort  
‘ Of more indisputable evidence,  
‘ (The evidence of mine own eyes, in short)  
‘ That Ivor’s love for me was no pretence ;  
‘ Without exactly guessing all that now  
‘ You have yourself enabled me to know,

## XXXI.

- ‘ I felt that to a man in his position,  
‘ Who probably set no great store upon  
‘ The wealth which roused Emanuel’s ebullition  
‘ Of pride in poverty (a natural one !)  
‘ The harshness of that sceptical condition  
‘ A different standard of comparison  
‘ Would make less obvious than Emanuel  
‘ Meant it to be, and more forgivable.

## XXXII.

- ‘ I guessed that the one feeling prevalent  
‘ In Ivor’s heart, to the complete exclusion  
‘ Of every other thought or sentiment,  
‘ (When, all his being in a sweet confusion,  
‘ He wrote the answer to my letter sent)  
‘ Was an inebriate love, that no intrusion  
‘ On the delights of its inebriation  
‘ Vouchsafed to sober-minded calculation.

## XXXIII.

‘ Most likely, had the letter, he believed  
    ‘ Your hands had burned, upon Emanuel’s  
‘ Behalf, the aim he wrote it with achieved,  
    ‘ And had Emanuel lived, and all things else  
‘ Followed their natural courses, nor reprieved  
    ‘ By unanticipated miracles  
‘ A love that lighted its own funeral flame,  
‘ He never would have known by its true name

## XXXIV.

‘ The nature of the sentiment which I  
    ‘ Had touched him with, by uttering my own.  
‘ That headlong and spontaneous sympathy,  
    ‘ (By other feelings bridled and kept down)  
‘ Must then have been constrained the tasks to ply,  
    ‘ Friendship and Honour would have sternly thrown  
‘ Upon its service. But Emanuel died,  
‘ The victim of his own incredulous pride ;

## XXXV.

‘ He died, and he was ignorant of all  
    ‘ That most concerned him, to the last. Then came  
‘ Our meeting. Prompt in answer to the call  
    ‘ Which he had uttered in another’s name,  
‘ Ivor beheld me come. The general  
    ‘ Impression, and my own, were then the same,  
‘ That Ivor was Emanuel ; and he  
‘ Knew that Emanuel had ceased to be :

## XXXVI.

- ‘ Emanuel had no longer any choice  
    ‘ To make between belief and disbelief :  
‘ No fates depended on his silenced voice :  
    ‘ The wrong which he had done me, past relief  
‘ By him remained. My love could not rejoice,  
    ‘ Nor my scorn punish, him. My shame and grief  
‘ Could send no message of reproach or blame  
‘ To the dead man. And Ivor bore his name !

## XXXVII.

- ‘ For whom, and, as I deemed, at whose request,  
    ‘ My wealth I had renounced, that there might be  
‘ No obstacle between us. The behest  
    ‘ On which I acted had been made to me  
‘ *Thro’* Ivor, *by* Emanuel. The rest  
    ‘ I knew not. This was all I knew, you see,  
‘ And this was why, well knowing that he knew  
‘ As much and more, I thought, “ What will he do ? ”

## XXXVIII.

- ‘ That was an obvious question, to which I,  
    ‘ Who asked it inly, could anticipate  
‘ By no impatient promptings the reply  
    ‘ Both pride and love compelled me to await.  
‘ But what, of course, I knew not then, was why  
    ‘ He, who still fancied that, at any rate,  
‘ You had destroyed his letter’s loving treason,  
‘ Was quite unable (for that natural reason)

## XXXIX.

‘To understand my presence at his side ;  
‘And that on *his* part too was much to know,  
‘As yet unknown, ere he felt justified  
‘In breaking silence. I was, any how,  
‘By his reserve admonished to abide  
‘A revelation which, however slow,  
‘Must come from Ivor, if it came at all.  
‘In this, admit that I was logical.’

## XL.

‘Very!’ said Edelrath, ‘exactly what  
‘A student always is in his third year,  
‘Extremely strong in theory.’ ‘By that  
‘You mean,’ replied Cordelia, ‘I fear,  
‘Extremely weak in practice. I am at  
‘An end, however, of my theories. Hear  
‘Their practical result, in any case,  
‘Ere you condemn it. I must now retrace

## XLI.

‘My course a little. I’ve before you set  
‘Exactly what the situation was  
‘When you arrived. But I’ve to tell you yet  
‘More of the situation which, alas,  
‘Ivor’s slow convalescence brought with it,  
‘And with what lingering steps he seemed to pass  
‘Out of his long delirious darkness, thro’  
A world of twilight, ere himself he knew.

## XLII.

- ‘ The self-consuming fever had expired :  
    ‘ Its bodily pains and mental terrors all  
‘ Slept like gorged reptiles ; and their victim, tired,  
    ‘ Faint, prostrate, stunned by many a desperate fall  
‘ In life’s blind struggle for his undesired  
    ‘ Release from death, lay there, too weak to call  
‘ Returning Reason to the rescued throne  
‘ From which for many a month she had been gone.

## XLIII.

- ‘ My presence, at the first, surprised him not ;  
    ‘ It mingled with impressions left behind  
‘ By his last dreams. But dreams, like wounds, have  
    got  
    ‘ A closing tendency. The two disjoined  
‘ Ends of reality, above the spot  
    ‘ Where they were severed, reuniting, bind  
‘ Themselves together firmly, as sound flesh  
‘ Over healed gashes forms itself afresh ;

## XLIV.

- ‘ And, just as, when the new skin thickens o’er  
    ‘ Some cicatrice, thro’ all its closed abyss  
‘ The blood’s checked current circulates once more,  
    ‘ So, when the dream’s strong interruption is  
‘ Suppressed, Remembrance hastens to restore  
    ‘ Thought’s old associations, which dismiss  
‘ Ideas haply of a later date,  
‘ Belonging to a different mental state.

## XLV.

‘ This rally of life’s forces, this alert  
    ‘ Sounded by Convalescence to each sense  
‘ That still unvanquished, tho’ not all unhurt,  
    ‘ Responds, yet panting from the vehemence  
‘ Of its last desperate struggle to assert  
    ‘ Life’s cause,—all this is the glad evidence  
‘ Which Gaiety for Life’s return provides,  
‘ To show that o’er its triumph she presides ;

## XLVI.

‘ It is the lark that sweetly sings in heaven  
    ‘ O’er the red furrows of the battle-field.  
‘ How often, sitting watchful, morn and even,  
    ‘ By the hushed couch where my poor sufferer, healed  
‘ But helpless still (a conqueror who had striven  
    ‘ With giants!) now to all around appealed,  
‘ Childlike, with wondering eyes and questionings  
‘ Renewed, for knowledge of the simplest things—

## XLVII.

‘ How often, in such moments, have I smiled  
    ‘ To watch the embarrassed, disconcerted, air  
‘ Of Ivor’s memories, unreconciled  
    ‘ To their surroundings, wondering where they were,  
‘ In unremembered places! Like a child  
    ‘ Away from home, that longs, but does not dare,  
‘ To touch each unfamiliar thing it sees  
‘ Within its reach (as, gathering by degrees,



## XLVIII.

- ‘ And one by one, they all arrived in turn)  
‘ Each, full at first of curiosity,  
‘ Was garrulous, and inquisitive to learn  
‘ All about everything ; but, presently  
‘ Discouraged, it withdrew, and seemed to yearn  
‘ For something which it found not. By and by,  
‘ Another took its place, but fared no better ;  
‘ And so they came and went. That fatal letter,

## XLIX.

- ‘ Which Ivor must have thought you had destroyed,  
‘ He did not seem the least surprised to see  
‘ Safe in my hands ; nor did he look annoyed  
‘ When called Emanuel. The fact is, he  
‘ Had wandered far ; and from those dismal, void,  
‘ And distant realms whence he at last was free,  
‘ Returning tired, the rest for which he pined,  
‘ He sought in the first inn that he could find ;

## L.

- ‘ To him it mattered little where he lay,  
‘ So long as he lay quiet ; the inn’s sign  
‘ And the host’s name, he asked not. Thus, one day  
‘ Seeing the letter in my hands, “ ’Tis mine ! ”  
‘ He cried, “ My letter ! ” Back, and far away  
‘ His thoughts then strayed. “ It was beneath a fine  
‘ “ Old tree,” he murmured, “ that I wrote to you  
‘ “ That letter. Ah yes, and the birds sang, too !

## LI.

- “ And all the while that I was writing it  
“ Mine eyes were on your portrait. ’Twas the one  
“ You sent me. That is how each word was writ.  
“ A lovely portrait ! exquisitely done !  
“ And what a striking likeness ! How it hit  
“ So accurately the peculiar tone  
“ Of your expression is incredible ;  
“ The painter of it must have known you well ;

## LII.

- “ I also knew you by it perfectly  
“ The very moment we first met at—where,  
“ Where was it ? ” “ But, Emanuel,” said I,  
“ I never sent my portrait to you.” Then  
“ He gazed at me with an astonished eye,  
“ And sighed, “ You never sent it ? I declare  
“ ’Twas in your letter, tho’—where am I ?—stay !  
“ I fancied—are you not Cordelia ? ”

## LIII.

- “ Yes, dear,” I answered, “ I, indeed, am she :  
“ And I so long and well have known you, too,  
“ That of no portrait had I need, to be  
“ In that same moment just as sure ’twas you,  
“ When in the breakfast-room at Chamouni  
“ We met, and each at once the other knew.  
“ Do you forget, we found you travelling still  
“ With that ill-fated Lord Glenaveril ? ”

## LIV.

‘ I saw that, when I answered thus, he took  
    ‘ My presence for a vision. For he sighed  
‘ Doubtfully, and besought me with a look  
    ‘ Of piteous apprehension that implied  
‘ The terror of a child who cannot brook  
    ‘ The darkness, not to leave him yet. I tried  
‘ To reassure him, as in mine I clasped  
‘ One of his hands. Thereat he flushed, and gasped,

## LV.

‘ And trembled ; and then timidly put out  
    ‘ His other hand in an irresolute way  
‘ Towards my arm, as tho’ he were about  
    ‘ To try if it were solid, and would stay  
‘ Beneath his touch. But to resolve that doubt  
    ‘ He did not dare ; and, sinking back, he lay  
‘ Thinking, and puzzled what to understand  
‘ From my reply, while still I held his hand.

## LVI.

‘ After a while, he turned, and said, “ Just now  
    “ I heard you say that I was travelling still  
“ With some one—’twas a name I think I know.  
    “ Who was it ? ” “ It was Lord Glenaveril,”  
‘ I answered, “ your ill-fated friend.” And low  
    ‘ He muttered, “ in a tone that made me thrill,  
“ Glenaveril, my ill-fated friend ! I was  
“ Travelling with him ? Are you quite sure ? ” “ Alas,

## LVII.

“Yes!” I replied, “quite sure.” And Ivor fell  
“Into a reverie; then asked again,  
“Why did you say *alas*?” “Emanuel,  
“I ought perhaps,” I answered, “to refrain  
“From talking to you, for you are not well;  
“You have been many months in dreadful pain,  
“And still are very feeble; but I know  
“That you, thank God, are out of danger now;

## LVIII.

“And tho’ the cruel hurts which you received  
“In that stupendous effort, when your skill  
“And desperate courage, dear, almost achieved  
“Your lost friend’s rescue, must be painful still,  
“I do not doubt your mind will be relieved  
“By talking of this poor Glenaveril.”  
“And “Poor Glenaveril!” he vaguely said,  
“Why *poor* Glenaveril? Is he, too, dead?”

## LIX.

‘The sad significance of that word *too*  
‘I made as tho’ I had not marked. I feared  
‘To leave his mind in silence to pursue  
‘The thoughts which troubled it; for it appeared  
‘As if it were preparing to renew  
‘Its dismal wanderings. And so I reared  
‘His crumpled cushion, propped it to his brow,  
‘And went on talking to him—any how.

## LX.

- “Dearest,” I said, “you must not be downcast;  
“All that one man could do to save another  
“You did, and more. What courage to the last,  
“What coolness, what resource! You mourn a  
brother  
“I never knew; but, since he shared your past,  
“I mourn him too. No more in silence smother  
“Thoughts that from utterance crave relief, no doubt;  
“And him you loved so, let us talk about.

## LXI.

- “You think that I speak lightly of sad things?  
“Well, that is true. Sad things have had their day  
“Too long with you; and these light chatterings  
“Of mine may haply help to chase away  
“The gloom that silence o’er remembrance flings.  
“Think this, and nothing more, of all I say;  
“Call me a chatterbox, or what you will!  
“And tell me, now, this Lord Glenaveril?

## LXII.

- “Who was he? You were brought up, he and you,  
“Together, like two brothers, were you not?  
“And born the same day, and the same hour too?  
“I’ve heard that. Strange, with such a different lot  
“For each! And yet I know how warm and true  
“The love you bore each other. Tell me what  
“Your friend was like. I should have loved him well,  
“If he was like my dear Emanuel.

## LXIII.

- “ Like you, I know that he in childhood lost  
“ Father and mother—was an only son—  
“ And I suppose he must have held a most  
“ Exalted rank, and been by every one  
“ Much honoured, in his lifetime ; for the cost  
“ And pomp of his interment was upon  
“ A scale which shocked, I own, by its misplaced  
“ Display of homage, my plebeian taste.

## LXIV.

- “ Once, I remember, dear Emanuel,  
“ I saw, and followed to his lowly grave  
“ The funeral of a beggar. None could tell  
“ The dead man’s name, nor aught about him,  
save  
“ That they, one morning, by the wayside well,  
“ Dead in his rags, had found him where, to crave  
“ An alms, at sunset, he last sat. He died  
“ A nameless vagrant, on the bare roadside ;

## LXV.

- “ But all the village, none the less, turned out  
“ To follow with respect that pauper’s bier.  
“ The dead should have no difference made about  
“ Death’s common dignity. In life, I fear,  
“ Complete Equality, beyond a doubt,  
“ Would lower the whole level. But ’tis clear,  
“ Is it not, that, with all that equalizes  
“ Our reverence for the dead, the level rises ?

## LXVI.

- “ And at the burial of the young, in truth,  
“ Lugubrious pomp seems doubly out of place.  
“ It is so beautiful to die in youth !  
“ Your poor friend was the last of a great race,  
“ I have been told. I heard on every mouth  
“ The praises of his goodness, charm, and grace ;  
“ And surely, in whatever sphere they dwell,  
“ Such souls are their own Heavens, Emanuel.

## LXVII.

- “ Had yours, my dearest, been the life Death took  
“ That dreadful day, there would not then have been  
“ So many fine folks flocking forth to look,  
“ So many staves and banners to be seen ;  
“ For High Birth has not in her Golden Book  
“ Inscribed your name ; which, like my own, is  
mean ;  
“ But one poor widow, who was ne’er a wife,  
“ Would for your funeral have wept all her life !

## LXVIII.

- “ You see, dear, I can speak of Death, and all  
“ That Death makes sad, not lightly, but at least  
“ Without a shudder ; and, whate’er befall,  
“ I neither hate nor fear that dark High Priest  
“ Of Nature’s mysteries, whose solemn call  
“ Takes from us, to preserve for love, increased  
“ By every grave love’s tears are wept above,  
“ The heavenliest part of what belongs to love.

## LXIX.

- “Is it not so? and you, Emanuel,  
“Do you not feel it, also?” “Yes,” he said,  
‘Sighingly, and almost inaudible,  
“Of course I feel it, since I, too, am dead.”  
‘And, while he looked at me, his eyelids fell,  
‘Fatigued, and with a smile he turned his head  
‘Upon the cushion, sighed again one deep  
‘Sigh of relief, and softly fell asleep.

## LXX.

- ‘Little by little, as from day to day  
‘His recollections strengthened, and grew more  
‘Complete and clear, in a circuitous way  
‘He asked a thousand questions o’er and o’er;  
‘Taking immense precautions not to say  
‘One word that could reveal, what I forbore  
‘To notice, tho’ I could not fail to see,  
‘Their secret object, which was plain to me.

## LXXI.

- ‘He soon, no doubt, acquired the certitude  
‘That, just so long as nobody who knew  
‘His face by sight approached our neighbourhood,  
‘He by the world as dead, and buried too,  
‘Would be regarded; and he seemed to brood  
‘With satisfaction on that dreary view  
‘Of his position, and with desperate  
‘Tenacity to cling to such a fate.



## LXXII.

- ‘ Under the influence, as I could see,  
‘ Of these ideas, he in pleading tone,  
‘ Complained that the hotel at Chamouni  
‘ Was an uncomfortably noisy one,  
‘ And piteously entreated he might be  
‘ Taken away by us to some more lone  
‘ And quiet spot. He viewed with undisguised  
‘ Alarm the risk of being recognised ;

## LXXIII.

- ‘ And I divined that, with a resolute  
‘ Persistence, he was meditating now  
‘ Some project difficult to execute.  
‘ The trouble that he suffered, I avow,  
‘ So troubled me, who sadly watched his mute  
‘ Endurance of it, and could see it grow,  
‘ That I myself was almost, every day,  
‘ Upon the point of fairly giving way,

## LXXIV.

- ‘ Abandoning my own resolve, confessing  
‘ All that I knew, and making him aware  
‘ That I was not the dupe of that distressing  
‘ Mystification. Why I did not dare  
‘ To indulge an impulse day by day more pressing,  
‘ Was that, on his account, I feared to bare  
‘ My heart too soon, and force on a solution  
‘ Not brought about by his own free conclusion

## LXXV.

‘It seemed to me, for his own peace of mind  
‘And self-respect in all the time to come,  
‘Essential this embarrassment should find  
‘A natural crisis, brought about thro’ some  
‘Solution of it by himself designed;  
‘That his own conscience should feel quite at home  
‘In his own part; the part itself be fine,  
‘And not a part subordinate to mine;

## LXXVI.

‘And therefore was it that I feared to stir  
‘Without a signal from him to proceed;  
‘Lest some last trial of his character,  
‘Some effort, or some test, his soul might need,  
‘Thro’ perfected self-knowledge to confer  
‘On love itself a better guaranteed  
‘And surer future, might, by my mistake,  
‘Be lost to him who suffered for my sake.’

## LXXVII.

At this remark, Cordelia’s narrative  
By Edelrath was interrupted; and  
(Like one whose mind is suddenly alive  
To some new truth) with an emphatic hand  
Striking his forehead, as if thus to drive  
The thought he had begun to understand  
Home to the hilt, ‘Cordelia!’ he said,  
‘You have, indeed, with usury repaid

## LXXVIII.

- ‘ The little lesson which from me you took,  
    ‘ When I was vain enough to give it you !  
‘ Good heavens ! ’ he cried, with an admiring look,  
    ‘ To think, dear child, that I am sixty-two,  
‘ That life to me has been a lesson-book,  
    ‘ That, with it, all my age has had to do  
‘ Was to instruct the young,—yet here am I  
‘ By you, a young girl, unexpectedly

## LXXIX.

- ‘ Instructed, for the first time, in a truth  
    ‘ The simplest, and the most important too !  
‘ What wondrous intuitions are in youth,  
    ‘ When youth is genius, as it is in you !  
‘ Yes ! I receive this lesson from your mouth,  
    ‘ With all the reverence that to truth is due—  
‘ *To aid the will too much, is to pervert*  
‘ *Its nature, and, instead of helping, hurt.*

## LXXX.

- ‘ What is it, child, what is it, this fine sense  
    ‘ Of human nature’s secret ways, by Heaven  
‘ Bestowed on women in such opulence,  
    ‘ And to us men a gift so rarely given ?  
‘ Whate’er it be, its value is immense,  
    ‘ And, upon great occasions, it is even  
‘ A safer guide than reason to the soul,  
‘ Whose search for truth so oft mistakes the goal ! ’

## LXXXI.

A village maid, who daily moves about  
Bare-footed, with unconscious grace and ease,  
If in some fine, stiff, gold brocade dressed out,  
Becomes at once embarrassed ; and by these  
Superlatives of praise, altho', no doubt,  
They were sincere, the Scholar failed to please  
His Pupil-Teacher, who upon him bent  
A wistful gaze of blank bewilderment.



## CANTO III.

## THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS.

## I.

‘FAR off from shore, upon a moonless night,  
‘The fisher boy,’ Cordelia said, ‘can steer  
‘His boat safe homeward by the guiding light  
‘That from his mother’s cottage twinkles clear;  
‘And, without either chart or compass, right  
‘Around the dusky foreland, free from fear  
‘He pilots his small craft, companionless,  
‘Trusting one simple sense, we all possess :

## II.

‘We all possess it, and it guides us all ;  
‘Each feels it, haply, in a different way ;  
‘But what we feel we by the same word call,  
‘And with the same faith follow ; I dare say,  
‘As I in mine, each individual  
‘In his or her way, too, its guidance may  
‘Unconsciously adopt ; which does but prove  
‘That life is not more natural than love.’

## III.

With this remark on it, she put aside  
The genuine, tho' gorgeous, compliment  
To her surprised simplicity applied  
By Edelrath: and then (as if intent  
On showing him that he was justified,  
At least, in trusting to her provident  
Perception of the wants which others feel  
In ways they do not venture to reveal)

## IV.

She crossed the room, and silently took down,  
From where upon the mantelpiece it lay,  
His much-missed pipe; replenished with her own  
White hand its bowl; in the same quiet way  
Stripped from a journal, on the table thrown,  
A paper spill; and, lighting it, in gay  
Mock gravity of rebuke, without a word,  
On her encomiast his heart's wish conferred.

## V.

This ceremony over, 'Now,' she said,  
'Let me, as novelists were wont to write  
'After a platitute, "resume the thread  
'"Of my narration."' Half withdrawn from sight,  
Like Zeus, in curling clouds, his misty head  
Edelrath nodded with serene delight,  
And she went on. 'Ivor, in this unrest,  
'By two pre-occupations was possessed;

## VI.

- ‘ One of them was to tell the truth to you ;  
‘ The other one, to hide it still from me ;  
‘ Daily more tyrannous became these two  
‘ Alternate torments ; and ’twas sad to see  
‘ How each in turn brought aggravation new  
‘ To his discomfort. The first moment he  
‘ Could hold a pen he wrote to you ; this done,  
‘ Part of the trouble on his mind seemed gone ;

## VII.

- ‘ And with my guardian he forthwith began  
‘ To hold long conversations. Every day  
‘ I heard him questioning Herr Jonathan,  
‘ With feverish eagerness, about the way  
‘ Whereby a fairly-educated man  
‘ Might fastest prosper in America ;  
‘ Questioned as eagerly, in turn, about  
‘ His own intentions, he seemed much put out.

## VIII.

- ‘ Jonathan asked him if, with the intent  
‘ Of turning to advantage over there  
‘ His studies in theology, he meant  
‘ To adopt the ecclesiastical career ;  
‘ And, to evade an answer, he gave vent  
‘ To a whole volley of remarks severe  
‘ On the commercial character allowed  
‘ The Clergy of a Church that’s unendowed ;

## IX.

- ‘ He said that nothing could, he thought, excuse  
    ‘ The Minister of God who seeks to make.  
‘ A traffic in the rental of church pews ;  
    ‘ Nor would he to such subterfuges take  
‘ As biblical bazaars, and fairs ; nor use  
    ‘ The sacred songs of Zion for the sake  
‘ Of sanctifying concerts planned to squeeze  
‘ Pence from the public upon pious pleas.

## X.

- ‘ All this my Guardian, as you may suppose,  
    ‘ Took eagerly as grist to his own mill.  
‘ I saw that he was bursting to disclose  
    ‘ His plans to our disguised Glenaveril,  
‘ Whose natural temperament is not, Heaven knows,  
    ‘ Less suited to the pulpit than the till ;  
‘ And whose strong predilection was with zest  
‘ For agricultural enterprise expressed.

## XI.

- ‘ The drift of Ivor’s questions proved to me  
    ‘ That he, at last, had quite made up his mind  
‘ To the assumption of what seemed to be  
    ‘ A part he was sincerely more inclined  
‘ To play than to renounce. This part, you see,  
    ‘ (At first suggested only by a kind  
‘ Caprice, and then imposed by a severe  
‘ Fatality) had to his heart grown dear ;



## XII.

- ‘ For Love into the place of Fate had stepped,  
‘ Or had his own place taken by Fate’s side ;  
‘ Love and Fate pointed the same way, and kept  
‘ The same course, too. Each sigh that he had  
sighed,  
‘ Murmuring my name—each tear that he had wept,  
‘ Mourning Emanuel—now sanctified  
‘ What, in a future of all else bereft,  
‘ To him appeared life’s highest duty left :

## XIII.

- ‘ The duty of endeavouring to repair  
‘ A wrong resulting from that reckless pact,  
‘ Whose instigator’s death had left him there,  
‘ Confronted with its victim : and, in fact,  
‘ Ivor, to make amends for his own share  
‘ In that wrong’s only reparable act,  
‘ Had reckoned on a time reserved for some  
‘ Surrender of his wealth. This time was come ;

## XIV.

- ‘ And now the sacrifice of all appeared,  
‘ Not only the least painful reparation  
‘ Owed to a woman for whom love endeared  
‘ The utmost suffered, but a light taxation  
‘ Which (levied on it by his dead friend) cleared  
‘ From an else undischageable obligation  
‘ The heritage of love, Emanuel’s death  
‘ Was, at that price, permitted to bequeath.

## XV.

‘ And so it was, I think, Glenaveril came  
    ‘ To what I could not doubt was a decision  
‘ That gave him ease—the sacrifice of name  
    ‘ And title, and, in short, the whole position  
‘ Due to the hereditary power and fame  
    ‘ Of his Ancestral House—without suspicion  
‘ That there was anything at all heroic  
‘ In being such an unacknowledged stoic.

## XVI.

‘ All these he would renounce without regret,  
    ‘ (Or even the poor recompense it might  
‘ Have been to him to feel, in doing it,  
    ‘ That I, at least, who could alone requite  
‘ The sacrifice on which his heart was set,  
    ‘ Would ever know it) and in life’s hard fight  
‘ For means to live enroll himself anew,  
‘ Under the feigned name which his faith made true.

## XVII.

‘ He told me this, himself, to-night, and said  
    ‘ That nothing shall divert him from it now.’  
Edelrath, with a voice that seemed afraid  
    Of what it uttered in hoarse accents low,  
As on Cordelia’s arm his hand he laid,  
    Anxiously interrupted her—‘ But *you*,  
‘ Cordelia! what have you to say to this  
‘ Extravagantly wild resolve of his?’

## XVIII.

‘ Wild, or extravagant, whate’er it be,’  
She answered, ‘ I approve it.’ And, with voice  
And look still more uncomfortable, he  
Replied, ‘ Yes, yes ! one may approve the choice  
‘ Made by another—one may even see  
‘ In all its motives reason to rejoice  
‘ That he should make it—and yet view the case  
‘ Quite differently, were one in his place.’

## XIX.

‘ In *his* place,’ said Cordelia, ‘ I would do  
‘ As *he* does.’ ‘ Ah, but that’s not what I mean ! ’  
He answered her impatiently, ‘ for you,  
‘ My dear, are *not* in *his* place ; and, between  
‘ Ourselves, you’ve not the smallest right, you know,  
‘ To choose for him. I think you have not seen  
‘ The drift of my enquiry. I am loth  
‘ To say it, but this choice concerns you both

## XX.

‘ Most vitally ! Too much so, I must think,  
‘ For either of you with impartial eyes  
‘ To examine its conditions. On the brink  
‘ Of quite unfathomable destinies  
‘ I see you standing, and I dare not shrink  
‘ From the necessity to scrutinize  
‘ Closely a choice which, with its sequels all,  
‘ When once ’tis taken, nothing can recall.

## XXI.

- ‘ I know your absolute sincerity ;  
    ‘ I know you’ll not endeavour to evade  
‘ A question plainly asked, by a reply  
    ‘ Ingeniously to miss its meaning made ;  
‘ And, knowing this, the one thing more that I  
    ‘ Desire to know, Cordelia, by your aid,  
‘ About this choice of Ivor’s, is the light  
‘ In which it strikes your own clear sense of right ;

## XXII.

- ‘ In other words, the thing I want to know  
    ‘ Is how you look upon it—not as one  
‘ Whose personal feelings it concerns—nor how  
    ‘ You’d have Glenaveril act, if ’twere alone  
‘ His heart, or yours, he had to think of now,  
    ‘ In estimating what is to be done ;  
‘ But reckoning, too, the duties that arise  
‘ From an inheritance of centuries ;

## XXIII.

- ‘ Each orb that decks Glenaveril’s coronet  
    ‘ Some mandate to its owner doth insphere ;  
‘ Under those five fixed stars, whose beams beget  
    ‘ One constellation, he was born ; and, ere  
‘ His life began, those stars its course had set.  
    ‘ Consider then, and frankly say, my dear,  
‘ How you judge Ivor’s choice in its relation  
‘ To the fair force of that consideration.’

## XXIV.

Cordelia hesitated. 'It is much  
'To ask,' she answered, 'of a woman.' 'Yes,'  
Sighed Edelrath, with a despondent touch  
Of sadness in his tone, 'and I confess  
'Tis much to ask, too, of a man. To such  
'A question, if himself it more or less  
'Concerned, there is not any man, I must  
'Confess, whose answer I could wholly trust.

## XXV.

'But in your own intuitively true  
'Perception of what's right, and in your rare  
'And singular unselfishness, I do  
'Put confidence. Moreover, I declare  
'I need to know what, from this point of view,  
'Your sentiments and inclinations are,  
'On more than one account: their aid I need  
'Towards a twofold object to proceed:

## XXVL

'The situation I would probe, to me  
'Is full of features new; nor need I say,  
'Now that Glenaveril's part in it is free  
'At least from all deception, every way  
'This single fact has altered it, I see,  
'Materially; and much that yesterday  
'I should have disapproved without a doubt,  
'To-night I needs must hesitate about;

## XXVII.

- ‘ And, therefore, I require to know your own  
‘ Impressions of a case in which I feel  
‘ Your voice must be decisive, not alone  
‘ To judge of *it*, but (let my love and zeal  
‘ On dear Glenaveril’s behalf atone  
‘ For this more personal ground of my appeal)  
‘ To judge of *you*.’ ‘ ’Tis just!’ the girl replied.  
‘ She paused, and wistfully the old man eyed ;

## XXVIII.

- He was a judge whose summons she felt bound  
To acquiesce in. ‘ You,’ she sighed at last,  
‘ Enforce a duty, not indeed disowned,  
‘ But which, instinctively, these three months past,  
‘ My thoughts have shunned. Upon such delicate  
ground  
‘ I venture, I avow it, with a vast  
‘ Misgiving, and timidity ; but still,  
‘ I shall endeavour to obey your will.

## XXIX.

- ‘ And this assize was due ! I know that Fear  
‘ Is a bad counsellor ; and I know, too,  
‘ That Truth is certain, soon or late, to appear  
‘ In front of us, whatever we may do  
‘ To avoid the meeting. Better, when we hear  
‘ Her steps approaching, for the interview  
‘ Prepare at once, and meet her face to face !  
‘ As I will try to do, in any case.

## XXX.

- ‘ Well, then—But, O my dear good friend, just think  
‘ How hard the task is, you have set to me !  
‘ I cannot fancifully thus unlink  
‘ My life from Ivor’s ; cannot cease to be  
‘ A woman in whose heart there’s not a chink  
‘ Or crevice from his love’s dear influence free ;  
‘ Nor can I from his life strip off his love,  
‘ And what remains then calmly pore above,

## XXXI.

- ‘ Perusing its chilled features, pale and grey,  
‘ With an impartially indifferent mind !  
‘ Would *you*, to form a judgment, let us say,  
‘ Of some disputed picture’s value, find  
‘ That the best course is first to wipe away  
‘ Its colours—the bare drawing (left behind,  
‘ Hueless and hard) the better to inspect,  
‘ Uninfluenced by the colouring’s effect ?

## XXXII.

- ‘ Alas, dear friend, but when a picture hath  
‘ Of all its colour, and a life of all  
‘ Its love, been stripped, what sort of ghostly wraith  
‘ Remains of either ?’ ‘ Nay, I do not call  
‘ For Love’s exclusion,’ answered Edelrath,  
‘ From his fair place in Reason’s Judgment Hall.  
‘ To what but love did Solomon appeal,  
‘ A claimed life’s rightful claimant to reveal ?’

## XXXIII.

‘ You reassure me ! ’ said Cordelia.  
‘ The moment that a power to countermand  
‘ The sword, by Argument unsheathed to slay  
‘ My heart’s disputed offspring, in Love’s hand  
‘ Is graciously permitted still to stay,  
‘ Serene before the Judgment Seat I stand ;  
‘ Not doubting that sagacious Solomon  
‘ To the true mother will restore her son ;

## XXXIV.

‘ And, knowing well that Love is on my side,  
‘ To Reason, upon yours, I can afford  
‘ Fearlessly this avowal to confide—  
‘ That wealth to me is not an empty word ;  
‘ That noble birth, and the inherited pride  
‘ Of an illustrious ancestry, whose sword  
‘ Hath carved its name on a remembered past,  
‘ I reverence as a right to be held fast ;

## XXXV.

‘ Nor would I yield those gifts to any claim  
‘ On their surrender, save the claim of that  
‘ Which, lost to keep them, takes from noble name  
‘ And lofty rank the consciousness of what  
‘ ’Tis theirs to represent and to proclaim—  
‘ Honour, so haughtily immaculate  
‘ That, for an acorn pledged, ’twould give away  
‘ A forest, rather than its pledge gainsay !



## XXXVI.

- ‘ And more than this ; for I do not deny  
    ‘ That it would sadden me, and even pain,  
‘ To see a proud young cedar, from some high  
    ‘ Ethereal peak, its natural domain,  
‘ Lopped down, that common carpenters may try  
    ‘ To manufacture out of its fine grain  
‘ A woodman’s hatchet. I concede to you  
‘ All this ; and, as you feel, I feel it too.

## XXXVII.

- ‘ But is this all that I, for Ivor’s sake,  
    ‘ Am bound to think of ? Is it even what he  
‘ Is, by the Voice of Honour, called to make  
    ‘ His chief consideration ? Let us see !  
‘ ’Tis not Glenaveril’s Earldom that’s at stake,  
    ‘ For that refilled already seems to be ;  
‘ It is Glenaveril’s Earl ; and this the test—  
‘ What for his own life’s happiness is best ?

## XXXVIII.

- ‘ Do not imagine that by *happiness*  
    ‘ I mean a self-indulgent disregard  
‘ Of duty or of honour. Nought can bless  
    ‘ The abandonment of either ; nought so hard  
‘ To bear, as the discomfort, more or less  
    ‘ Incessant, of those sybarites who discard  
‘ Even the poor restraints of prejudice,  
‘ When these conflict with passion or caprice.

## XXXIX.

- ‘ I know all this : and I believe the least  
    ‘ High-minded woman, when she loves a man,  
‘ Has so far, by mere force of loving, ceased  
    ‘ From all self-seeking, that she never can  
‘ Think her own happiness in aught increased  
    ‘ By his dishonour. Its best guardian  
‘ And sentinel his self-respect, perchance,  
‘ Will find in her love’s sensitive vigilance.

## XL.

- ‘ Let us imagine, then, that Ivor, Lord  
    ‘ Glenaveril, from his recent grave exhumed,  
‘ Resuscitated, and anon restored  
    ‘ To all his rightful honours, has resumed  
‘ That place the world will hasten to accord  
    ‘ To its returning owner. He is doomed,  
‘ However, to return accompanied  
‘ To this high place by a plebeian bride.

## XLI.

- ‘ To Cæsar thus is rendered Cæsar’s due,  
    ‘ And Cæsar is content. Are you so sure ?  
‘ That small great world, composed of just a few  
    ‘ Indigenous grandeurs whose descent is pure,  
‘ Gives to Glenaveril’s Earl a welcome new ;  
    ‘ But with what sentiment will it endure  
‘ The presence of Glenaveril’s Countess ? Here  
‘ The case (admit !) becomes by no means clear.

## XLII.

- ‘ To which of the two mothers shall be given  
‘ The child both claim ? For recollect, Love’s Right  
‘ (Revered by Solomon !) is a Cæsar even  
‘ More jealous than the other one, and quite  
‘ As resolute to wring from earth and heaven  
‘ All that is owed it, down to the last mite.  
‘ Ah, here’s the crux ! And what will happen now  
‘ You guess ? The claimed life will be split in two.

## XLIII.

- ‘ There’ll be two camps : the folks in one will say,  
‘ “ *He hath done well, for charming is his bride !* ”  
‘ Those in the other camp will answer, “ *Nay,*  
‘ “ *He hath done ill, for he is misallied !* ”  
‘ Between the twain what will, from day to day,  
‘ Be *his* position ? mine I put aside.  
‘ Will it not be a most ambiguous one ?  
‘ With such positions what is to be done ?

## XLIV.

- ‘ For my part, I admit them not at all,  
‘ If I am called upon to plan out life,  
‘ Into the rightful or the natural  
‘ Conditions of it. For what mean they ? Strife  
‘ Ill-matched between the Individual  
‘ And Universal ! Battle to the knife  
‘ Waged by a pygmy, every day and hour,  
‘ Against a giant of stupendous power !

## XLV.

- ‘ Woman or man, it matters not—the strain  
‘ Of such positions, and the weight and heat  
‘ Of their defence, no life can long sustain ;  
‘ Those who accept them must aspire to beat  
‘ The world, and that’s an aspiration vain ;  
‘ The only way we can escape defeat  
‘ Is not to court it, as detours you make  
‘ To turn a fortress which you cannot take.

## XLVI.

- ‘ If, when ’tis raining, you would not be wet,  
‘ Then stay at home ! That is my recipe.  
‘ Reject it, and a soaking you will get,  
‘ However great a personage you may be :  
‘ Your garments you may dry again, and yet  
‘ Never again be able to get free  
‘ From the tormenting rheumatism, got  
‘ By going out of doors when you should not.’

## XLVII.

Here Edelrath, however, interposed.

- ‘ In these anticipative tears,’ he said,  
‘ You have, my child, unconsciously disclosed  
‘ Your German origin. You need not dread  
‘ A world where even vulgarity, when hosed  
‘ In cloth of gold, is treated as well bred..  
‘ The English Aristocracy, my dear,  
‘ Is not fastidious. Many a British Peer

## XLVIII.

‘Has, let me tell you, a plebeian wife;  
‘And many a British Peeress have I known  
‘Whose parentage was in a sphere of life  
‘From every point of view beneath your own;  
‘The Fashionable World, I’m told, is rife  
‘In England with fair *parvenues*, full-blown  
‘By its benignant smiles; and there, they say,  
‘Your countrywomen bear the palm away.’

## XLIX.

‘And if,’ Cordelia answered, ‘this be so,  
‘What does it prove? that High Society  
‘Is there decaying, and has fallen below  
‘The standard you have set before mine eye,  
‘As that to which the nobly-born still owe  
‘A noble duty. There’s no reason why  
‘Ivor’s identity should pay the cost  
‘Of keeping up a caste whose own is lost;

## L.

‘And as for the examples you have cited,  
‘’Twas surely not for thus plebeianizing  
‘Patrician manners, that you first invited  
‘Attention to the lofty claims arising  
‘From each of those five orbs, by birth united  
‘Into a constellation symbolizing  
‘Only the natural, *unperverted*, bent  
‘Of a *still pure* patrician sentiment?

## LI.

‘ But tell me, you who know it, of that sphere  
  ‘ Wherein Glenaveril’s natal planets move !  
‘ Hearsay mysteriously avers that there  
  ‘ A world exists which in a different groove  
‘ From mine revolves, nor can the two cohere  
  ‘ Or intermingle. There, they tell me “ love ”  
‘ Is called “ alliance,” and Society  
‘ Is shocked by all that’s individual. Why ? ’

## LII.

‘ Because,’ said he, ‘ Society, in fact,  
  ‘ Is there, itself, an individual ;  
‘ One homogeneous entity, compact,  
  ‘ And self-consistent ; its constituents all  
‘ The same in sentiment, the same in act.  
  ‘ In that world only, a perpetual  
‘ Equality presides. By wrecking it,  
‘ Democracy, in her destructive fit,

## LIII.

‘ Deems she can such equality erect,  
  ‘ Upon its levelled ruins, in her own.’  
‘ Folly ! ’ exclaimed Cordelia, ‘ in a sect  
  ‘ Whose members are but few, and all well known  
‘ To one another, intercourse select  
  ‘ Permits equality, but there alone,  
‘ Where all one common standard have embraced  
‘ Of principles, and sentiments, and taste ;

## LIV.

‘ In our promiscuous world, where no man’s sure  
‘ About his neighbour’s character, where each  
‘ (By each opposed) is struggling to procure  
‘ What all are wanting, where the strugglers reach  
‘ Across each other, and must needs endure  
‘ A contact with competitors who teach  
‘ And learn reciprocal mistrust—there can  
‘ Be no such intercourse ’twixt man and man.

## LV.

‘ In *this* world, all things change from day to day!’  
‘ In *that*,’ said he, ‘ they last from age to age :  
‘ There History, time’s lame traveller, whose slow way  
‘ Is all in little steps, at every stage  
‘ Uncertain of her course, doth longest stay ;  
‘ For there, to check her fitful pilgrimage,  
‘ A Territorial Nobility  
‘ Stands, like a mountain joining earth and sky ;

## LVI.

‘ And each one of this mountain’s many stones  
‘ Can say “ *the mountain, that is I !* ” For all  
‘ The great rock is made up of little ones,  
‘ A multitudinous individual !  
‘ Whole centuries of numbered names at once  
‘ Does every child that’s born to it recall ;  
‘ In cradles, there, remembrances are rife,  
‘ And babes begin not, but continue, life !’

## LVII.

‘ You see, then,’ cried Cordelia, ‘ that, between  
‘ That world and mine, dissimilar sentiments,  
‘ Ideas, and traditions, intervene !  
‘ The People (in my land, at all events)  
‘ Is Sovereign ; but in no land hath it been,  
‘ Nor can it e’er be, Noble. Pure descents  
‘ Do to the past perpetual tribute pay :  
‘ The Kingdom of the People is To-day ;

## LVIII.

Its children from their birthday date their past,  
‘ Which at their death they, with themselves, inter ;  
‘ And, when they die, their ended lives are cast  
‘ Into the great crowd’s common sepulchre ;  
‘ Of their own lineage they are first and last ;  
‘ Nothing do they receive, nor aught confer,  
‘ By being born ; the stored results of merit  
‘ Neither do they bequeath nor yet inherit.’

## LIX.

‘ These views,’ said Edelrath, ‘ I cannot share !  
‘ I think you wrong your own world ; for to me  
‘ It seems that you, yourself, an instance are  
‘ Of worth inherited’—‘ I spoke,’ said she,  
‘ Not of inherited worth, but (what’s more rare)  
‘ The stored results of it, whate’er they be,  
‘ Continued in one family, and passed on,  
‘ Without dispersion, safe from sire to son.



## LX.

- ‘ A pure Democracy prohibits all  
‘ Prolonged accumulations ; and thereby  
‘ Disintegrates that family pedestal  
‘ Which forms the base of Aristocracy.  
‘ In my world, with the individual  
‘ All things begin and end. But think not I  
‘ My world despise. Far from it! Ne’er on earth  
‘ Breathed there a woman prouder of her birth.

## LXI.

- ‘ The People’s Child am I ! nor can I be  
‘ Of any parentage above mine own  
‘ Reborn. I do not wish, I would not see  
‘ Without regret, Nobility o’erthrown,  
‘ More than the moss beneath the forest tree  
‘ Would wish the forest tree to be cut down ;  
‘ Nor do I think that it should abdicate  
‘ The prejudices proper to its state ;

## LXII.

- ‘ Such self-abasement would be suicide,  
‘ A thing contemptible ! The situation,  
‘ However, which for Ivor and his bride  
‘ Would, in that world, avenge his abdication  
‘ Of all such prejudices (signified  
‘ By his deliberate perpetuation  
‘ Of the Glenaveril title, name, and race,  
‘ Thro’ a plebeian marriage) could he face?



## LXIII.

- ‘ Yes, he could face it, he is brave enough !  
‘ But at what cost ? A cold politeness might  
‘ Disguise the natural disapproval of  
‘ His equals. Scorn is painfully polite.  
‘ But they would not forgive him his rebuff  
‘ Of all the laws that govern and unite  
‘ That world to which such marriages are treasons.  
‘ And for resentment they would have good reasons ;

## LXIV.

- ‘ Class-sentiment, the first ; the next, because,  
‘ Being themselves in some respects affected  
‘ Uncomfortably by the social laws  
‘ Whereto their own lives still remain subjected,  
‘ To see another caring not three straws  
‘ For the authority of such respected  
‘ And venerable institutes, would be  
‘ An aggravating sight, we must agree ;

## LXV.

- ‘ And lastly, Ivor having gone the way  
‘ They would have gone, if they had dared to go,  
‘ And having, to their envy and dismay,  
‘ By doing what they lack the heart to do,  
‘ Gained for himself a happiness which they  
‘ Have known not even how to seek, altho’  
‘ Blaming him rightly, they would feel, with shame,  
‘ That they were wrong to envy what they blame.’

## LXVI.

‘But I repeat,’ said Edelrath, ‘that now,  
‘In England, the society which all  
‘To be the choicest and the best, allow,  
‘Is just as mixed, and just as general,  
‘As any in America.’ ‘And how  
‘Does this,’ she answered, ‘justify your call  
‘On Ivor to uphold a cause, its own  
‘Hereditary leaders thus let down?’

## LXVII.

‘’Tis just because of this!’ he sighed. ‘The few  
‘High-minded men who still its claims revere,  
‘Should to each other, all the more, be true.’  
‘Yes!’ she rejoined, ‘and what concerns me here  
‘Is *their* opinion. How will such men view  
‘Glenaveril’s marriage? What will it appear,  
‘When it is judged by those who constitute  
‘The sole court competent to try this suit?’

## LXVIII.

Blushing she paused, and ‘O strong friend, forgive  
‘A desperate combatant, nor take amiss  
‘My words,’ she said, ‘tho’ argumentative  
‘And captious be their tone! Remember this,  
‘The weakest little bird will fiercely strive  
‘With beak and claw, and every force that is  
‘By nature given her, to defend her nest;  
‘And I for mine am fighting, sorely pressed!’

## LXIX.

With this appeal, she laid a pleading hand  
In Edelrath's, and turned upon him eyes  
Moist with emotion. 'Nay, I understand,'  
He answered, 'and, what's more, I sympathise ;  
'Trust my unprejudiced affection, and  
'Frank as my questions were, be your replies !'  
He pressed the hand she gave him, and anon  
Cordelia, thereby reassured, went on,

## LXX.

'You see, then, that by thus reëntering it  
'Glenaveril with that world of his would have  
'Completely broken. Were it not more fit  
'For him and all concerned (however brave  
'His love may be) that he should not thus pit  
'Against such odds, and in a cause so grave,  
'The happiness and dignity of life,  
'By quarrelling with the world about his wife ?

## LXXI.

'I think that such a life would be a hell ;  
'And Hell's the only price which none can pay  
'For Heaven. We both of us (I know it well !)  
'Should suffer silent torments every day,  
'Not in our love, whose force such pangs would swell,  
'But, thro' our love, in the most sensitive way,  
'Each for the other's pride. Could fate worse ill  
'Inflict on Ivor, Lord Glenaveril ?

## LXXII.

- ‘Enough of him! Now for his substitute,  
‘Successor, saviour, and destroyer too,  
‘IVOR-EMANUEL! How will he suit  
‘The nature of his new life, or his new  
‘Life’s nature suit his own? What sort of fruit  
‘Will come of this seed’s sowing? I eschew  
‘No counter-proof that is available.  
‘And first, who *is* this New Emanuel?

## LXXIII.

- ‘I mean, what is his nature? what the bent  
‘Of its distinctive tendencies? what kind  
‘Of sources or conditions of content  
‘Have nourished hitherto his heart and mind?  
‘What was congenial to his temperament,  
‘In that great world he now must leave behind?’  
Cordelia paused again, and ‘Friend, that I  
‘May to your own more perfectly reply,

## LXXIV.

- ‘Suffer me now,’ she said, ‘to ask of *you*  
‘Some questions. Well you knew Emanuel;  
‘I mean the dead Emanuel Müller, who  
‘Was born (as I, myself, of course know well)  
‘A simple village pastor’s son—trained, too,  
‘From childhood, for his father’s peaceable  
‘And pure vocation. Tell me, if you please,  
‘Was he ~~contented~~ contented? Was his mind at ease?

## LXXV.

‘ Did he regret to be what he was born ?  
‘ What was there in his character allied  
‘ To that of either Mary Haggerdorn,  
‘ Or Gottfried Müller ? Did it chafe his pride  
‘ To take a gift from Ivor ? Was he torn  
‘ By no desires for destinies denied ? ’  
Edelrath, with a startled emphasis,  
Cried, ‘ How, Cordelia, could you guess all this ?

## LXXVI.

‘ Yes, it is true. Emanuel was not  
‘ Happy in his own sphere. His heart was proud,  
‘ His spirit high, and to his lowly lot,  
‘ And peaceful calling, great, tho’ unavowed,  
‘ Was his repugnance. What has all this got  
‘ To do, however, when its truth’s allowed,  
‘ With Ivor’s future ? ’ ‘ Stay ! ’ Cordelia cried,  
‘ Why was Emanuel dissatisfied ?

## LXXVII.

‘ Life does, I know, revenge itself upon  
‘ The happiness of persons who neglect  
‘ Its duties. Of such persons was he one ? ’  
‘ No,’ replied Edelrath. ‘ Severe respect  
‘ He paid to duty, and neglected none  
‘ That he inherited.’ ‘ Then the defect,’  
Cordelia said, ‘ which marred his happiness,  
‘ Was a mistaken choice, you must confess !

## LXXVIII.

‘The life he led so dutifully was  
‘A life ill-chosen, and its duties all  
‘Unsuited to his character. Alas,  
‘This, I suspect, is the most general  
‘(Tho’ least acknowledged) cause of life’s vast mass  
‘Of well-meant failures—a mistaken call!  
‘And O how rarely we avoid mistake,  
‘When for another’s life the choice we make!’

## LXXIX.

‘But suffer me to ask you one or two  
‘More questions still. Emanuel’s nature, say  
‘Was it a loving one?’ ‘’Twas not.’ ‘I know,’  
With sparkling eyes resumed Cordelia,  
‘What Ivor’s nature is! But tell me now  
‘Of its relation to his past, I pray!  
‘In that great world we spoke of, did he find  
‘Pleasure, or charm, or even peace of mind?’

## LXXX.

Edelrath sighed, ‘I fear not.’ ‘Did he take  
‘An active part in its pursuits, however?’  
‘Alas, no! When I urged the boy to make  
‘His maiden speech, I failed in that endeavour.’  
‘But in the Landed Interest a great stake  
‘Glenaveril’s Earl had, surely? did he never  
‘Attend to local matters—his estates,  
‘Scotch, English, Quarter Sessions, roads, and rates?’

## LXXXI.

- ‘I must confess,’ said Edelrath, ‘that he  
    ‘Was more indifferent, in his generous way,  
‘About such matters than ’twas right to be ;  
    ‘But all details he left to Matthew Grey,  
‘(His Agent, a most worthy man!) and me.’  
    ‘If that be so,’ replied Cordelia,  
‘What are the duties which will be undone  
‘Unless he does them? Can you name me one?’

## LXXXII.

- ‘I speak not of enjoyments. ’Twould appear  
    ‘That these he found not in that station high  
‘He must relinquish, or resume, ’tis clear ;  
    ‘But what, I ask, was the activity  
‘His powers put forth, the personal career,  
    ‘The salutary forces whose employ  
‘On him depended? What will cease to act,  
‘If from his world his presence you subtract?’

## LXXXIII.

- ‘His place in Parliament remains, unhurt  
    ‘By the withdrawal of an occupant  
‘Who rarely filled it. His estates revert  
    ‘To one whose vigilance they will not want.  
‘But when I look for traces that assert  
    ‘Such a connection ’twixt the soil and plant  
‘That either of them will the other miss,  
‘I find them not. And I take note of this.’



## LXXXIV.

‘That may be so,’ sighed Edelrath, ‘but still—’  
‘Still?’ she exclaimed, ‘but in all else I find  
‘Abundant evidence Glenaveril  
‘Has a rich soul, an energetic mind,  
‘A glowing heart! And, answer how you will  
‘This question, long ago its answer shined  
‘In on mine own heart like a flash of light  
‘From heaven, illumining a starless night—

## LXXXV.

‘Why was it that my letter at a glance  
‘Was understood by Ivor, only sneered  
‘And laughed at by Emanuel? Was that chance?  
‘Why was it that its record so endeared  
‘To Ivor’s fancy every circumstance  
‘Whereby Emanuel’s parentage appeared  
‘In a new light to him, and strangely thrown  
‘Into a sweet connection with my own?

## LXXXVI.

‘I say, it was because he is the true  
‘Emanuel, and not the man that’s dead!’  
Edelrath started wistfully, and threw  
Upon Cordelia a look which said,  
‘What can you mean?’ ‘I mean,’ she said, ‘that you,  
‘If you approach the question by the aid  
‘Of all these facts, will own that Nature meant  
‘Ivor to be what some strange accident

## LXXXVII.

- ‘Of circumstance prevented for a while :  
‘That hindrance gone, he now regains the right  
‘To be what—he has always been ! You smile ?  
‘Ah, how explain ? What causes our delight  
‘In Art’s supreme achievements ? the skilled style ?  
‘No, but the truth (else hidden from our sight)  
‘Which Art reveals to us when she reflects  
‘What Nature meant, redeemed from all defects ;

## LXXXVIII.

- ‘Defects which chance or accident create,  
‘By interference with the working out  
‘Of Nature’s Will. But Art, the most ornate,  
‘Would, lacking Sentiment, be flesh without  
‘A soul ; and Sentiment, whose truth puts straight  
‘What Circumstance perverts, here brings about  
‘Nature’s recovery of her own true son,  
‘Thro’ the World’s loss of its adopted one !

## LXXXIX.

- ‘So, too, tho’ in the unfolding of my love  
‘The real took at last the ideal’s place,  
‘Both loves, combined in Ivor’s image, prove  
‘Each love the same ; since each its source can trace  
‘To the intention of a Power above  
‘The reach of accident. In Ivor’s case,  
‘Tho’ Chance misnamed, yet its defeated spell  
‘Could not disguise, the True Emanuel.

## XC.

- ‘The Nominal Emanuel was the son  
‘Of Nature’s usurpation by some still  
‘Unknown mistake. I leave him, and pass on.  
‘My Unglenaverilled Glenaveril,  
‘Into the True Emanuel anon  
‘By True Love’s magic metamorphosed, will  
‘One false position lose. But this alone  
‘Secures him not against another one;

## XCI.

- ‘That’s to consider now. And here, I say  
‘At once that of the loss of wealth I think  
‘More seriously than probably you may  
‘Imagine from the fact I did not shrink,  
‘When Ivor summoned me to throw away  
‘Mine own, for fear its weight should snap the link  
‘Between our lives. I’m not indifferent  
‘To all the charms wealth does, no doubt, present;

## XCII.

- ‘They are delightful. I enjoy them. Wealth  
‘Is to our moral, what the soft warm air  
‘Of this sweet South is to our physical, health;  
‘Pleasant, but enervating. In its fair  
‘And soothing clime, that puts to sleep by stealth,  
‘One after one within their languid lair,  
Our unused energies, the artistic sense  
‘Expands and flourishes at their expense.

## XCIII.

‘Round every human being seems to lie  
‘A world of things good and enjoyable ;  
‘But only such good things can each enjoy  
‘As are to his own nature suited well ;  
‘And, to enjoy them, he must willingly  
‘The rest renounce. Capacity to tell  
‘What such things are, I take to be the best  
‘Gift of self-knowledge, and its surest test.

## XCIV.

‘I do not think that Ivor has enjoyed  
‘The wealth he is about to part with now.  
‘His manlier faculties, long unemployed  
‘In its soft atmosphere, will doubtless grow  
‘Stronger in that hard air, which, tho’ devoid  
‘Of sensuous charm, keen relish can bestow  
‘Upon the well-used gifts of youth and health.  
‘I never once have missed my own lost wealth ;

## XCV.

‘Its unrepented sacrifice, however  
‘Was not Glenaveril’s own requirement. He  
‘Would, in Emanuel’s place, I think, have never  
‘Conceived that thought, which at his age could be  
‘Natural only when the harsh endeavour  
‘To reconcile those foes who ne’er agree  
‘About their victim, Poverty and Pride,  
‘The sap of youth’s spontaneous trust has dried.

## XCVI.

- ‘ A man of birth, who happens to be poor,  
‘ May well accept a fortune from his wife,  
‘ I fancy, and his self-respect endure  
‘ No loss thereby, if in his sphere of life  
‘ Wealth’s absence be an accident ; but sure  
‘ Am I, that he whose pride, exempt from strife  
‘ For recognition, can thus act, his class  
‘ Must rank by what he *is*, not what he *has*.

## XCVII.

- ‘ Such things, a proud plebeian cannot do ;  
‘ Without, at least, appearing to deny  
‘ The filial reverence from their children due  
‘ To those stern parents, Toil and Poverty :  
‘ The lordship, which he lacks abroad, is so  
‘ Essential to him in his home, that, by  
‘ Subjecting this to the last compromise,  
‘ He loses dignity in his own eyes.

## XCVIII.

- ‘ In classes, as in races too, you get  
‘ Generic characters ; that’s why I read  
‘ Without surprise a postscript which I set  
‘ Down to Emanuel, and interpreted  
‘ By these reflections. What an *oubliette*  
‘ A postscript is ! Women, I know, are said  
‘ To thrust herein, as things forgotten quite,  
‘ The most important parts of what they write.

## XCIX.

- ‘ Well, it was just this little feminine touch  
‘ That charmed me ! Its avowed forgetfulness  
‘ Of the extreme severity of such  
‘ A first condition pleased me, I confess,  
‘ By quietly restoring to it much  
‘ Of what was taken from it by the stress  
‘ Of its harsh terms—I mean, that tender grace  
‘ Which all throughout the letter I could trace.

## . C.

- ‘ Still, Ivor was the means of stripping me  
‘ Of all my fortune ; but the crime, I own, is  
‘ Atoned for by the manner in which he  
‘ Interprets now the stern *lex talionis*.  
‘ To indemnify my sacrifice would be  
‘ A vulgar act (indemnity alone is  
‘ No real redress of injury or crime)  
‘ But O, to imitate it, is sublime !

## . CI.

- ‘ Was it not Alexander who is said,  
‘ When thirsting, to have thrown away the drink  
‘ Of water which he might have shared instead  
‘ With him who offered all of it ? I think  
‘ That sacrifice can only be repaid  
‘ By sacrifice. Such payment is a link  
‘ That heart to heart makes fast for ever, leaving  
‘ No difference between giving and receiving.

## CII.

- ‘Now for the Future ! ’Tis a land unknown,  
‘And who can think of it quite free from qualms ?  
‘Yet Youth and Love with cohorts of their own  
‘Approach it, not as beggars asking alms,  
‘But bold invaders come to claim its crown,  
‘And pitch their conquering tents beneath its palms.  
‘And tho’ I gave (Love’s bidding to obey)  
‘Mine unmissed wealth, without reserve, away,

## CIII.

- ‘Life’s choicest treasure, when that wealth was gone,  
‘Still mine remained. A story once I read,  
‘Of that heroic Prince of Macedon  
‘Who, when he had his lands distributed  
‘Amongst his comrades, for himself alone  
‘One kingdom kept ; its name was HOPE, he said ;  
‘So I. My good old Guardian nods and winks,  
‘Brimful of schemes, by me unguessed, he thinks ;

## CIV.

- ‘But I divine them, and believe the plan  
‘Concocted for Emanuel’s benefit,  
‘And mine, by our benevolent Jonathan  
‘(Whatever else may some day come of it)  
‘Is, on the whole, the best that Ivor can  
‘First follow. Its adoption may permit  
‘Love to regain, in time, what Pride at random  
‘Renounced, in haste.’ ‘*Quod erat demonstrandum !*’

## CV.

Cried Edelrath, and stretched his hands to seize  
Cordelia's, with a glowing approbation.  
'*Quod erat demonstrandum* ! you must please  
    'To pardon my scholastic observation,  
'Which means, my dear, that'—'I'm no Heloise,  
    'But I can understand without translation,'  
Cordelia laughed, 'another little bit  
'Of Latin, which I much prefer to it.'

## CVI.

'Latin !' said he, 'Well, you may knock me down  
    'With *Cicero de Officiis*, if you will !  
'But I declare, Cordelia, your own  
    'Philosophy's as good, and better still.'  
'No,' she replied, 'the only Latin known  
    'To me, is this—I shall pronounce it ill,  
'And that, your ear must not be too much hurt at ;  
'But here it is—*QUOD DEUS BENE VERTAT* !'

## CVII.

Glenaveril, just in time to catch that word,  
    Here entered, all his face suffused with bliss.  
'*QUOD DEUS BENE VERTAT* ! thou hast heard ?'  
    Cried Edelrath, 'let thy device be this  
'Henceforth, dear Ivor, and the one conferred  
    'Upon thee by thy birth we shall not miss.  
'Come, then, and from the sweet lips of thy wife  
'Receive the watchword of thy future life !'



## CVIII.

So saying, in the young man's arms he placed  
Cordelia; who her own round Ivor threw.  
Glenaveril stooped, and tenderly embraced  
The lips no more denied him. In the New  
Emanuel the Old Ivor seemed effaced  
Miraculously, all at once. He drew  
His head up proudly, and upon his brow  
'The eyes of Edelrath detected now

## CIX.

Serene self-confidence, not there before.  
A marvellous metamorphosis was wrought  
In these two men. The old man half a score  
Of years had lost, or so you would have thought  
From the alert, brisk, look his features wore;  
Whilst to the young man's mien the change had  
brought  
As many years of added manliness.  
'No!' he exclaimed, 'for Heaven, I know, will bless,

## CX.

'Without a Latin invocation now,  
'The future it, with her, hath given me! No,  
'I know a motto you must both allow  
'To be a more becoming one; and so  
'I mean to make it mine, and mean to vow  
'And swear by it, and never to let go  
'The faith I have in it!' 'What's that?' said she,  
And 'CE QUE FEMME VEUT DIEU LE VEUT!' said he.



## CANTO IV.

## DAWN.

## I.

THE night was far spent when, at last alone,  
O'er all the strange results of his long quest,  
And all that he that day had undergone,  
Edelrath (far too tired to sleep or rest)  
Mused in his silent chamber. There was one,  
And one doubt only, lingering in his breast ;  
But round it, rousing and yet soothing him,  
Streamed restless swarms of recollections dim.

## II.

Often and often, in the years gone by,  
That doubt had flitted thro' his mind, tho' there  
It then could rest not, for instinctively  
His will had combated the vain despair  
Its coming carried with it. But a high  
And solemn comfort now, on wings as fair  
As those of Faith, to many a mournful thought,  
And many a sorrowing memory, it brought.

## III.

The old man to the window turned, undid  
The casement, on the balcony stept out,  
And leaned above the balustrade. There slid  
A low, uncertain, shuddering sound about  
The black trees, as beneath night's coverlid  
Earth in light slumber stirred ; and, like a doubt  
That strengthens to conviction, everywhere  
Dawn's influence hovered on the sensitive air ;

## IV.

An influence rather felt than seen ; for still  
The land lay dark, albeit a sallow light  
Was simmering in the starless heavens, and hill,  
And tower, and tree grew slowly into sight,  
Spotting the grey. '*Who was Glenaveril ?*'  
This question on the Scholar's mind that night  
Had taken hold ; and now, no more afraid  
Of prompt dismissal, for its answer staid.

## V.

'*Who was Glenaveril ?*' A question thou,  
Sagacious student of this ended tale,  
Hast, doubtless, often asked thyself ere now,  
Or him that tells it, asked. Without avail !  
Since how to answer it, he doth not know ;  
And, did he try to answer, he would fail  
Both in discretion and trustworthiness,  
Knowing no more than thou ; nay, even less !

## VI.

For thou, who readest what he writes, hast found  
Among these pages (so he trusts, at least)  
Much more than he himself is either bound  
To find, or fit to seek. In his own breast  
He keeps no truth untold, no clue unwound,  
No scrap of revelation unreleased ;  
All that to him was given, he gives to thee,  
And more he cannot. But he is not free ;

## VII.

He may not pause, as thou dost, here and there,  
From page to page, with penetrative eyes,  
To search out truth, or error ; nor compare  
This point with that, and probe, and analyse,  
And draw conclusions. In oracular air  
A Presence, that admits of no replies  
To its commands, stands o'er him, when the nights  
Are wistful, and the morns aware. He writes

## VIII.

As some unseen dictatress (who but stays  
Till all is said, impatient to be gone)  
Her strong injunction on his spirit lays :  
What she reveals not, is to him unknown,  
And only what she bids him say, he says.  
Nought may he add thereto, that is his own ;  
Nor stop, as he delivers them, to guess  
The sense of her imperious messages.

## IX.

But all the images thou dost behold

Reflected here, whate'er they seem to be,  
Are Life's reflections. And Life leaves untold

The greater part of all she does : for she,  
Ever propounding problems manifold,

Keeps in her own unopened hand their key.  
Even Law, herself, declines the impossible task  
Of answering the question thou wouldst ask ;

## X.

Declaring prudently that '*Pater est*

*Quem justæ nuptiæ denunciant.*'

Then how imprudent were it to suggest,

Without the least authority, a want  
Of confidence in what was deemed the best

Conclusion on a case, which we must grant  
Suggestive of a substitution heinous,  
By wise Justinian and Trebonianus !

## XI.

If, on the birthday which with one another

Emanuel and Ivor shared, 'twas so  
Contrived by Chance that on each foster-brother

Life did her gifts mistakenly bestow,  
Giving to each the father and the mother

That to the other one belonged,—altho'  
Both Life and Death the unconscious fraud concealed,  
Nature the wrong thus done her had revealed.

## XII.

And *if* that substitution *did* take place,  
'Twould justify Cordelia's faith in love  
Predestined : a supposititious case,  
However, which there are no means to prove.  
Of such a change, if it occurred, no trace  
Survived its swift occurrence, save what strove  
For recognition in the character  
Of the two changelings—changelings if they were.

## XIII.

Think what thou wilt, then, Reader ! For my part,  
There is no theory about love, I care  
To prove, or *disprove*. Theories we may start  
As many as we please, the wear and tear  
Of practice spoils them all. The human heart  
Is not consistent, as our theories are  
About it. It admits them every one  
Without distinction, but it follows none.

## XIV.

If thou art superstitious, thou may'st find  
A moral here that will support, perchance,  
A superstition softening to thy mind  
The harshness of untoward circumstance :  
If to be sceptical thou art inclined,  
Nothing compels thee to give countenance  
To such a fanciful elucidation  
Of an imaginary complication.

## XV.

All that I know, and all that I can tell,  
Is that to Edelrath—as there he stood,  
In dawn's dim air, beneath the two-fold spell  
Of night and morning—it seemed sweet and good  
To think that Ivor and Emanuel,  
Not by chance only, but by birth and blood,  
Possessed the names which now at last they bore;  
Regaining thus what they could lose no more.

## XVI.

The chance direction of a word, thrown out  
That evening by Cordelia, had at first  
Revived this faint, and oft rejected, doubt;  
Which, since, by memory and reflection nursed  
To fond conviction, now diffused about  
The old man's mind a creeping light, that burst,  
Like an unclouded sunrise, clear at last  
O'er the undarkening problems of the past.

## XVII.

The boys, he knew, had on the self-same day  
Begun the fatal malady of life,  
Together, in a house where doubt, dismay,  
Terror, confusion, and distress were rife:  
And he had heard the vexed physician say,  
With self-reproaches, that the peasant's wife,  
Who had not bargained for two babes to nurse,  
Was frightened, foolish, peevish, and perverse.

## XVIII.

What less unlikely, than that she had been  
The unconscious cause of all that contradiction,  
Which afterwards revealed itself between  
Their fates and characters? In this conviction  
Edelrath, with a pity more serene  
And less perplexed, recalled each predilection  
That in his pupils, growing with their growth,  
So oft had pained him on behalf of both.

## XIX.

Cordelia's cry of triumph echoed thro'  
The recollections which it comforted,  
And he, too, murmured '*Ivor is the true  
Emanuel, and not the man that's dead!*'  
Wondrous it seemed to him, and lovely too,  
That a discovery, which his own wise head  
Had missed for years, should, without help received  
From aught save love, have been by her achieved ;

## XX.

Achieved, too, with no knowledge on her part  
Of its achievement! For the girl was still  
Unconscious that the inference of her heart  
About Emanuel and Glenaveril  
(Just as the instinctive truth of Tragic Art  
Sometimes anticipates the historian's skill)  
Could claim, from actual fact, corroboration  
Of the correctness of its divination.



## XXI.

The curse of the Glenaverils—violent death,  
Seemed, by its last fulfilment, to attest  
The dead man's right to that proud tomb, beneath  
Whose pompous record now was laid to rest  
The embittered life that, from its earliest breath  
To its last groan, had never once possessed  
Aught by that tomb's unconscious truth proclaimed  
As his who there alone was rightly named :

## XXII.

And this thought reconciled the old man's sense  
Of justice, without further protestation,  
To what it had till then with violence  
Resisted—the spontaneous resignation  
By Ivor of that heritage immense,  
Which was but an unnatural usurpation,  
If his hypothesis were once admitted—  
That Accident had Nature's will outwitted.

## XXIII.

So, on the past peace rested in his mind,  
And on the future, promise. That device  
Of Ivor's fancy, with its undesigned  
Effect, seemed now no more a mere caprice,  
But a blest inspiration. Thus resigned  
To Emanuel's death, and Ivor's sacrifice,  
Edelrath raised to heaven his looks. And lo,  
The rosy mountain-tops were all aglow !

## XXIV.

Over the cold, steel-coloured, lake still hung  
White lingering vapours. Night had rallied there  
Her routed darknesses ; which faintly clung  
About the low shores, seeking their last lair  
Under the vast and solemn shadows flung  
From shining summits in a golden air ;  
And there, as if dawn took them by surprise,  
A few faint lamps still winked their drowsy eyes ;

## XXV.

But, near the horizon, streaked with daffodil  
The waters gleamed. And ever and anon  
Up from the little town below the hill  
Came sounds of life : the cock's alarum lone,  
The chime of matin bells, and, made more shrill  
By intervening silence, the sharp tone  
Of some dog's wandering bark, or boatman's shout,  
From quays whence market-boats were putting out ;

## XXVI.

High up in heaven, a realm of radiant snow  
And gorgeous colour, with surprises swift  
Thro' solemn transformations passing now,  
In spacious pageantry began to lift  
Its sunrise-coronalled capacious brow,  
And over its mysterious shoulders shift  
A mantle vast of ever-varying hue,  
Purple, and crimson, and aërial blue.

## XXVII.

Uplifted by the exhilarating sight,  
As on these splendid summits dipped in day  
Edelrath gazed, he felt his soul grow light  
And buoyant. Underneath and round him, lay  
A lower land, of wooded slopes, and slight  
Acclivities, and streams whose sparkling way  
Flashed in the sunrise here and there, and made  
A rambling light through depths of dewy shade;

## XXVIII.

Not far away, above that roadside wall,  
All gapped, and broken, and with weeds o'ergrown,  
Where he had sat with Ivor, rose a small,  
Smooth, shrubless hill; whose bare unbroken crown  
Against the amber-lighted welkin, all  
Steeped in the steadfast darkness of its own  
Broad shadow (still impervious to the smile  
Of the slow sunrise) stamped its black profile;

## XXIX.

And on its edge (distinct against the sun)  
Stood two young human figures, hand in hand,  
Gazing into the glory; which anon,  
From peak to peak, down all the lower land  
Poured its blithe triumph, revelling on, and on,  
And taking irresistible command  
Of heaven and earth. They, like himself, no doubt,  
To end a sleepless night had wandered out;

## XXX.

Restless with happiness ; and knowing, too,  
That dreams, the sweetest, could but imitate  
The real, waking, sweetness of the true  
Elysium they had found. At length, elate,  
The invincible sunrise stormed and overthrew  
The darkness camped there. All in glittering state,  
Its golden spears, and rosy pennons, gleamed  
Across the ridge, and down the hillside streamed ;

## XXXI.

And, for a moment, while with pensive gaze  
He watched them, those two forms were lost to sight,  
Merged in a rich translucency of rays  
That splendidly enwrapped them with the light  
Of the first day of a new life ; whose days,  
The old man felt, must be in all things quite  
Unlike the days that were. He knew that he  
His children's Canaan should, like Moses, see

## XXXII.

Only far off, nor ever enter it.  
To earth no portion in the Promised Land  
Of his own pilgrimage did Heaven permit.  
On this lone Pisgah he laid down his wand.  
Meanwhile, emerging from the glow that lit  
Her image still, Cordelia, hand in hand  
With Ivor, turned ; and, lingeringly, they  
Along the purple upland passed away.

THE END.

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